Liberty

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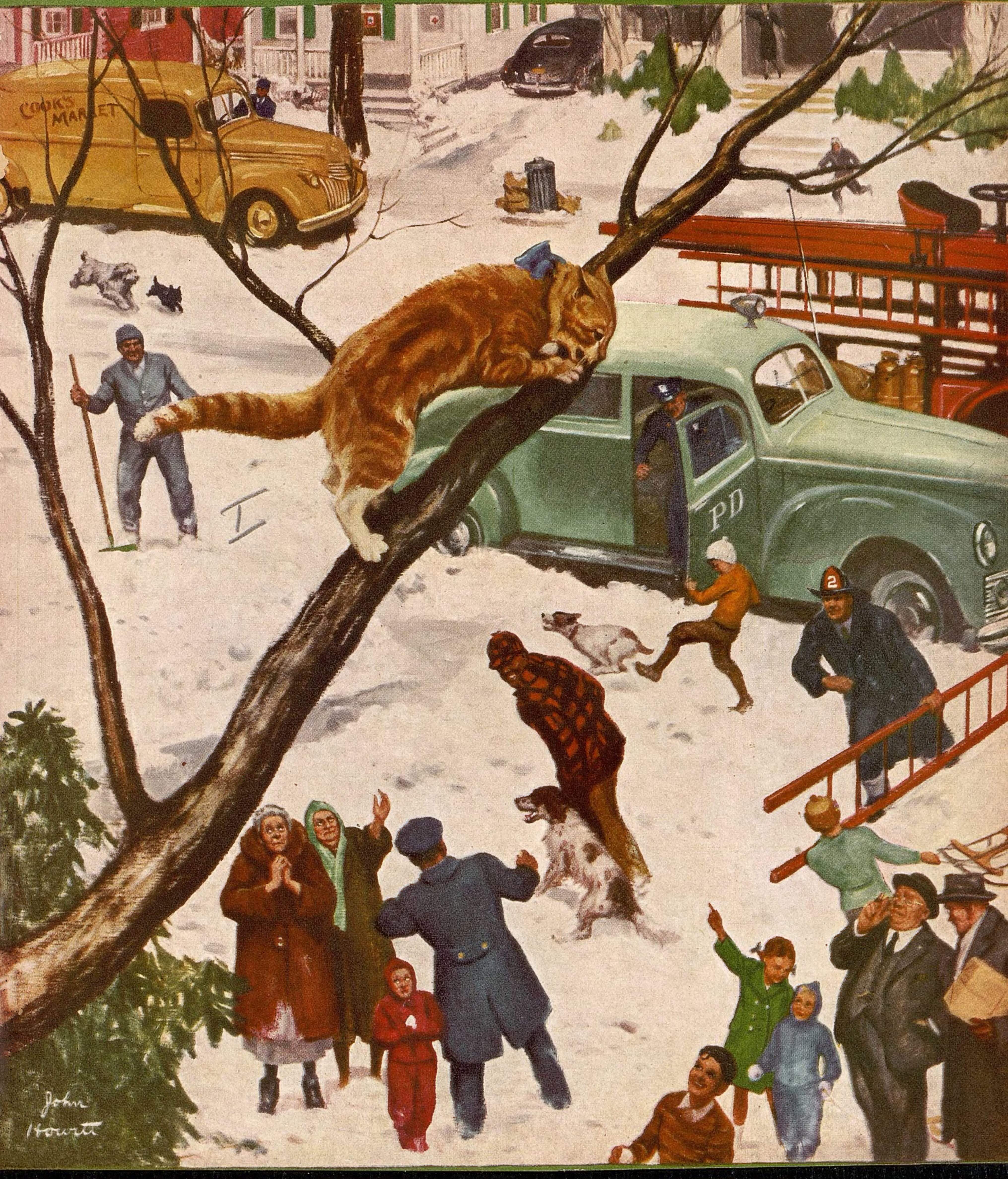
Book: LEAN WITH THE WIND

South Sea Adventure and Romance

HOMELESS AMERICANS— A MAJOR PROBLEM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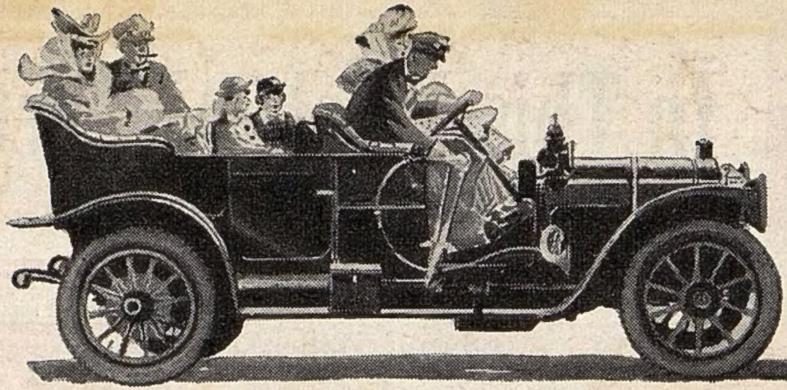

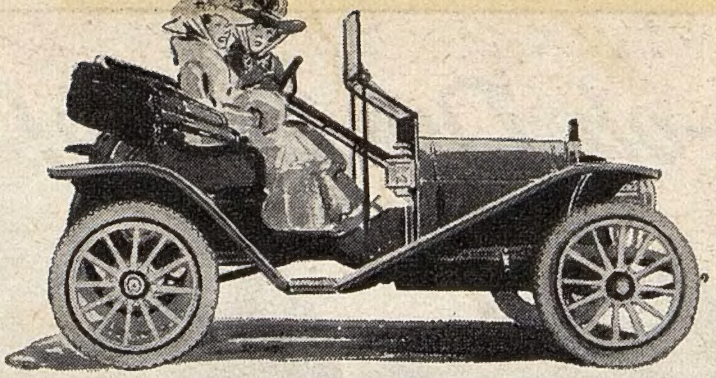

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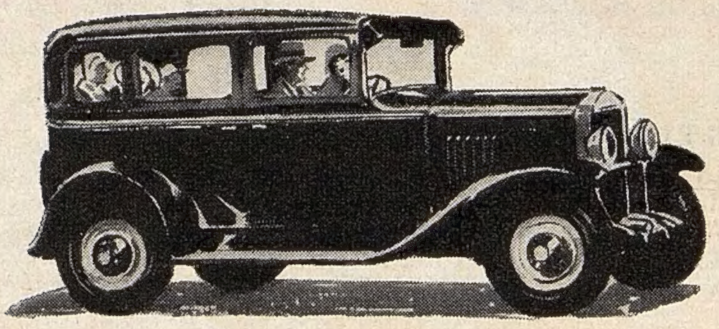

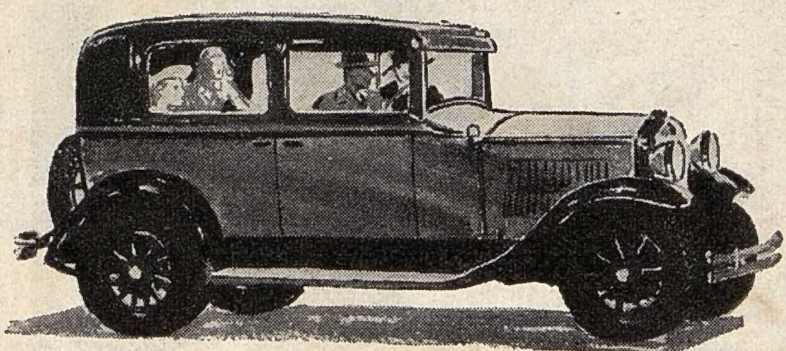

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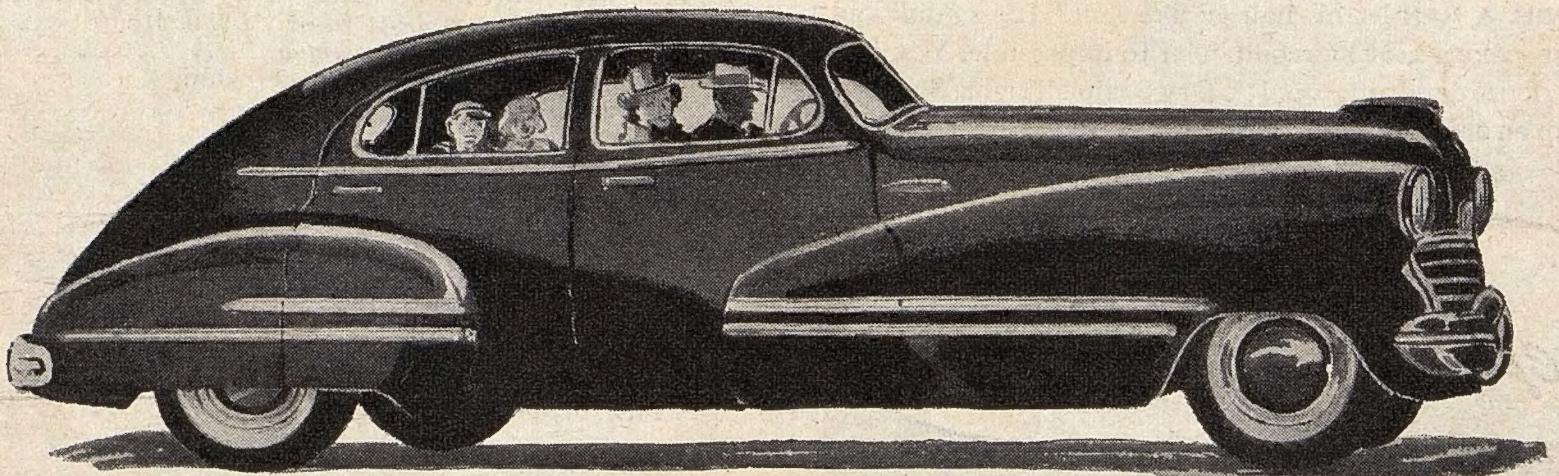

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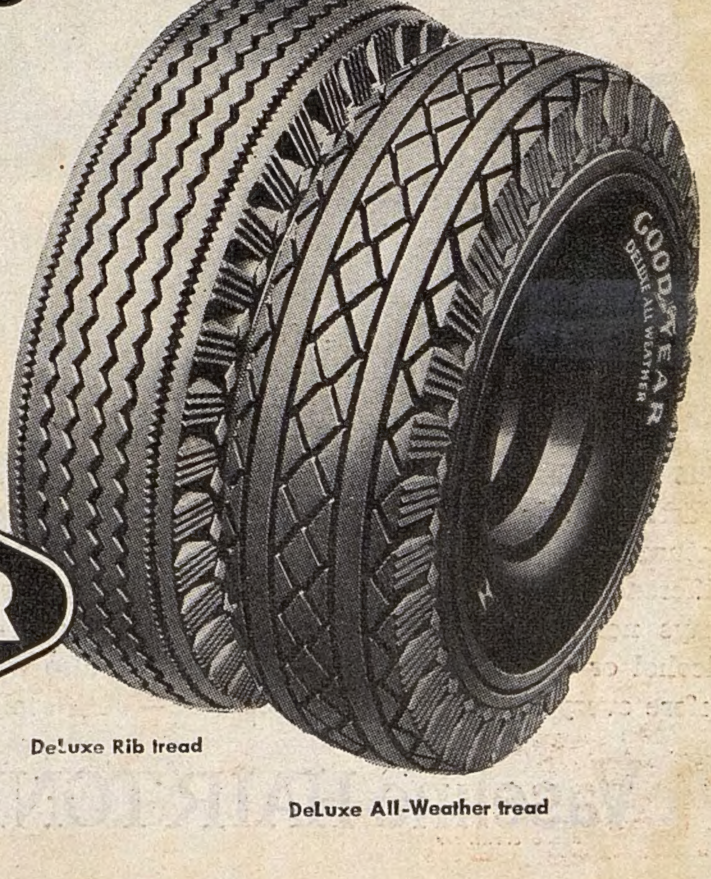

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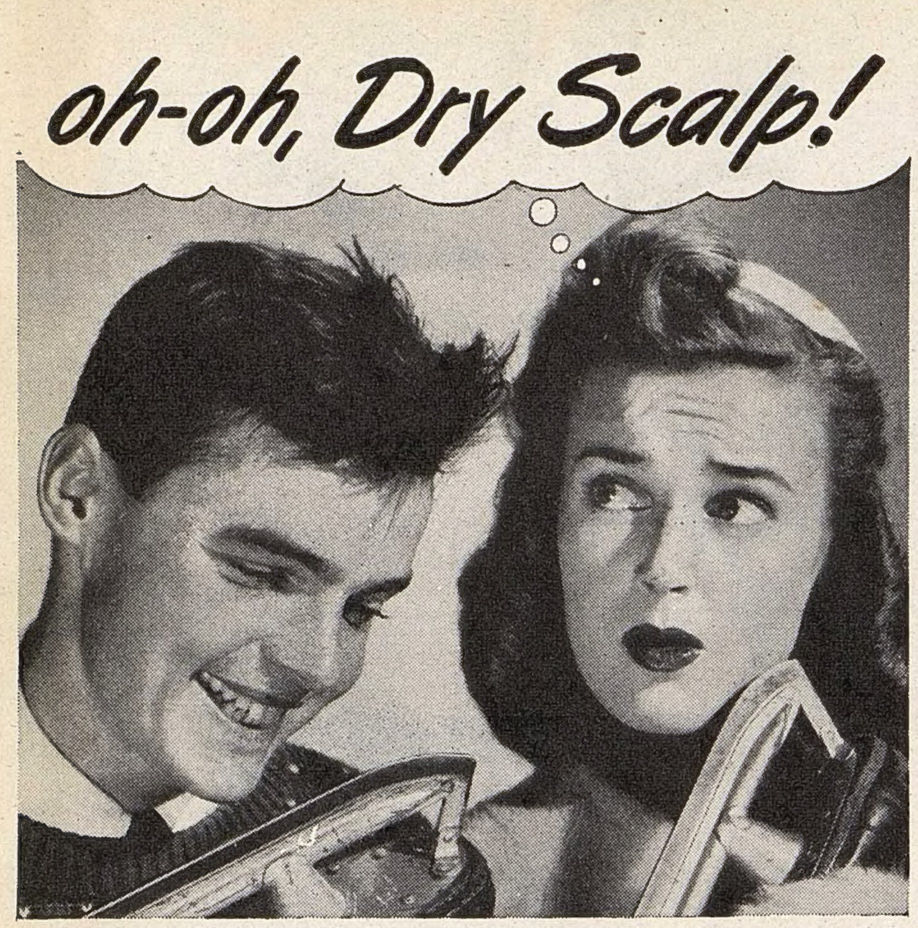
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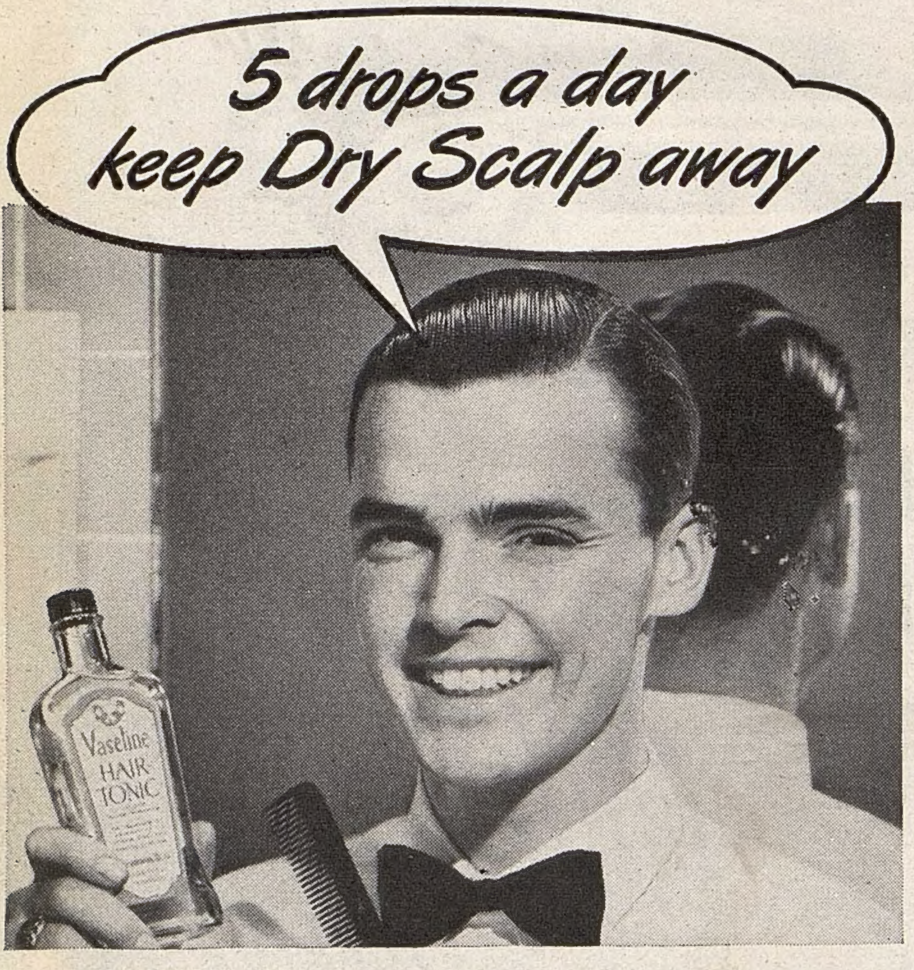

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Painted by John Howitt

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

DEBUT OF A GHOST

A COLUMBIA graduate and former Pulitzer traveling scholar in Europe, John Hohenberg got his first newspaper job on the strength of an interview he wangled with President Harding. Since then he's covered plenty of memorable news stories (from murder trials to Presidential elections), was cited for public service by the National Headliners Club for helping to outlaw corrupt lunacy commissions in New York State, and is currently with the New York Post. In prewar days he was a ghost writer for some pretty famous people. But no more. After twenty-seven months in the Army, he's leaving his literary haunted house. Beginning with HOW HE SLAYS 'EM—WITH WISECRACKS, in this week's issue, he's striking out with his own by-line.

VACATION GUIDE

BEFORE he was old enough to vote, Larry Nixon had roamed all over the South as a Carnival barker and printer (he'd learned to set type in his father's Louisiana print shop when he was ten). Specializing in radio, aviation, and travel in the years that followed, he made his mark as a reporter, editor, publicist, broadcaster, and author. Now, a bit under fifty, he's one of the foremost authorities on vacations. For his latest on the subject, see BERMUDA IS READY AGAIN on page 12.

NEXT WEEK

Liberty
BOOM IN DIVORCES

THIS year an appalling number of wartime marriages are destined to crack up. What can we do to stop THE COMING BOOM IN DIVORCES? Amram Scheinfeld gives you his expert answer.... There's more to Jimmy Durante than his famous schnozzola. His comeback in pictures proves it, says Kitty Callahan, who takes you to meet THE MAN BEHIND THE NOSE. . . . In SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE LUCK, Booth Tarkington spins a tender tale of wisdom and hope for every war bride and groom. . . . For a fascinating trek from Scotland to the frozen wastes of the Yukon, join ballad maker Robert Service, whose autobiography, PLOUGHMAN OF THE MOON, is condensed next week.

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

HATCHING EGG AND ENTERTAINMENT

Salt Lake City, Utah—In the many years that I have been reading your magazine, no story has given me greater pleasure and more laughs than the book condensation of The Egg and I, by Betty MacDonald (November 17). I enjoyed it so much that I read it again aloud to my husband, and I must say it's the best evening's entertainment we have enjoyed for some time.—*Mrs. Mildred Coire.*

A KINDRED SOUL

Chicago, Ill.—I just finished reading Betty MacDonald's story of chicken ranching. It pictured almost perfectly our twenty-five-acre poultry and fruit farm—and me, green and fresh from the city.

We didn't have mountains, Indians, or bears to worry about, but there were plenty of other pests—mice, rats, moles, weasels, bugs, minks, hawks, and skunks—two-legged ones, too. Our neighbors were only a quarter mile away (very much like Betty's) and we didn't even have a homemade bathtub.—*Mrs. Ann Nielsen.*

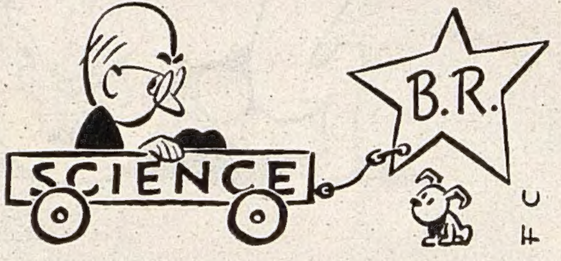
FOSTER RECOVERS A FUMBLE

Kinston, N. C.—I have just finished reading Two Men on a Mule, by Arch Murray and Hy Turkin (December 1). I enjoyed the article very much, but I'd like to call the following to their attention. The authors are very much in error in stating that Doc Blanchard attended North Carolina State. North Carolina State College is at Raleigh, North Carolina. Doc Blanchard played freshman football at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, N. C. The freshman team he played on there was credited with being able to beat the varsity team of that year.—*D. R. Foster, Jr.*

IMAGINATION IN THE SERVICE

Shoemaker, Calif.—I have just finished reading That Prophetable Guy, Buck Rogers (November 17), by Dick Calkins who dreams up adventures for Buck. I hope Calkins nevers runs out of subject matter, for he seems to spur our scientists on to making a better world.

But if he ever does, I suggest he pick up a couple of ex-servicemen. There's plenty of untapped imagination loose around here. Quite often, during our bull sessions lately, some half-cracked would-be scientist holds forth, and we see ourselves back in the service, fighting green octupusmen with weird weapons made possible by sound disintegration, atomic and jet power, and the development of gases. Buck Rogers has nothing on us.—*J. O. Ronning, S1/c.*



CREDIT FOR THE CRASH

Bellflower, Calif.—In The Camera Eye (November 24) you published a picture of a plane that crashed into a rooftop and stated that it happened in Los Angeles. It didn't. That was Los Angeles County, but in the town of Bellflower. I know, because I live half a block down the street from that very house. We're a small town, but please give us credit anyway.—*Geraldine C. Neal.*

SPENCE SENDS ORCHIDS

Washington, D. C.—I've just finished reading Not in the Communiqué (December 1), and thought it was excellent. I don't know when I've read a more moving article. Orchids to authors Victor Boesen and Fred Sparks.—*B. E. Spence.*

CALL FOR TOP BRAINS

Fort Leavenworth, Kans.—The article about our foreign service by Blair Bolles and Walter Fitzmaurice (November 24) gives a good idea of what's wrong with our diplomatic corps, but what, may I ask, is being *done* to utilize top brains instead of top hats in our State Department? The choice of foreign service as a career by eighty thousand of us servicemen indicates the grave concern which we have for the fumbling, ineffectual system which has crippled our country's best intentions to establish a foreign policy which will be flexible enough to envision a world sovereignty and yet powerful enough to stand firm on issues vital to our national welfare and security. Representative Coffee's West Point for Diplomats is an excellent idea that has been approved by the State Department itself; yet the bill which would bring about its materialization is still bogged down in committee after three months' deliberation. Let's do something before this inefficiency costs us another war in twenty years. —*Sgt. R. W. C.*

CUT THE MERINGUE

Fort Lewis, Wash.—Maybe I just can't see the funny side of it, but it mystifies me—why 8,000 delighted G.I.s at Camp Cooke, California, enjoyed seeing one of today's finest actresses stopping a meringue pie with her face (The Camera Eye, November 10). True, V-J Day was worth celebrating, but not to the extent of ridiculing one so swell as Bette Davis. I have spent many happy hours in the Hollywood Canteen, which I understand she has directed, and I can't see getting a *kick* out of that picture of her.—*Cpl. McG.*

DON'T DESECRATE THEIR GRAVES

San Francisco, Calif.—The September 1 Liberty just found its way into our squadron's camp on Ie Shima Island. For us, that's practically current material.

We read, at first with chagrin and then with a feeling of pure cold fury, They Shall Rest in Honor, by Senator Lister Hill. It was just too much to stomach after what we've seen and been through.

The very idea of exhuming our war dead for reinterment in the States is too horrible a sacrilege to contemplate.

Senator Hill is basing all of his facts and figures on what wives and families want. Well, I'm writing to give you our side of the question.

Do you think those men would want to be unceremoniously dug up, their bones, or what's left of them (if anything), packed in a little box and replanted somewhere else?

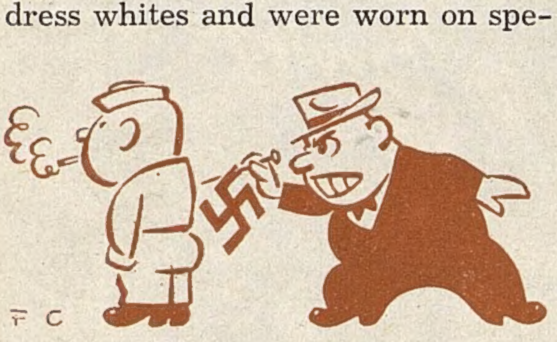
Senator Hill speaks repeatedly of "resting in honor." Can he or any other man offer a more honorable resting place than that little two-by-six-foot plot of American ground on Tarawa, Iwo Jima, Okinawa, or Ie Shima? The overseas cemeteries are to us the most hallowed ground in the world.

I can speak for the majority of servicemen who have seen combat when I recommend the following:

1. Make sure that our existing overseas cemeteries are to remain American forever and fly the Stars and Stripes.
2. Return bodies to the United States only if the man himself expressed such a wish in writing.
3. Send families to the overseas location to visit graves, if they so desire. This would cost far less than returning the bodies.—*Sgt. P. F. E.*

DRESS WHITES

HIGHLANDS, N. J.—I take issue with Com. H. T. Coburn of the U.S.M.S., who says in Vox Pop (November 17) that the white Coast Guard uniform with the blue trimming went over the side twenty-five years ago. On the contrary, these were called dress whites and were worn on special occasions until 1941. The uniform was abolished then (so I understood) because of its close resemblance to the German Navy uniform.—*J. W. Mount, ex-Coast Guard.*



PLEASANT INTERMISSIONS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I especially enjoyed Frances W. Quinlin's delightful short story, Patience Was a Lady (November 10). It's refreshing to read stories like hers, that don't deal with the war and its aftermath.—*M. A. Pickman.*

PORTOLA, CALIF.—Being a dog owner myself, I wanted you and Isabella Taves to know that her short story, Custody of the Dog (November 17), provided good and most enjoyable reading time.

In these days of jangled nerves and ever changing events, this type of story provides relaxation. I dare say most readers find it leaves them with a good clean taste in their mouths.—*Mrs. Eva M. Martin.*

The whiskey that Henry Clay took to Washington

Henry Clay, in an old letter to his friend, Col. Crow, ordered a barrel of this superb Kentucky whiskey to take with him to the nation's capital.

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT

BOTTLED·IN·BOND

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The *Great Stars* and *Director* of "Woman in the Window"....

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a FRITZ LANG Production

EDWARD G. ROBINSON **JOAN BENNETT**

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WITH **DAN DURYEA**

"Hello, Lazylegs...."

The things she
does to men
can only end
in *Murder!*

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So You Want to Rent?

BY STACY V. JONES

Trying to rent a house these days is like playing musical chairs—there just aren't enough. And this year we're facing the greatest housing shortage in history. Here's why

MUST OUR CHILD BE BORN IN A TENT?
HAS ANYONE GOT AN APT?
Call WE.0887

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Three million families share the worries that beset this former paratrooper.

THE widow in the white house on the next block has decided to rent her second floor, with kitchen privileges, to the homeless couple with the baby. The community housing office in the old air-warden headquarters asked her to take them in, for they had nowhere to go. The widow knows it'll be inconvenient, but she can use the extra money, and anyhow it's patriotic.

This is happening all over America today. By the end of 1946 the case of the widow and the homeless family will probably have been multiplied by more than three million. For we are facing the worst housing shortage in the nation's history.

And the burden will fall heaviest on the veterans of World War II and their families. John B. Blandford, Jr., National Housing Administrator, has estimated that 3,400,000 new families will be in need of housing, off the farms, by the year's end. Of these, 2,900,000 will be veterans' families, many of them newlyweds. After vacancies and new construction absorb all they can, there will still be two million who will have to double up. To their number must be added nearly 1,500,000 families already in that fix.

In making this prediction, Blandford couldn't see any solution short of several years' accelerated building. During the war all non-war construction was out, and there just aren't enough houses. Other factors are the heavy wartime movement away from the farms to already crowded cities, and the number of early wartime marriages. If the homes that can be used but are below standard were included, the over-all shortage of non-farm homes would total ten million.

If you want to rent a place to live today, you may succeed by a combination of persuasiveness, ingenuity, perseverance, knowing the right people, and luck. And if you are a veteran you can take advantage of the preferences, more sentimental than official, which the country gives the ex-serviceman. As 1946 progresses, the going will get tougher for everybody.

The new heads of families, just out of the service, would prefer renting to buying. They aren't too sure of their plans and they aren't too flush. But in rentals the situation is getting progressively worse: buyers are taking houses off the market faster than rental houses are being built. Government agencies estimate that less than 10 per cent of the 400,000 to 500,000 homes to be built this year will be for tenants. Compare this 40,000 or 50,000 with the current annual rate of 225,000 evictions because of home sales in areas under OPA rent control. In some cities the number of places for rent has been reduced by as much as a third.

The housing industry, as represented by the National Association of Real Estate Boards and the National Association of Home Builders, blames OPA policies for the low proportion of houses being planned

In Los Angeles—and plenty of other cities—prospective

for rent. Their members don't want to risk capital on housing to be operated under OPA rent ceilings.

Alarmed at the growing rate of evictions by new owners, the OPA took several steps to curb them. Last September it increased the maximum waiting period, before the buyer of a house may put out a renter to live in it himself, from ninety days to six months. "With hundreds of thousands of tenants facing temporary unemployment during the change to peacetime employment," said Chester Bowles, OPA Administrator, "this is no time to have furniture piled in the street."

An area rent director may keep the waiting period at three months if he thinks that's enough, and it may be waived entirely if the buyer is a returning serviceman. In practice, about half the rent areas are using the six-month rule.

UNDER the tightened regulations, even a landlord who owned the place before rent control went into effect is now required—unless he's a veteran—to prove that he needs to move in right way. Formerly, all he had to do to reoccupy was tell the tenant to get out, and notify the OPA rent office.

Bowles also tightened the screws holding down evictions for the assigned purpose of remodeling a house or demolishing it. Cynical members of his staff thought these purposes were often merely nominal. Now a landlord has to prove his good faith and get an eviction certificate from the OPA rent office. He doesn't need an OPA certificate, however, to put out a tenant for refusal to renew a lease or pay rent, for immorality, committing a nuisance (whatever that means locally), or for denying him access to the property.

Generally, one eviction brings a series of others. Put out of one place, a man frequently buys a house and evicts its occupants. And so on, with the pressure forcing prices continually up.

Soldiers' wives are among tenants who have been told that they either have to buy at inflated prices or get out. "In many cases," said Bowles, "the tenant either buys a house he doesn't want, at a price he can't afford, or he makes side payments to his landlord."

Most of the friction between owners and tenants in the housing shortage is over rental demands, direct or indirect. Bowles gives most American landlords a clean bill, but reports notable exceptions.

There was, for instance, the landlady in Tucson, Arizona, who was fined $600 and given a ninety-day suspended jail sentence on conviction of demanding a side payment of $260 from a tenant before she would deliver an apartment lease for four months at the legal rate of $60 a month.

A variation of the side payment is the exaggerated "security deposit." In Cleveland, two men were forced to return to thirty-four tenants $750 each that they had demanded as security deposits on houses renting at $51 a month. The houses had been built with government priorities. Moderate security deposits to ensure return of movables such as furniture and refrigerators are permitted upon approval by the OPA.

Another stunt is to require the tenant to buy furniture at high prices. Two San Francisco landlords were charged with selling household goods at two or three times appraised value in such tie-ins.

Some cases involve the comic. An excited Denver tenant demanded that the local OPA office reduce his rent.

"The bedbugs are getting bigger and bigger and more and more," he said. "If I've got to fight them, I ought to get a cut in my rent."

There wasn't any OPA regulation fitting his problem. But there was in a New Orleans case. There a landlord was caught on a charge of using a bug-ridden apartment to gyp tenants. He would rent the apartment to a couple and collect a month's rent in advance. Unable to stand it more than one night, the couple would move out without getting a refund. He repeated the act by collecting a month's rent from new tenants, and the bedbugs went to work again.

OFTEN the desperate homeless gladly pay overcharges for a place to sleep. The owner of an apartment in Jacksonville posted this notice: "Rent for this apartment is ceiled at $40. I want $50. OPA will have to make an adjustment." There was an immediate rush by home hunters to the local OPA rent office to get the adjustment and the apartment. In San Diego a one-bedroom apartment was found to be occupied by two families, each paying the $30-a-month ceiling. In Florida a woman registered with the OPA two apartments at $25 each, although she had only one and was collecting $50 for it.

In Seattle a landlady who refused to register her premises with the OPA was charged with stabbing an officer who tried to serve a warrant

When Waves vacated 600 New York apartments, veterans rushed to get priorities.

ACME PHOTO

THE SHERRY-NETHERLAND OFFICERS' CLUB

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

renters' hopes are dashed before the roof goes on.

on her. She stuck him in the arm three times with a hatpin.

Some tenants have been reminded of the saying that the Lord giveth and the landlord taketh away. After the lease is signed, it is charged, services have been stopped and objects have been removed, even plumbing fixtures.

But rent is a serious matter for all of us, regardless of income brackets. For the average family it now represents 17 per cent of the domestic budget, ranking second to food. Rent control will probably be one of the last wartime restrictions to go.

ALTHOUGH admitting the existence of black markets, OPA points with pride to its record of holding general rent levels during the war to an average of 3.8 per cent above prices of August, 1939. It is true that, without direct federal control, rents in World War I, from 1914 to the armistice in 1918, rose only 5.3 per cent. But more than nine tenths of the inflation of World War I rents took place after the armistice, and OPA views with alarm the proposal to lift rent ceilings now. An apartment which rented for $25 a month in 1918 brought, on an average, $39.30 in 1924. The total rise in the period 1914 through 1924 was 65.5 per cent.

You may be skeptical of the 3.8 figure, but the OPA is proud of it and the real-estate interests like to point to it as showing how they are squeezed. This average, compiled by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, is an effort to measure rent increases on the same housing units from month to month. A more realistic picture of average housing costs may be obtained from a Census Bureau estimate showing that in the four years ended with October, 1944, the median non-farm monthly rent in this country rose from $21.38 to $27.61, or by 29 per cent. The Census figures take in units coming onto the rental market at higher rates, and allow for cheap units being withdrawn. They also reflect some additional charges for furniture or added services not in the BLS index.

If you haven't moved, your rent may be exactly what you paid prewar, or only slightly higher. If you have, perhaps you're contributing toward the 29 per cent.

The rent lid covers about 45,000,000 American tenants in nearly 500 areas, or most of the United States except the farming districts. OPA is gingerly removing rent controls this winter in from 75 to 100 small communities. These are mostly towns near Army camps, ordnance plants, airfields, military training schools and war plants which have been wholly or partially closed. Here accommodations and rents are returning to normal.

One area, Malvern, Arkansas, which had an aluminum plant and an Army base, was "decontrolled" in December, 1943, when rents had dropped below the rates on which the ceiling had been fixed. But six months later a survey showed that one in four house rents had been upped, and that rents were again above the point at which control had been set up. On January 1, 1945, OPA clapped the lid back on Malvern, now a rehabilitation center.

But putting the lid on again is a hard job. It's easier to prevent people from charging more than it is to take the higher rent away once they know they can get it.

Bowles assured tenants and officials of crowded cities who were nervous at reports of decontrolling, that although the policy of OPA as fixed by Congress is to remove the safeguards as soon as they can be lifted, rent control will be maintained in all areas where the pressure is still great. This includes the big industrial cities.

But Bowles has had no easy seat on the lid of the boiling real-estate pot. There have been spectacular scenes with those who would like to dislodge him. Aimed in his direction by the National Association of Real Estate Boards are charges of "rank injustice" and "class discrimination," of using "dictatorial powers," and even of committing "legal larceny." In this typical business-government skirmish, industry has gained some Congressional support in its demands for a free hand in housing.

THE NAREB has been trying to erase from the public mind the old cartoon concept of the landlord as a porcine millionaire in a silk hat, and to replace it with a picture of a poor little fellow. The typical property owner, says the association, is really somebody like your Aunt Kate who lives on the rent of a house she owns. The burden of rent control, it asserts, has fallen "most grievously" upon 8,200,000 small property owners who own 83.2 per cent of our rental housing. These proprietors of six million one-family houses, 1,600,000 two-flat apartment houses, and 600,000 three- and four-flat buildings have been, in the association's words, "forced into penury by the manner in which OPA established

(Continued on page 72)

Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., N.Y. chairman of veterans' housing; Joseph Platzker, Mayor's Housing Committee chairman, and Mayor La Guardia dig into the problem.

ACME PHOTO

For years a military base, the idyllic islands are once more welcoming U.S. vacationists who can pay a little extra for perfection.

Bermuda Is Ready Again

BY LARRY NIXON

A vacation spot for the average family as well as for the rich—where the sun always shines, and the bugs don't bite. That's Bermuda. Those who think a tropic paradise out of reach will find this article an eye-opener

THE return of peace has lifted the curtain on Bermuda. Years of war and isolation have so obscured the fabulous islands that the average American can stand a reintroduction. Although only 568 miles east of Charleston and about 700 miles from New York, Bermuda is a world away in other things.

For one thing, there's much wealth and no eye-shocking poverty there. Coral houses don't fall apart the way frame buildings do. There are some businesses owned by ex-members of the working class, but control is largely in the hands of a few families. Almost anyone can roll off the names of the forty leading citizens.

There are no income or inheritance taxes, but it takes seven years to become a resident and immigration is sharply restricted. There aren't enough year-round jobs for the 35,000 inhabitants. There are only three principal towns—Hamilton, Somerset, and St. George. Only outsiders able to support themselves on already-earned incomes are likely to get government approval to buy property or remain longer than the eight months permitted the visitor with a return ticket in his hand.

This is no tropical paradise in the sense that a man without money can stroll into the forest and pick food off the trees. Living costs are high. There's little land for farming, and local produce is expensive. The ceiling on eggs, for example, is one dollar a dozen. Workers say it is impossible to support a small family on the twenty dollars a week that seems to be about the accepted minimum wage for a nine-hour day, six days a week.

The people are friendly, from the heads of the Forty Families to the strollers you pass on the road. Everybody speaks to everybody and the accent is a quaint combination of Maine and Mobile. There's pride, but not the surly type. No hotel bellboy will bow low in servile style, and conversation doesn't stop when a tourist stumbles into a bar.

Nearly everybody works—only tourists have the time to lie all day in the sun. There are no beggars. Groups of youngsters once scrambled when visitors showered silver from the veranda at swanky Twenty-One, or threw it out of their carriages. Police remonstrated—not with the freehanded, but with the not-a-bit wealthy scramblers. 'Mudians want no charity. Parents who could have used the cash added their backing and kept Bermuda from spawning a race of panhandlers.

American and Bermuda currency circulate simultaneously. Most prices are quoted in U. S. currency as well as in pounds, shillings, and pence. Currently a five-shilling note is the same size and value as a dollar bill. The sixpence passes as a dime, but

Living takes on a languid pace in sun-drenched Hamilton.

Cycling is universal and carefree: few automobiles intrude.

you need American nickels for most of the juke boxes that operate when orchestras have a night off.

There are two daily papers: one dignified, the other breezy. Both report government activities at some length and carry American news and use U. S. A. features, even comics. You won't find a stockbroker's office or market reports. Radios may be tuned to U. S. A. stations, and sports results from England and the States are printed daily.

There are no gambling casinos or authentic night clubs, and not much drinking or high revelry. The better hotels charge from twelve to twenty-four dollars a day, which includes food. Smaller hotels and guest-houses take bookings at from six to ten dollars a day. A few families have rooms that may be rented for ten or fifteen dollars a week, and at some not too elaborate restaurants in town food is sold at prices rather stiff by comparison with those in the States. And since Bermuda must import or starve—and ships are still short—the cuisine isn't what it used to be.

GETTING to Bermuda is not expensive. Under U. S. regulations, steamer fares from New York for the two-day voyage are forty dollars each way. You take whatever accommodations are available. The big cruise ships won't be back until sometime next winter. By air from Baltimore it's eighty dollars each way; from LaGuardia Field in New York the rate for the five-hour trip is seventy dollars. Pan American, operating the latter run, indicates fares will be lower still when land-based planes can be substituted for the flying boats now used. Air fares are less 10 per cent when you buy a round trip, as *must* be done for Bermuda. All transportation is subject to 15 per cent U. S. tax if purchased in this country. Passports are no longer required.

From the air the islands look like a new moon, thirty miles around the outside of the curve, fourteen from tip to tip; smaller wooded islands in between dot the blue-green waters, a color seen nowhere else in the world. Whitewashed rooftops shine in the sun. Gleaming here and there on hillsides are other expanses of white—water catchments to trap rainwater for home or garden use. Bermuda is nowhere more than two miles wide, so wells are brackish, and fresh water must be claimed from the skies or brought in by tank ship.

The coral has important uses. Houses are made from blocks sawed out of the ground. You can see workmen at some new construction on almost any island road. The sides of the houses are plastered and tinted pink or blue. The pastel walls of homes add more color to hillsides and shore lines that have floral display the seasons through.

The roads are made of coral, too. They gleam and sparkle in the sun as they wind their narrow way around curves between huge clumps of red and cream hibiscus or masses of palm-tree green, through valleys, and down hills where you meet cyclists pushing their bikes upgrade along the left-hand side of the road. Bermuda follows the English rule of the road, to the discomfiture of many Americans.

The bicycle is the major method of transport for visitor and resident alike. Vacationists rent wheels on Hamilton's Front Street as soon as they leave the dock there, or arrange for them through their hotels. Beginners practice on secluded roads. Cycling is the first step toward slowing down to Bermuda's pace.

SHOPPING housewives and traveling salesmen with order books in their handle-bar baskets cycle alongside business men and merchants in the natty shorts that are the costume of the islands all summer long. Young Mr. Bermuda off to a dance on Saturday night carries his evening-dress-clad maid of the moment on a cycle built for two, or perhaps merely perched on the bar before him.

And then there are horses, carriages with the fringe on top, but they're fewer—and growing more expensive year by year, which brings us to the wail of the wanderers who found Bermuda, pronounced it lovely, and are now upset to hear that the horse has lost the war.

Motorcars have established themselves in the land that once made proud boast that no motor smell would ever pollute her fair air. The horse not only has lost the conflict —Dobbin is likely to lose the peace as well. The *clop-clop* of hoofs on

(*Continued on page 81*)

Why We Burned Them Out

BY VICTOR BOESEN

FRED SPARKS PHOTO

After Tokyo died in an airborne wave of flame, little people grubbed grimly through the rubble for whatever they could salvage.

Few destructive calamities in history can compare with the night of fire rained on Tokyo by our B-29s. Only now are the survivors timidly beginning to talk of the horror—and Liberty's correspondent pokes amid the rubble to find out why the massacre had to be

MR. TAI YANO and his neighbor, Mr. Ichiro Sakurai, were pulling rusty slabs of corrugated iron from the rubble that spilled into what had once been an alley but was now a precarious pathway bordering a wilderness of flattened Tokyo homes. Family safes protruded above the wastes, tagged with messages for friends and relatives.

Sakurai pointed to a small cleared space and inquired obsequiously if he could build there. He was assured that he could. Yano joined him, and under questioning they told about the night of the big fire. It happened on March 9, 1945.

The B-29s had come at 11.30 P.M., flying low. They stayed until 3.30 next morning. There was a high wind, and with the bombs falling everywhere, each starting a new fire, it wasn't possible to do much about it. Bucket brigades dipped water from the one or two thirty-gallon tanks at each house, but it was like trying to stop a typhoon with one's breath. The fire engines, unable to get through the teeming streets, were sent outside the city for safety.

When it ended, Sakurai estimated that of 3,000 people who had lived in his area, which was the first to be hit in that attack, two thirds were dead. His mother was killed by a bomb which came through the roof. He and the seven others of his family first fled to the little park across the alley, but the heat and smoke drove them back. They scrambled into one of the underground shelters dug along the alley. But this soon became an oven, so they ran to the canal on the other side of the park, staying in the water until morning.

Yano, who had been visiting friends in the country that night, lost his mother, brother, and sister. He still hadn't found their bodies.

Sakurai and Yano, along with others who survived, won't be surprised to learn that what hit them was one of the most destructive calamities to life and property ever to fall in so short a stroke in the history of mankind. The San Francisco earthquake in 1906, which killed 500, fails to qualify for the comparison. This air-borne holocaust far outranked, and perhaps equaled the total of, such classical disasters as the Japanese earthquake of 1923, whose toll was 99,000; the eruption of Krakatoa Volcano in 1883, which wiped out 36,000 by tidal wave; the great London fire of 1666; the destruction of Pompeii.

LASTING but four hours, with the great Superfortresses thrown on their backs by the cyclonic up and down drafts created by the flames, this hell from the heavens sterilized an area of 15.8 square miles. In each of those square miles lived an average of 103,000 people. How many died? Make your own guess. Nobody knows.

It was done with fewer than 300 planes carrying the moderate load of 1,665 tons, all fire bombs. The third strike at Tokyo, it was the first at low level, being launched from only a fourth of the altitude of the preceding raid.

It vindicated the theories of General Curtis E. LeMay, chief of the Twentieth Air Force in the Marianas, who ordered the low-level raid against the advice of his staff, after pin-pointed attacks from the substratosphere with high explosives failed to stop the Japanese industrial machine. Unless this machine were stopped, the war would go on.

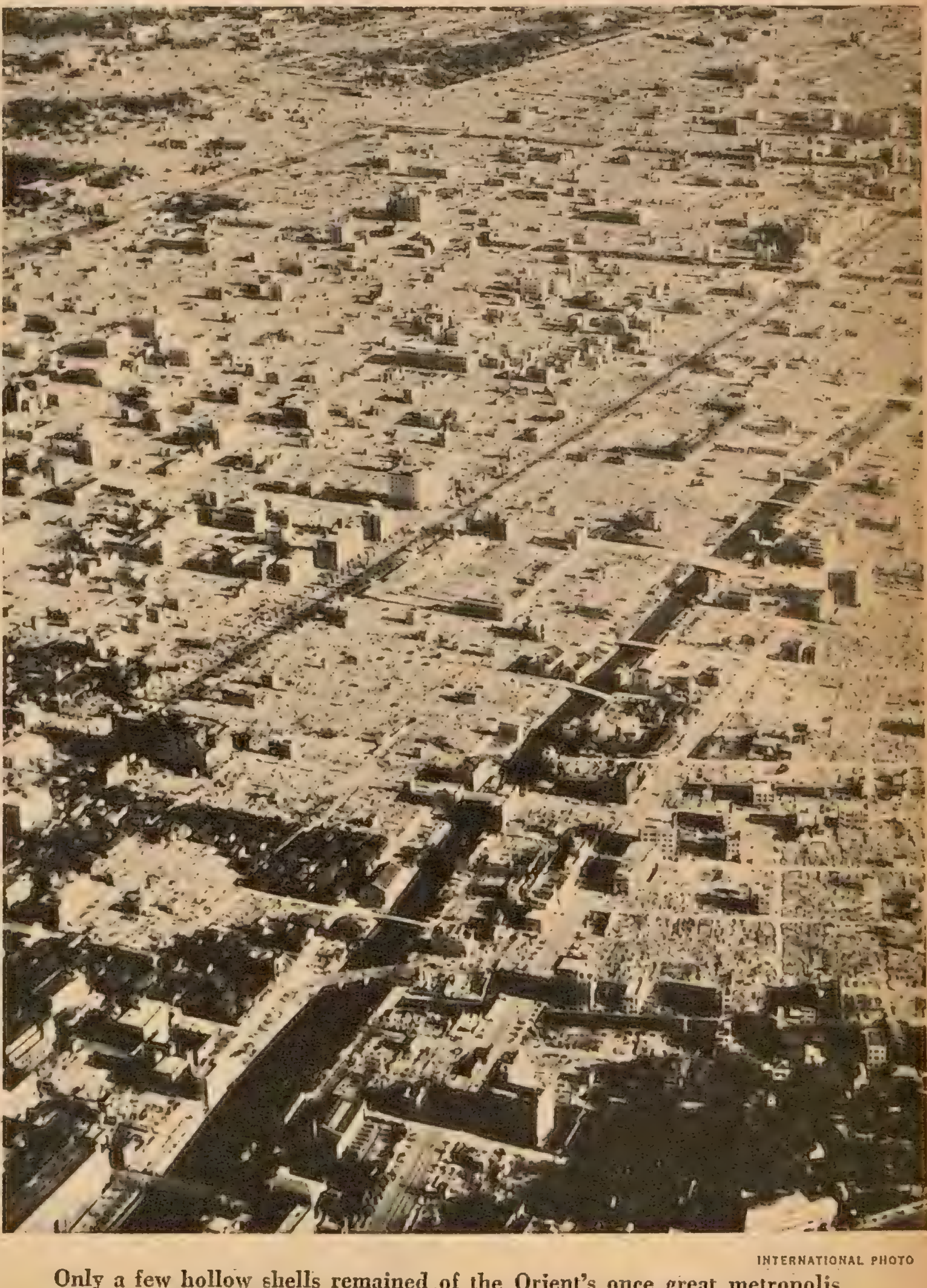
The reason for this failure was the peculiar geographical organization of Japan's industry. It was everywhere, and yet nowhere in particular. It was so widely diffused through each of the sixty-seven cities laid low at war's end that to hit at one point was merely to punch a hole in a fabric that healed over like a self-sealing fuel tank after taking a bullet.

In Japan there was no truly industrial community, nor, conversely, a wholly residential district. Each had something of the other. The big factory was never isolated but was so located, amid homes, that half its employees came to work on foot. It drew its productive nourishment through a maze of tendrils that fingered down through a reverse gradation of subcontracting shops, each subletting to several more down the line, until the system, fanning out as it went, reached into and ended in a virtual perimeter of private homes too numerous to be known and six or seven times removed from the top. According to Kei Hoashi, general secretary to the Federation of

(Continued on page 69)

FRED SPARKS PHOTO

The B-29's came because home shops like this were making the tools of war.



INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Only a few hollow shells remained of the Orient's once great metropolis.

Kids Seldom Go Wrong by Themselves

Behind every juvenile delinquent there is usually a vicious—or heedless—adult. A well-known welfare worker tells what you can do to help smoke out these Fagins responsible for juvenile crime

By Marguerite Marsh

as told to

Helen V. Tooker

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

San Francisco has a system which is curbing delinquency appreciably. In its "delinquent parents" school, a supervisor irons out a touchy problem.

SOMETHING is wrong with current methods of fighting juvenile delinquency. For three years the nation has been agitated about this so-called "wartime" problem. Now such organizations as the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the U. S. Children's Bureau warn that peace has further complicated the problem. J. Edgar Hoover of the F.B.I. recently declared that unless responsible citizens of each community support programs for the protection of youth, the months ahead will see more juvenile crime than ever.

The Children's Bureau emphasized the problems of adjustment faced by those adolescents whose wartime earnings far exceeded normal peacetime rates. This situation, it is feared, will tempt some youth without pocket money to steal or get cash in any easy way.

While some communities continue to report increases in juvenile delinquency, others have shown they can reduce it. For example, St. Louis reported a 38-per-cent decrease in one year, and Oneida County, New York, a decrease of 42 per cent.

Their success raises the question: Why don't all communities do as well? Or better?

One reason for the failure has been in not knowing what to do. Bewildered citizens have used the most obvious corrective—recreation. Too often their efforts have stopped there. Organized and varied recreation is indispensable in every community, but it is a coarse sieve. It cannot pick up all the young people who need help, and many of those whom it reaches will slip through its mesh. An illustration is the case of five girls who regularly attended the recreation program of a settlement house in a large city and spent other evenings loitering near a notorious roominghouse for seamen.

To be truly effective, a complete community program requires the participation of many forces. But such a program is not within the scope of this article. My purpose is to direct attention to one of the most serious elements in this whole problem—an element that must be recognized and systematically attacked by every community if we are to reduce the number of children and young people who march unhappily through our courts and institutions.

This element is the tremendously important role played by vicious or heedless adults.

I am not referring here to the much belabored "delinquent parent." The records of children's courts, as well as social agencies, attest to the need for better preparation for parenthood, but this is another story. The fact that some vicious parents even train their children in illegal activity has also long been recognized and laws have been written to deal with them. We do not, however, seem to be aware of the extent to which heedless and vicious adults *in the community* affect children. We need more effective methods to locate and counteract the influence of such adults. The technique for dealing with this aspect of juvenile delinquency can be summed up in five words—"Look for the adult influence." In every case of youthful crime or grave offense, authorities should be required to search for an adult who may be directing the youthful offender or benefiting by his illegal activity.

The principle is simple. Delinquency is not mischief. It is the result of profound maladjustments that weaken a child's resistance to temptation, and it must have had a starting point. The idea of specific wrongdoing must have been presented to the child. Excluding pathological cases, *serious delinquency, in a great majority of cases, starts at one of two* *points: A vicious--or heedless—adult leads a child astray; or a child who has already been contaminated by an adult (or by the environment the adult creates) leads another child astray.*

The vicious adult is like an abscessed tooth: as long as you have the tooth, no matter how carefully you balance your diet, poison will drain into your system. A sound program of prevention must include continual vigilance for both the adult who starts an infection and the child who spreads it.

This technique is not a cure-all, but if it is neglected, much of the benefit of recreation projects, juvenile court programs, and other measures will be counteracted by the unchecked flow of poison.

THIS is happening all over the country today. Social workers recognize the danger. Yet their application of the preventive measures is sporadic. Police, too, are usually aware of this problem, but they too often stop with obvious steps, such as keeping children out of low dives. The police may not even go that far if the community is apathetic. Until the lid was clamped down a few years ago, the children of one big city were drawn like moths to the bright lights of certain dance halls where, as one probation officer put it, "Just seeing the things that went on was contamination enough."

Evidence of the damage that maladjusted adults do is overwhelming. Adults who unquestionably purchase "bargains" offered by juveniles are, in fact, often as much the instigators as those who train the young people in picking pockets. Thus, in New York the police found that older women were encouraging little girls to steal hats from millinery shops. The women paid them twenty-five cents for each hat.

A more complicated case involved several boys who had been stealing dimes and quarters from their parents. When one of the boys was caught, he refused to talk. His parents took their problem to the school principal, and eventually six boys, fourteen to fifteen years old, confessed they had been depositing their stolen coins with a woman who ran a neighborhood bakery. When a boy accumulated one or two dollars, she would give him an appointment with a prostitute. The bakery woman and an assistant were jailed.

A drive against "junking" in New York was aimed chiefly at the adults who promote crime by purchasing the copper wire, lead pipes, and other items stolen by children from vacant buildings. Before the campaign started, the law forbidding dealers to buy *anything* from children under sixteen had not been widely known, certainly not widely observed. So thousands of copies of it were distributed to all junk dealers, with orders to display it on carts and shops. Copies were also posted in schools and on vacant buildings. In addition, the police were ordered to crack down on all dealers found operating behind children arrested with stolen goods. As a result, cases of children brought to court for junking dropped in three boroughs from 218 the previous year to 99 in the first year of the campaign and to 26 in the next year.

Laws barring children from vacant buildings and restricting them to special sections of moving-picture theaters when they are not accompanied by older persons are in recognition of the need of protecting children from degenerate adults.

OFTEN the adult responsible for a youth's crimes can get away with it unless a community takes vigorous action. For example, in one small city a fifteen-year-old boy was continually appearing in juvenile court on theft charges. Once he posed as an aide to a blind cripple and learned to extract money from the man's clothes when he guided him to the washroom. Another time he rifled the cash register of a factory where he was employed. The court put him in a foster home and he ran away to another city, where he was caught stealing money in the market. The probation officer doubted that he had worked out these tricks for himself, and kept on the trail. Eventually a man confessed he had taught the boy and shared the loot. The man was sent to prison. The boy was taught electrical welding and obtained a good job. There have been no more complaints about him.

In another case, parents helped clear out a menace in a residential

(*Continued on page 65*)

DAILY NEWS PHOTO

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Dale X and other magazine subscription salesgirls charged that Mark Steele (right) forced them into prostitution. He's doing time.

Now He Slays 'Em—with Wisecracks

ACME PHOTO

The prankish new Joe Louis has been groomed by people like Rochester.

by

JOHN HOHENBERG

Once as mum as the proverbial oyster, the Brown Bomber has doctored his personality with doses of showmanship. The result is a Joe Louis you'd hardly know. Here's a new introduction to the heavyweight champion

JOSEPH LOUIS BARROW of New York and Detroit, successful but inarticulate leather merchant before the war, has returned to his energetic calling. But he isn't quite the same. Outside business hours, he no longer depends entirely on his fists to floor people.

While he retains the unaffected simplicity and lethal power that always have been the trade-marks of Joe Louis, heavyweight champion of the world, his forty-five months in the Army taught him the tricks of a showman.

He'll even make speeches now, if he must, although he prefers his habitual taciturnity. Furthermore, he has been known on occasion to sing and do a few dance steps, indulge in practical jokes, and play a reasonably good game of golf. By his own admission, he now reads detective stories and writes love lyrics for as yet unpublished songs.

For all practical purposes, therefore, the 1946 model Joe Louis, who climbs into the ring against Pittsburgh Billy Conn in June to defend his title for the twenty-second time, will be a changed man. As a prosperous and respected citizen, aged thirty-one and absent from the ring —except for exhibition bouts—for nearly four years, he has attained the confidence and assurance he often lacked outside the ring. Now he is not only the champion, but he likes to act the part.

For example, just before he and the Army parted company, he and two other soldiers were in a little car streaking along Route 9W atop New Jersey's Palisades, bound for New York City on pass. They cut in ahead of a limousine in which two civilians were riding. The annoyed civilians overtook the little car, forcing it to halt. Before the civilians could say a word, a sergeant let down the window of the little car and transfixed them with a fierce glare.

"Holy smoke, Joe Louis!" one of the civilians gasped. "Let's get the hell out of here!"

Joe still laughs over that bit of successful mugging.

The two civilians, like some 130,000,000 other Americans, remembered Louis, the Brown Bomber, whose only publicized talent was to bop hopeful rivals with terrific finality. His public utterances then were so rare he occasioned genuine surprise whenever he opened his mouth.

One veteran boxing writer who interviewed the Louis of those days recalled his painful experience thus: "I talked to him for a full half hour and all I got out of him was three yeses and two noes."

Nowadays Joe not only submits to interviews, but also will volunteer information about himself. Moreover, he is likely to indulge in a heavy-handed prankishness.

Clambering through the ropes for an exhibition bout against a jittery

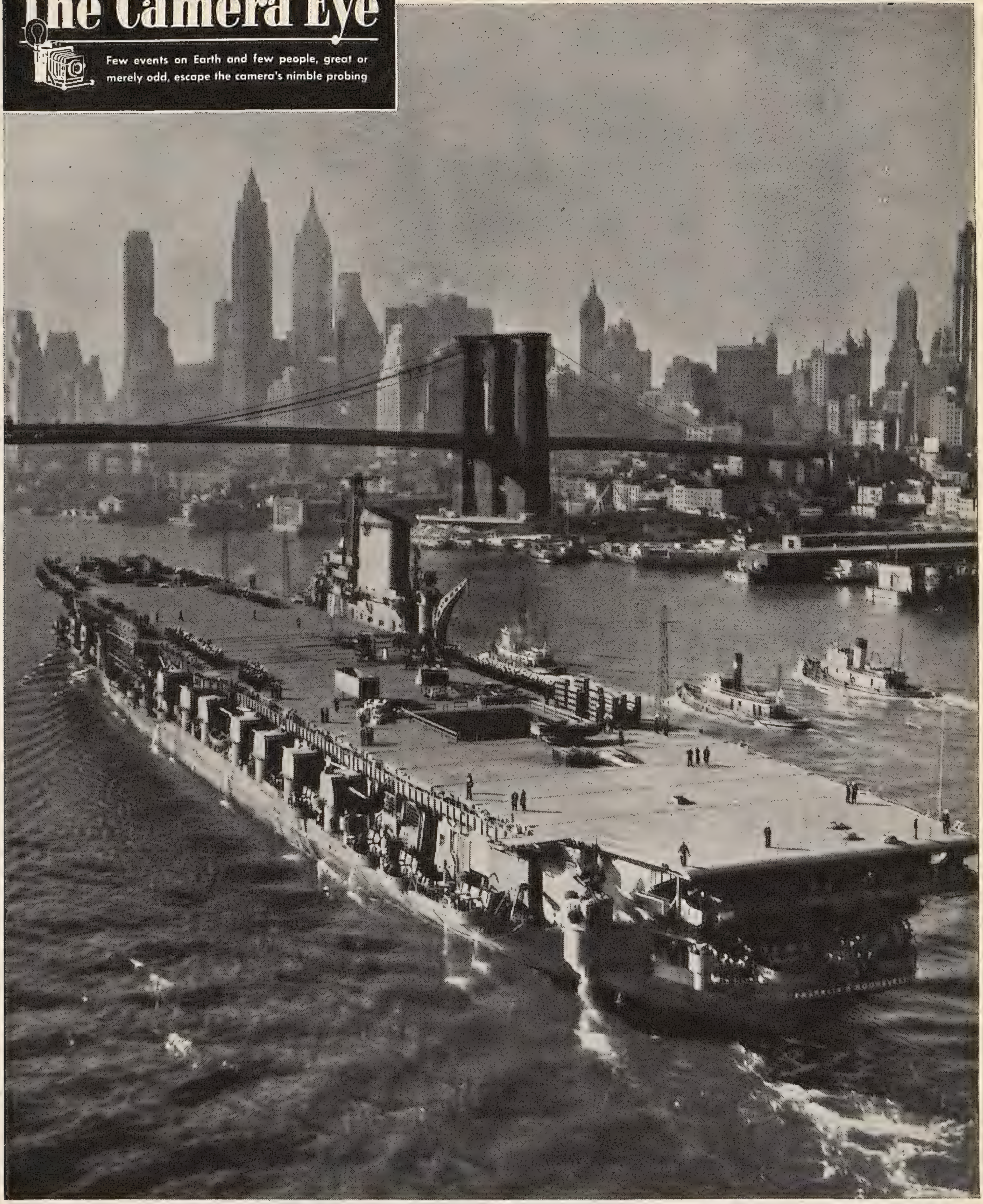
(*Continued on page 74*)

ACME PHOTO

Louis and Billy Conn are signed to fight for a possible record gate.

The Camera Eye

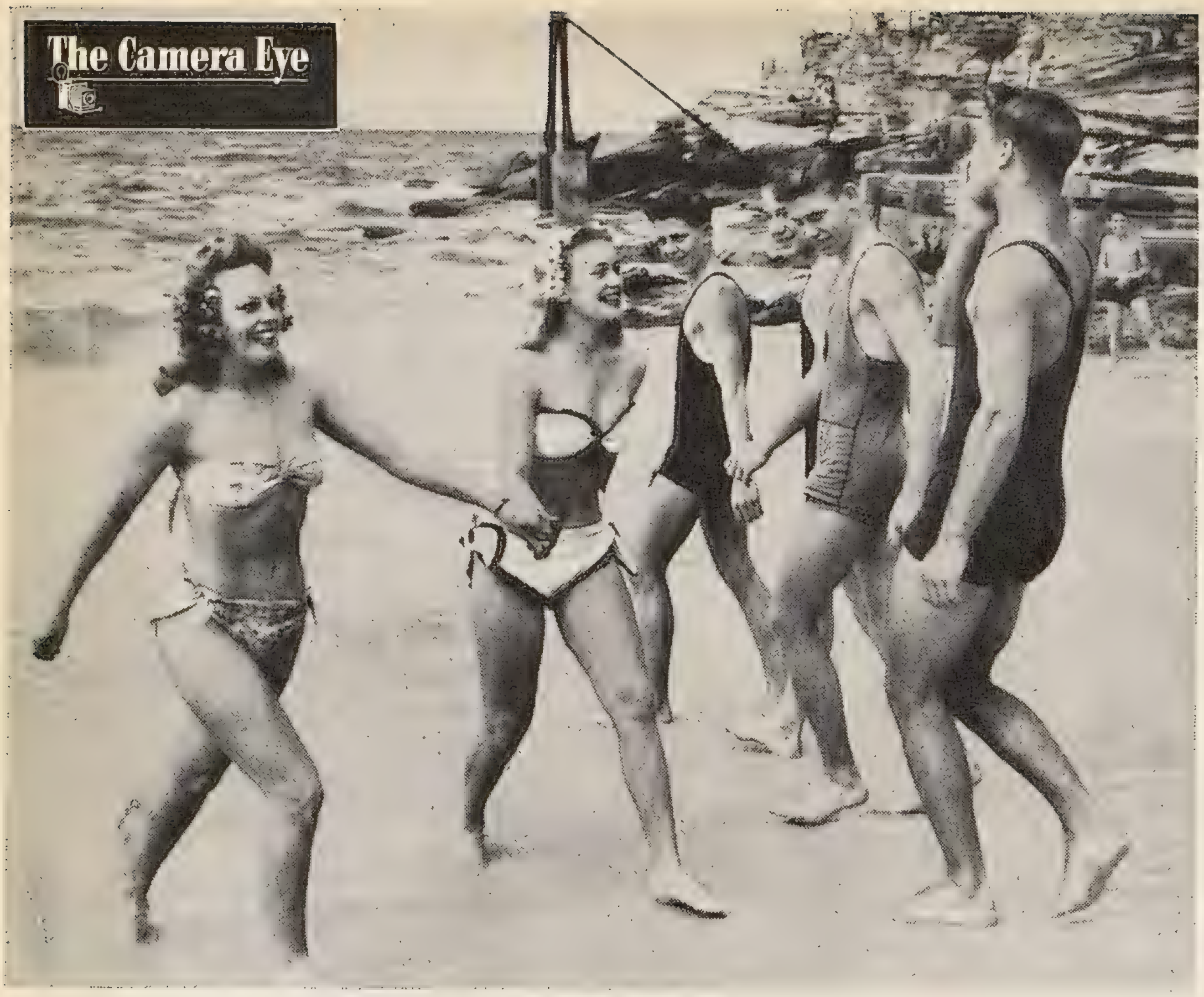
Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



INTERNATIONAL

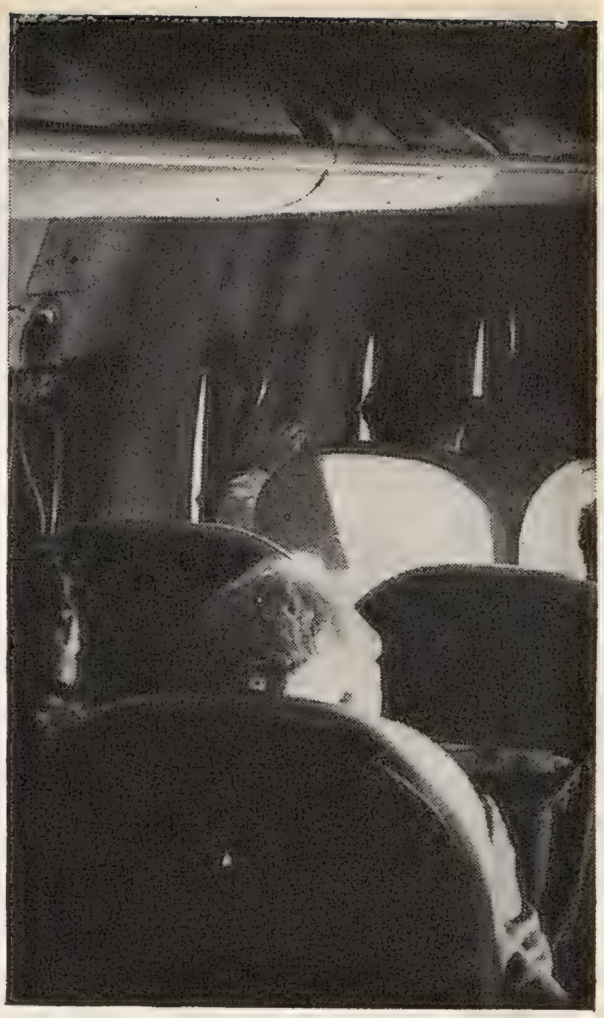
HERE'S WHAT A 45,000-TONNER LOOKS LIKE—The Franklin D. Roosevelt, affording Navy fliers several more acres of high-speed landing field, moves her ponderous bulk through the water for the first time. New York could use some of that parking space.

The Camera Eye



WIDE WORLD

WOOL SHORTAGE IN AUSTRALIA?—Compared with these Sydney swimmers, the French bathers we've been seeing look all bundled up. In fact, some of the styles down under have provoked official censure. The boys seem overdressed, don't they?



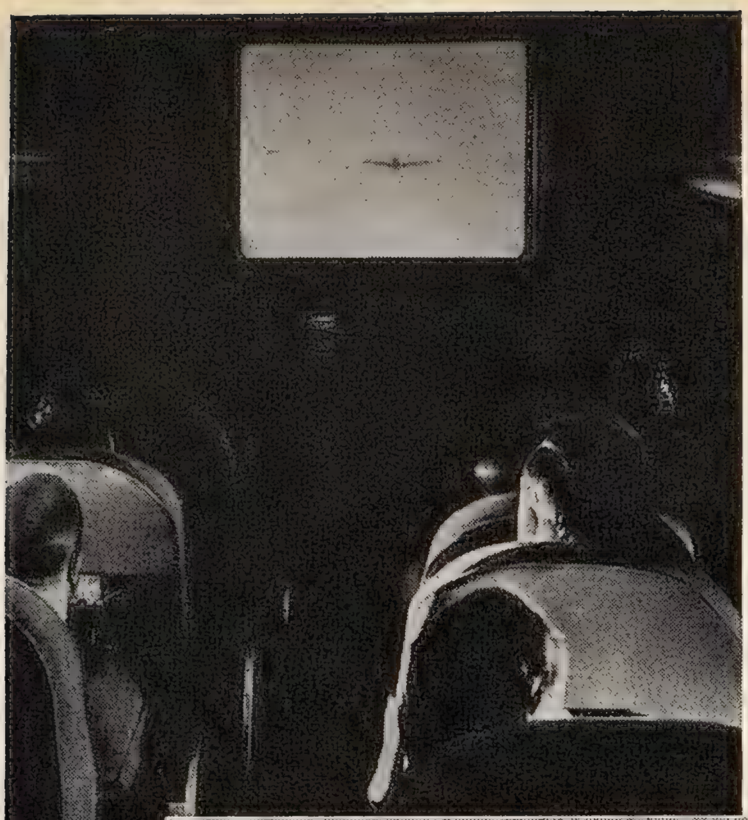
ACME

STRATOSPHERIC CINEMA—Pan American World Airways passengers now have movies with their clipper trips. But when rocket planes come, there'll be time only for "shorts."

INTERNATIONAL

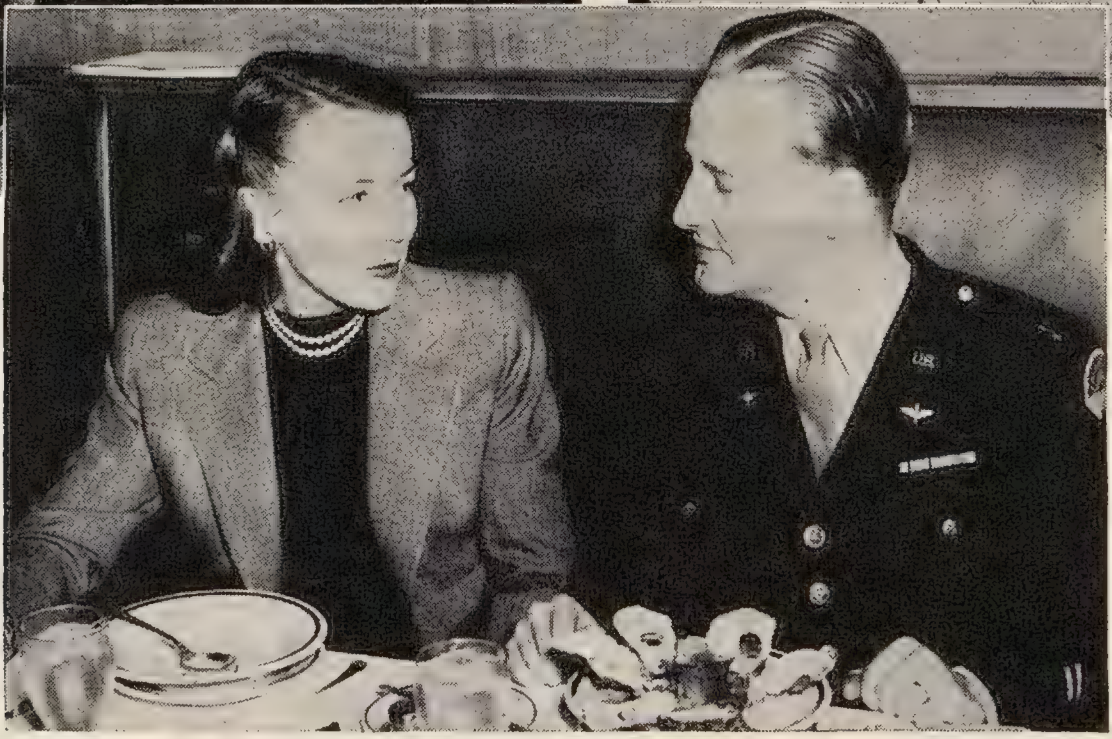
NO BOXER REBELLION HERE—Major Charles Boxer, Britisher who figured in a widely publicized romance with Emily Hahn, novelist, romps with their daughter Carola in New York. The couple married recently.

N. Y. TIMES



PRESS ASSOCIATION

HIS WAR SOUVENIR—Baby Sandra Lee was plopped into Don Caffrey's lap by a woman on a train. Now the Caffreys, above, want to adopt the tot, but her mother has decided she wants her back.



INTERNATIONAL

QUIET, THESE FORDS—Credit Capt. Benson Ford, USAAF, with a slick job of ducking publicity. Henry's rarely photographed grandson dines out with his wife.

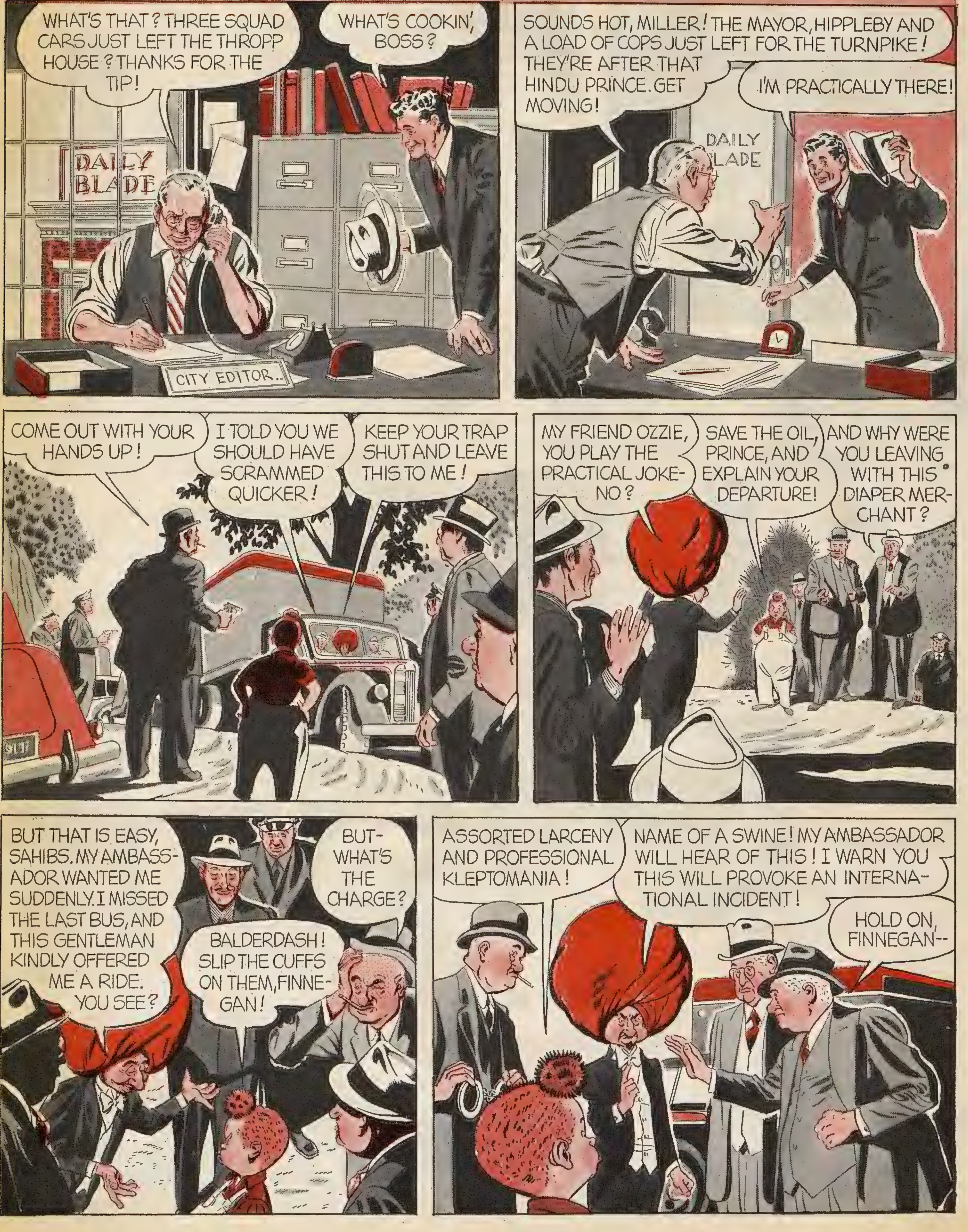
PRO-AMERICAN BELLES—These are Annamite beauties, parading in French Indo-China in honor of American airmen. They seem to walk with liquid grace.

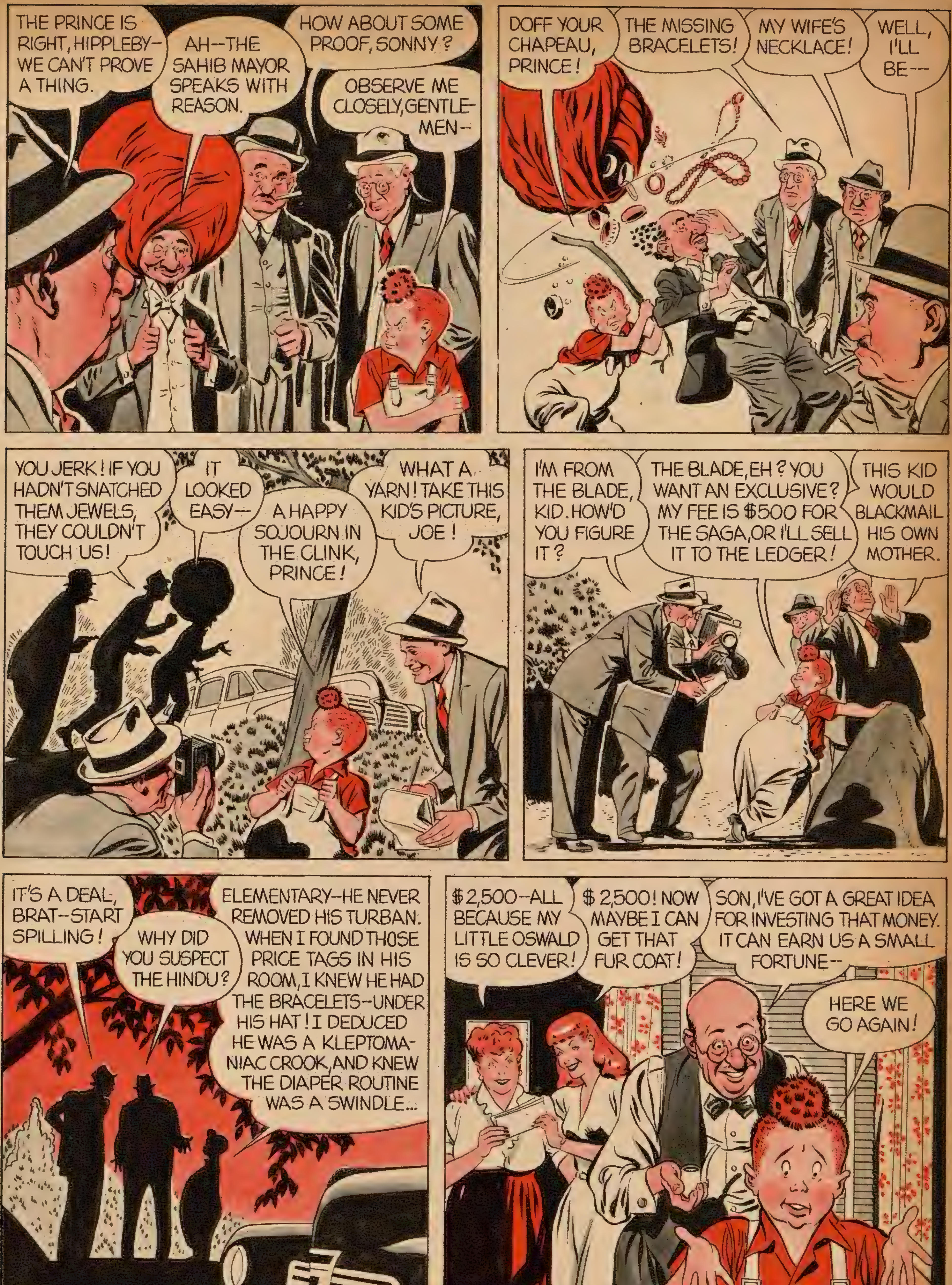
OFFICIAL TENTH AIR FORCE PHOTO

HE BET ON THE WRONG HORSE — Tenor Beniamino Gigli signed up as a Fascist years ago. Now, under threat of kidnaping, he is guarded by two cops, even as he prepared to play the clown in Roman opera.

THE THROPP FAMILY

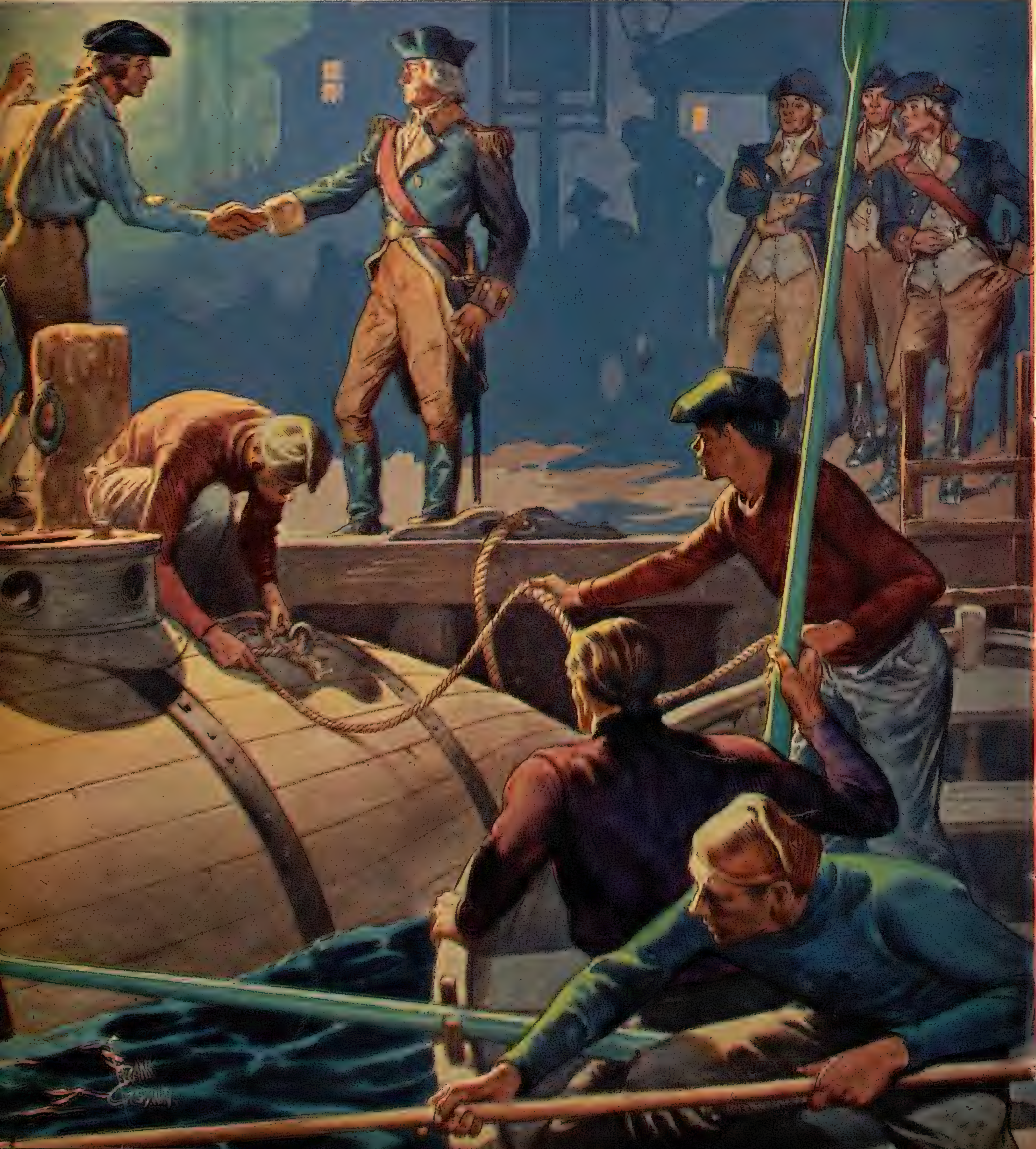
Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


WHAT'S THAT? THREE SQUAD CARS JUST LEFT THE THROPP HOUSE? THANKS FOR THE TIP!
WHAT'S COOKIN', BOSS?
DAILY BLADE
CITY EDITOR
SOUNDS HOT, MILLER! THE MAYOR, HIPPLEBY AND A LOAD OF COPS JUST LEFT FOR THE TURNPIKE! THEY'RE AFTER THAT HINDU PRINCE. GET MOVING!
I'M PRACTICALLY THERE!
DAILY BLADE
COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!
I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD HAVE SCRAMMED QUICKER!
KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT AND LEAVE THIS TO ME!
MY FRIEND OZZIE, YOU PLAY THE PRACTICAL JOKE-NO?
SAVE THE OIL, PRINCE, AND EXPLAIN YOUR DEPARTURE!
AND WHY WERE YOU LEAVING WITH THIS DIAPER MERCHANT?
BUT THAT IS EASY, SAHIBS. MY AMBASSADOR WANTED ME SUDDENLY. I MISSED THE LAST BUS, AND THIS GENTLEMAN KINDLY OFFERED ME A RIDE. YOU SEE?
BUT-WHAT'S THE CHARGE?
BALDERDASH! SLIP THE CUFFS ON THEM, FINNEGAN!
ASSORTED LARCENY AND PROFESSIONAL KLEPTOMANIA!
NAME OF A SWINE! MY AMBASSADOR WILL HEAR OF THIS! I WARN YOU THIS WILL PROVOKE AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT!
HOLD ON, FINNEGAN--


THE PRINCE IS RIGHT, HIPPLEBY--WE CAN'T PROVE A THING.
AH--THE SAHIB MAYOR SPEAKS WITH REASON.
HOW ABOUT SOME PROOF, SONNY?
OBSERVE ME CLOSELY, GENTLEMEN--
DOFF YOUR CHAPEAU, PRINCE!
THE MISSING BRACELETS!
MY WIFE'S NECKLACE!
WELL, I'LL BE---
YOU JERK! IF YOU HADN'T SNATCHED THEM JEWELS, THEY COULDN'T TOUCH US!
IT LOOKED EASY--
A HAPPY SOJOURN IN THE CLINK, PRINCE!
WHAT A YARN! TAKE THIS KID'S PICTURE, JOE!
I'M FROM THE BLADE, KID. HOW'D YOU FIGURE IT?
THE BLADE, EH? YOU WANT AN EXCLUSIVE? MY FEE IS $500 FOR THE SAGA, OR I'LL SELL IT TO THE LEDGER!
THIS KID WOULD BLACKMAIL HIS OWN MOTHER.
IT'S A DEAL, BRAT--START SPILLING!
WHY DID YOU SUSPECT THE HINDU?
ELEMENTARY--HE NEVER REMOVED HIS TURBAN. WHEN I FOUND THOSE PRICE TAGS IN HIS ROOM, I KNEW HE HAD THE BRACELETS--UNDER HIS HAT! I DEDUCED HE WAS A KLEPTOMANIAC CROOK, AND KNEW THE DIAPER ROUTINE WAS A SWINDLE...
$2,500--ALL BECAUSE MY LITTLE OSWALD IS SO CLEVER!
$2,500! NOW MAYBE I CAN GET THAT FUR COAT!
SON, I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA FOR INVESTING THAT MONEY. IT CAN EARN US A SMALL FORTUNE--
HERE WE GO AGAIN!

Continued next week

THE TURTLE and the



A whaleboat drew silently alongside the Turtle. Washington gripped Ezra's hand for a moment, and said simply, "Good luck!"

LOBSTER BACKS

It failed to work — the fantastic new weapon General Washington hoped would change the whole course of the war. Yet, really, it succeeded, for it gave his ragged, beaten soldiers that bulldoggedness which then, as now, makes America unbeatable

BY GEORGES CAROUSSO

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

EZRA LEE sat at the edge of his bunk, cleaned the Gowanus swamp mud out of his musket, and wondered how many more men from his company would be deserting before the week was out. Corporal Beatty had confided his plan for desertion to him. So had John Gillen, and Elias Legg. Beatty's wife was going to deliver in October, and John had his harvesting to do, and Elias never had cared much for the war anyway, being a Tory at heart.

They had come along from Pawlinsville because Ezra had talked them into it. But now, no amount of talking could stop them from leaving. Ezra had tried, and they had just looked at him with dull eyes. The British had licked them good and proper. They had driven them clean off Long Island, and the British and the Hessians together would drive them right out of New York, too. They had no chance.

If he had any sense, Ezra thought, he'd go back to Pawlinsville with them. He had Bessie and the two young ones to consider. He, too, had harvesting to do. He listened to the talk in the barracks and it was like the echo of his own thoughts.

He was their sergeant, and he had failed them. They would be going back to their wives and their children and their farms. And if he had any sense he'd be going back with them, more defeated than any of them, perhaps, because his responsibility had been greater than theirs.

He had known the words to tell them once, but that was when the war had started, and all the misery and horror and defeat were dim shadows to which a man could be blinded in the light of the bigger thing—Freedom.

It hadn't taken fancy words. They were all men clearing a place in the sun for themselves and their families. It was their land. It was not the king's. It was not the tax collector's. It was theirs.

It had not been hard then to find the words to get the men to follow him. The words were in his heart, and in their hearts, too. Of course some laughed. "Ezra is just hankering for a fight," they said. "Ezra ain't satisfied with bein' the biggest and strongest man in these parts. He wants to fight the king himself, he does!" And there were others, like Bessie, his wife, who thought that, after all was said and done, it *was* the king's land and there was no sense denying it. "A woman can't understand war," Bessie said. "It's giving life she understands; not taking it. But she knows when a man feels that he is doing right, she'd be a fool to try and stop him." And she had looked at Ezra with tears in her eyes, as though she pitied him.

Ezra got up from his bunk and tucked the musket under his arm from long habit, and walked out of the barracks. The rain had stopped, but it was still drizzling, and the cool drizzle and the darkness felt good on his upturned face. No, it wasn't the militia, or the bayonets, or the navy. And the men knew it. It was fighting for a lost cause without any hope to carry them through the dark hours. And they would desert. They would go home, Beatty, and Gillen, and Legg, and the others. They would go home like whipped dogs, with their tails between their legs. These men would never forget their defeat.

CAPTAIN PERDY came through the darkness and started to go into the barracks, then noticed Ezra's bulk beside the door.

"Sergeant Lee? I was looking for you, sergeant. A classmate of mine from Yale is visiting up at headquarters, and he sent word that he'd like to see me. I would like you to act as my orderly."

"Cert'," said Ezra. He shouldered the musket and followed the captain. The captain was a little man, soft-spoken and scholarly. The men followed him because he was such a little man, not cut in the pattern of bravery, but brave just the same. When the men from Pawlinsville were new enlistments, Captain Perdy had picked out Ezra and looked up at him and smiled that funny crooked sad smile of his, and said, "I'm making you my sergeant, Lee. You're the biggest man in my company. Some men like to follow a little man. Most of them like to follow a big one. If we lead them together into battle, most of them are likely to follow."

EZRA liked Captain Perdy and respected him. Maybe the captain could help him. They walked in silence, then Ezra ventured:

"We took a beating, sir."

"Talking about it won't make it less of a beating," the captain said. "How are the men taking it?"

"Not good. We're going to have more desertions. I guess they all know that the war is lost. I tried to think of something to tell the men, but I couldn't."

"They need more than words now."

"We got licked, and we all know it!" Ezra said desperately. "It was bad. Going through the swamp with the Hessians on all sides of us was bad. And the men who couldn't swim drowning all around us was bad, too."

"Getting off Long Island at all was good," the captain said. "Getting all the small boats from the Battery to Flushing Bay, and pressing them into service, and rowing all those troops across without the British ever waking up to what we were doing—that was good! Did the men think of that?"

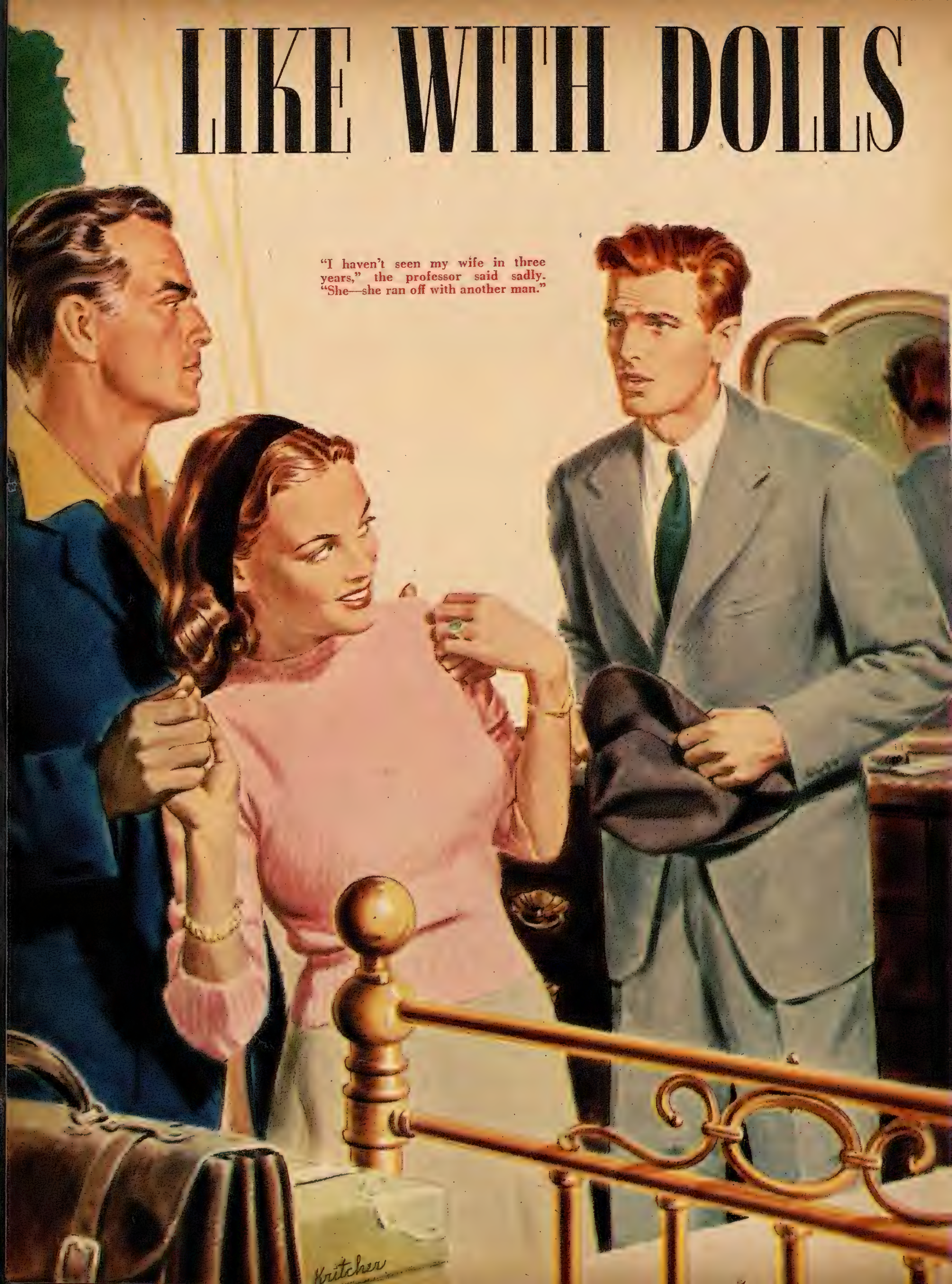
"No, sir. All any of us can think of is that we're licked good and proper. I guess there was no room in our minds for anything else. I'll tell them tomorrow."

"No," said the captain. "They'll think of it by themselves. The ones

(*Continued on page 57*)

LIKE WITH DOLLS

"I haven't seen my wife in three years," the professor said sadly. "She—she ran off with another man."



What does a sophisticated playwright do when his daughter starts acting like a character out of one of his own spicy dramas? It was one situation Randy couldn't write his way out of, until his daughter provided the slickest third act he had ever seen — and a happy ending

BY JAMES ASWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

WHEN the train was delayed at a hot flat village smelling of oil and singed grass, Randy called Sadi in New York.

"Sadi? This is Randy."

"Oh, you sweet! Where *are* you?"

He fidgeted in the stifling booth. It was odd how her voice always struck him as thin and affected on the telephone—unsupported by the Dresden shepherdess beauty.

"I'm in the middle of nowhere. I've got to stop over for a day and see Tash. She seems to have got herself involved with some middle-aged professor. Paternal duty and all that. Must straighten her out."

No comment from Sadi; one of her long, maddening silences.

"Sadi? Are you still there? *An*swer me."

"Yes." It was a small, reluctant—but somehow gloating—monosyllable.

"Listen. Don't be that way. We'll have three whole months, all summer together. This is only one day. I'll see you Friday, about four."

"You promised Thursday. We have seats for The Glass Menagerie."

"Well, I can't help it. I'll see you Friday."

"I may not be here when you come."

"Then you won't be there."

He hung up in a pounding rage. But this passed almost before he walked through the littered little general store and out into the remorseless sunshine. She'd be there, all right. Girls usually were for Randy Blake. Still, he had a this-is-where-I-came-in sensation; he had played out this scene with variations so many times, he was simply too tired to react fully any more.

He smiled as he entered the ersatz cool of his compartment. In the morning he would see Tash; and absorbed in her ancient but refreshingly real problem he could feel vital and valuable again—after many months during which life had shown a frightening tendency to fade around the edges. Why, here was his own daughter, in trouble! She didn't seem to know it (they never did), but she was. And he could help her. What he had was a talent for the deft, almost uncanny manipulation of people, of situations. And, having the odd split elfin mind of the playwright, he began also to search his journey to Tash, her dilemma, the background of the sleepy, hidden, Deep South college town for possible dramatic material—but the specter of this Professor Wilkes Dodd kept spoiling his objectivity. He hated the guy's guts—this aging pedantic Don Juan, with a wife and probably kids as old as Tash.

He jerked upright with the acuteness of his dislike for Professor Wilkes Dodd—and with an emotion curiously akin to fear, as the train began to move. He fought this down and smiled. This was papa reacting now—papa with the shotgun. He might as well get this out of his system now, for tomorrow he must be smooth as silk, he mustn't drive Tash away from him.

Randy Blake's photographic memory for words drew sentences out of her letters: "I'm so glad you sent me here instead of to Wellesley, where we once thought I'd go. I like my work. And I've found him, dad. Of course it would be all complicated and slightly impossible, but he's definitely the ONE." No name yet; no identification. A fellow student? And letters later: "I love him, dad. Verily. There is an age difference and he is married. I told you, it was all slightly impossible and wretched, like matters at your second-act curtains. All right, smarty, what do you do? He's Wilkes Dodd, my professor of chemistry, and he's not like a professor at all. Oh, dad, it's such a meatball of a problem! I wrote mother, and she was all warm and sympathetic and grand, as I knew she'd be. She asked me to bring him to Florida for a month this summer, but that has icky angles, too. It's nice to have civilized parents. There are still plenty who'd only be shocked in the old stupid conventional way, but I do wish I could *talk* to you about things I can't write."

Randy raised the shade and slouched, watching the countryside gallop into twilight, his high handsome forehead gridded by a frown. *Plenty who'd be shocked in the old stupid conventional way.* Never, as long as he lived, must he allow Tash to guess that she had shocked him out of a year's growth.

WHEN, from the Pullman vestibule, he saw her moving eagerly forward—glowing copper hair, bright small face, and big earnest eyes—her resemblance to her mother struck him overwhelmingly. He hugged Tash, knee-deep in bags, blinking hard. What an ass he was, he thought. She must not see it. And yet, in that moment, he was sure the quick and obvious solution was to lecture her soundly and bundle her off to safety, after pasting this Dodd character in the nose.

She stepped back, holding both his hands.

"Dad! You look pale as a ghost. Heavy night in the club car?"

"What?" He grinned. "Not that. I never could sleep on trains."

She looked as young as a minute in her loose fuzzy sweater and flat-soled shoes; but older, too, in the year; surer and straighter-eyed. She seemed happy.

He carried his own bags into the sleepy station waiting room and asked the woman at the ticket window to wire ahead for a compartment on the ten-ten tonight.

"You look so good," Tash cried. "So sleek and handsome. You look just like your plays. I'm swelled with pride."

"My valet never told me that."

She giggled. It was a nice giggle, with genuine laughter in it.

"I was very discreet. I could have bragged about your coming to the Riverton Banner and to the college Drama Society. They'd mob you, but I know you wouldn't be amused. I only told Doddsy. I *do* want to show you off to him—he's having dinner with us. Couldn't get off earlier—classes and lab. I skipped mine."

Randy explored the inside of his lips with his tongue. "Good grief! Do you call him Doddsy?"

"Oh, yes, but not in public. He's a dear."

Doddering Doddsy, Randy reflected sourly. The heel!

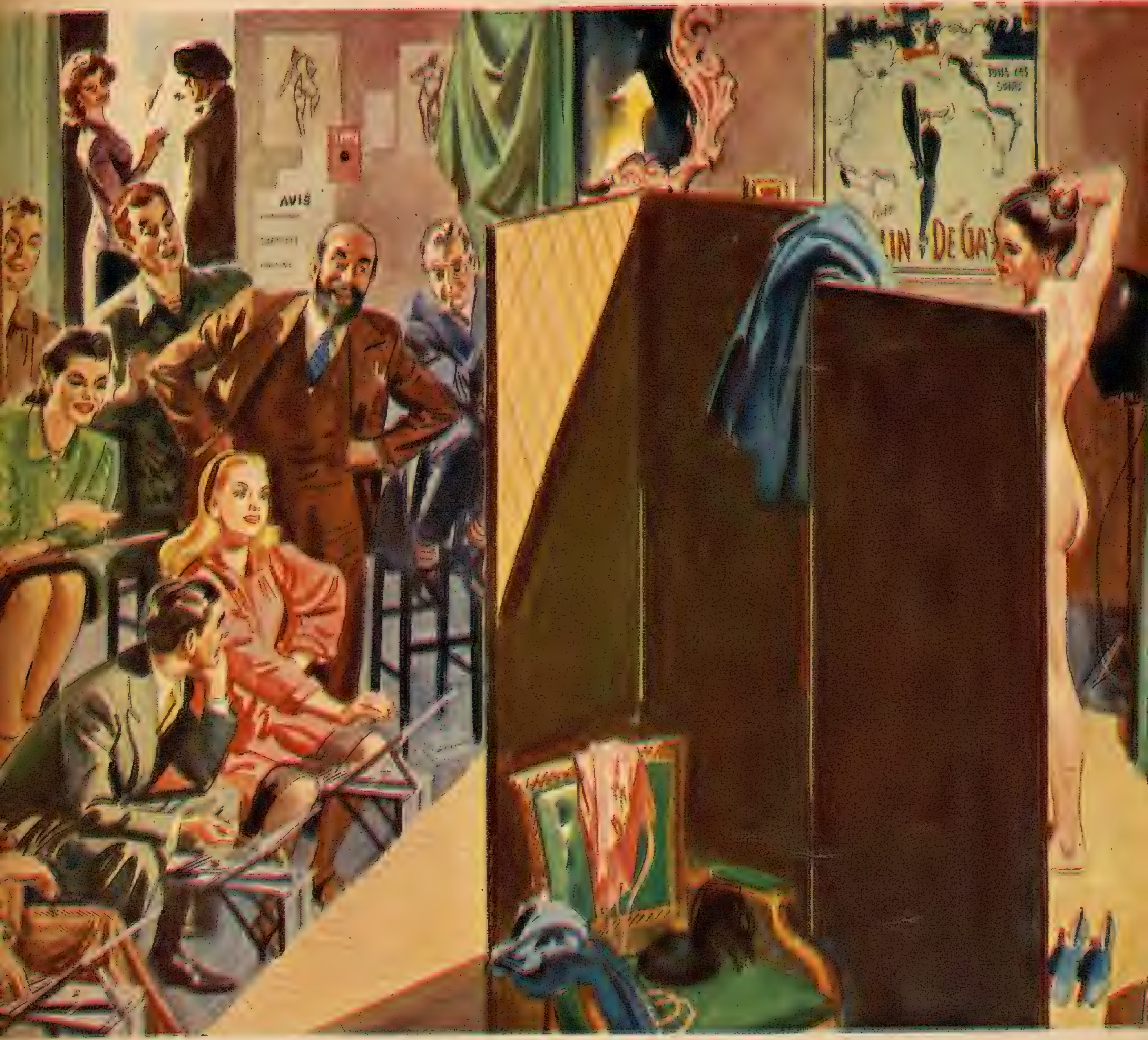
"And, dad—"

"Yes?"

"It *is* grand to have a civilized parent. I was just thinking, suppose you came all swelled up with indignation and outrage. Suppose you actually got nasty with Doddsy. There are, actually, parents like that." She sighed. "I suppose I am a very lucky girl."

(*Continued on page 77*)

Blissful Harvest



He could not draw, he could not paint. He paid his fee to sit beside Ann Mary in life class and worship with his gaze.

YES, monsieur, there is need for understanding. Do we not make mistakes every day in judging the character of another nation? But I, monsieur, understand the American type perfectly. *Attendez!*

It is wars, not years, which mark the calendar of the heart. In any language the words "before the war" lead the listener back to green and tender memories. So it is with nostalgia that I recall Wesley and Ann Mary when they came to Paris to study art.

They came from one of the western provinces of your great land—Iowa or Brazil, I am not quite certain.

It is of no import when one remembers Ann Mary. For she was not the type that a Parisian associates with Iowa's wide, rolling pampas. She was grave and petite, and her eyes held that look of the eternal

What chance has an ordinary American kid against a high-hatted smoothie who personifies all the mystery of Paris? Well, Sioux City has mystery too — and Ann Mary was from Sioux City

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

BY LYNN MONTROSS

ILLUSTRATED BY GLENN THOMAS

child which a man finds both wondering and wonderful.

Is it any marvel, then, that Wesley Winthrop Jones followed her from Sioux City to Paris? He was fantastic, that young man! He could not draw, he could not paint—yet he paid his fee to sit beside Ann Mary in life class and worship with his gaze.

Unfortunately, it is not mere perseverance that women admire. Women seek a mystery in a man. Soldiers, artists, boulevardiers—they all offer some enigma in their lives. Poor Wesley, he had no secret! He had only the adoration on his honest and homely face which Ann Mary could read like the headlines in the morning journal.

EVERY day, unfailingly, he proposed marriage. But it is only in badly written romances that women respond to love by the clock. In real life they are likely to find such wooing—well, very much like veal without sauce.

The comparison is not too inept. For it was but a few weeks until Ann Mary met a Parisian gourmet. This Michel de Vaucourt—the "de" was his own invention—seemed to personify all the mysteries of the boulevards. It is hardly necessary to add that he was twelve years older than Ann Mary, and dangerous enough to be fascinating.

Now I am not of a mercenary character, monsieur, but the salary of an art instructor is small. It was a pleasure, therefore, when Wesley implored me to instruct him in the fine arts of choosing a meal. A pleasure, yes, but not unmixed with pain! What would you when a young man enjoys champagne with his soup, or an *apéritif* with his roast? He was not even above *hors d'oeuvres* while waiting for dessert; and one could only conclude that Wesley was no more intended to be a gourmet than an artist or lover.

It was not surprising when he and Ann Mary quarreled. Doubtless he proposed once too often. Yet for the first time I began to see romantic possibilities! Perhaps it is a harsh law of life, monsieur, that young men are not interesting until they have suffered. However this may be, Wesley no longer seemed so trustful and devout. And when he informed me that he had become a woman hater, I knew there was hope.

Aged hermits are merely goatish, but what could be more fascinating to a woman than a youthful recluse? At a price not too tremendous for a foreigner, I secured the lease of a small villa and garden fifty kilometers from Paris. And if I made a trifling commission on the affair, you will please remember that it was a formidable task to create an air of mystery about Wesley Winthrop Jones.

Soon the spring days were caressing the boulevards, but Ann Mary no longer looked up from her easel to encounter worshipful eyes.

Moreover, the arts of the gourmet are not so appealing in May as in February. May is a provincial month, reminding one of the sights and scents of one's homeland; and during life class I saw a tear fall on Ann Mary's palette. Naturally I communicated this information at once to Wesley.

Six weeks of absence had given him time to recover from martyrdom and the other afflictions of unrequited love. He was tall, sunbrowned, and resolute the day he reappeared, and he did not make the mistake of explaining. He only smiled and nodded at Ann Mary, then applied himself to his canvas with calloused hands. At the end of the period he turned in a worse daub than usual, smiled and nodded again—and vanished.

I assure you, monsieur, that I never expected such progress. Even my own curiosity was aroused. But indifference is a remedy to be used with caution; and early in June, when Wesley next visited Paris, I took him aside.

"My old one," I said, "the time has come to temper absence with enthusiasm. Very soon you must find it convenient to invite Ann Mary and me to your rural retreat."

Wesley shook his head. "Not until late in July," he said mysteriously. "Maybe even the first week in August, depending on the weather."

It was a grave risk, that delay. Ann Mary was growing piqued beyond the safe limits of curiosity, and Michel de Vaucourt did not fail to perceive his advantage. That evening he plied her with truffles and Château Yquem.

July was half gone before Wesley at last emerged in response to my telegram. "You have overshot the mark," I warned him earnestly. "Ann Mary will lose interest altogether, thinking you have turned into a peasant without a soul."

But my obstinate young Yankee would neither explain nor relent. "I can't help it," he repeated. "She'll have to wait till the first week in August."

He could never have anticipated the struggle I had to persuade Ann Mary when the time arrived. Her pent-up curiosity warred with her pride; and I succeeded only by appealing to that feminine instinct for punishing any male who displays some intelligence in love. All the way out on the train her aloof profile promised that Wesley's next few hours would be the most uncomfortable of his life.

Curiously, he did not show any alarm. He awaited us in the doorway, and his sun-browned face blazed with a look that nobody could mistake. It was, monsieur, the fervent and holy look of an artist about to unveil a masterpiece.

Still wordless with excitement, he pushed us ahead of him into a kitchen where a teakettle and a cat purred to each other. And now Ann Mary was too astonished to remember how angry she had intended to be. She could only look up in wonder as Wesley found his voice.

"Maybe I can't paint a picture," he said with feeling. "Maybe I can't choose a meal. But there's one thing, by golly, I can do better than any Frenchman on the boulevards!"

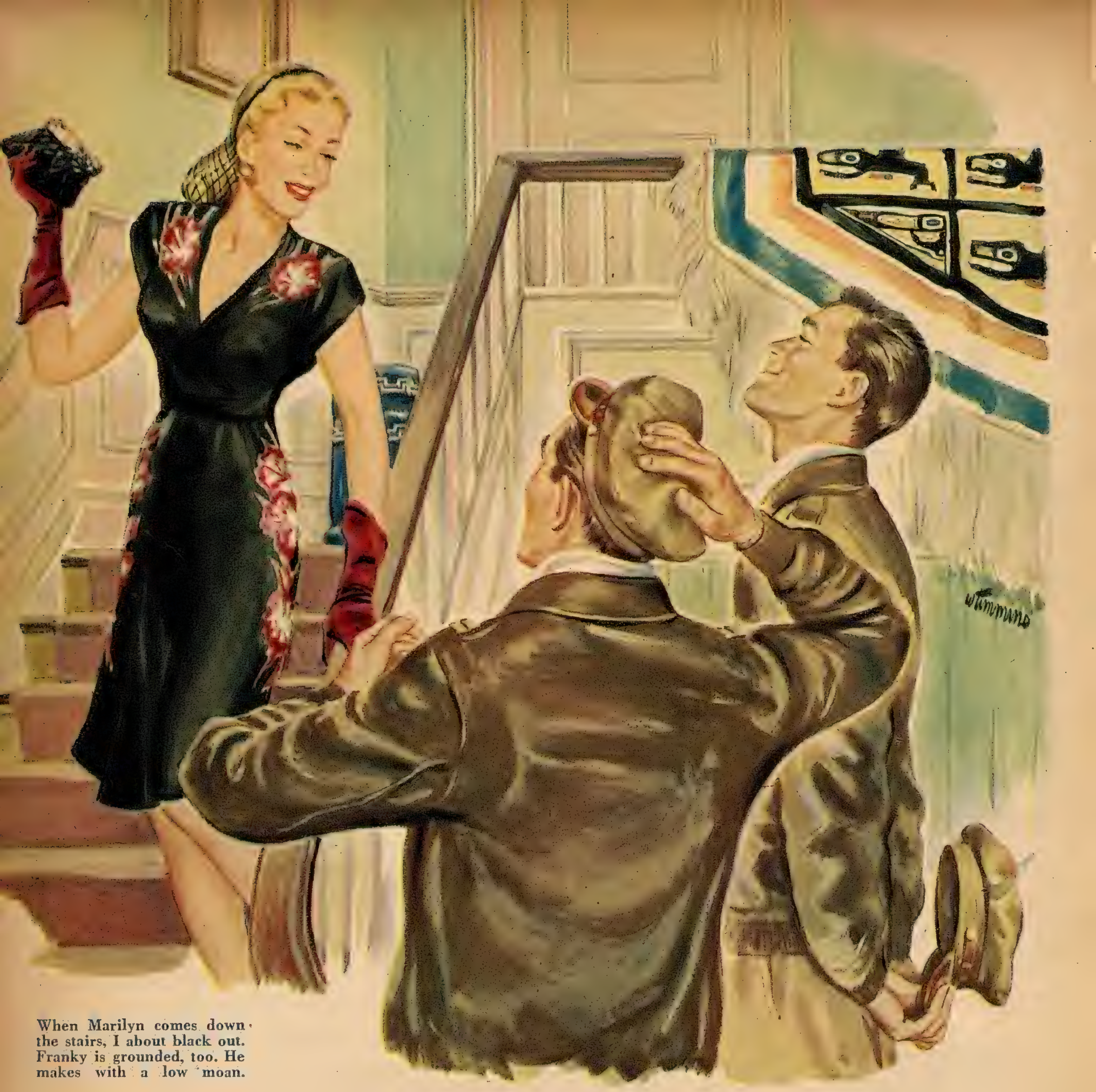
HE drew the curtain apart. And there before us, framed by open windows and summer sunlight, was a garden of American maize. The stalks were drawn up in ranks like grenadiers, each one tall and proud and plumed, and the breeze brought a faint clashing as of swords. It was an army with banners, and since Ann Mary had no choice except surrender, I remembered my tact.

"Wesley, it—makes me homesick!" she cried in a small choked voice as I tiptoed out of the room.

Fifteen years are a long time, monsieur. But I have no doubt that at this instant Wesley and Ann Mary are somewhere in Iowa or Brazil, surrounded by their children and their fields of martial maize. Still, there is one thing I do not understand.

I do not understand, after the exquisite poetry and symbolism of that meeting, why there should have occurred such an anticlimax. For when I returned from an hour's stroll, Wesley and Ann Mary were not raptly embracing as they gazed out upon the green plumes and lances. Ah, no! She was seated on his lap at the kitchen table, and they were contentedly eating that American delicacy known as hot buttered corn on the cob.

THE END



When Marilyn comes down the stairs, I about black out. Franky is grounded, too. He makes with a low moan.

Prop Wash

BY MORTON LACHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY W. TIMMINS

To hear him talk, the gals swooned every time Franky opened his mouth—which was often. But one of Franky's "conquests" taught his buddy Jackson to find out who's keeping the score before believing it

WE are taking a slow roll down the main drag, looking the queen bees over and feeling very much in the fat. We, Franky and myself, do this often.

After a long flight, a good night's snoozeroo, and a terrific breakfast, it feels real nice to gander down the avenue, smiling at the ones with the slick stems and those with the piano legs, winking at those that are really stacked and the ones that are just piled up.

We smirk when they smile back. And when they stick their noses up and are very hoity-toity we are still smirking. 'Cause we got confidence. Maybe I should say Franky has confidence and I have confidence in Franky. Take it either way you want, for us it works but good.

We are just passing the Golden West Café—this is on Fourth Street up in Anchorage—when Franky nudges me in the ribs with his elbow and says, "Jackson, wouldst by any chance care for a cup of coffee?"

I see at once what is on Franky's mind, as is always the case, and I reply, "Franky, coffee it must be."

What we see is worth looking at. It is a little blonde chickadee behind the counter that is nice. But I mean nice. And like a flash, Franky and I make a right bank into the Golden West and gun for her part of the counter.

We have been over this routine plenty before and I know my part by heart. I play straight man and Franky gives with the gag lines.

Right off we park the bodies and grab the menus. When our Alaskan blonde beauty comes up, we are but studying the menus like mad. She plunks our glasses of water and our silverware down in front of us. Then she waits to take our order. We keep staring at the menus.

Franky gives me a kick in the shins, and I says, "Franky, would you care to join me in a cup of soup?"

"Do you think there will be room for both?" asks Franky innocent like. "How would you like some caviar, instead, Jackson, my good man?"

"Caviar?" I say, very surprised. "I do not see it on the menu."

"Oh, caviar is not on the menu," says Franky, "but I could order you some tapioca pudding and a pair of dark glasses."

"Thank you, Franky, but I do not want caviar. I will try some mashed potatoes and a lamb chop. And I'll have the chop lean."

"Which way, Jackson, which way?" asks Franky. We can keep this up through oyster cocktails, chicken soup with and without noodles, and cherry pie. But this time blondie catches wise early.

"When you wise crackers are ready to order, let me know," she says in very cold tones. "I haven't got all day."

At this we both look up, astounded. And Franky says to me, "Am I dreaming, Jackson, old man, or is this heavenly creature across the counter actually way up here in the frozen North?"

I would like to make a smart crack at this point, but when I get a real look, I can only keep staring. This doll is not just another doll. She is lush, but lush. Like Betty Grable, only closer.

And while we are giving her the eye from top to counter she smiles and gives us the look-see. I say us, but I mean Franky. Because Franky is something to see in that Army Transport Command get-up. With his beaten-down hat cocked over the right eyebrow, and in pinks and a leather jacket, he is strictly like in the movies. On me it's the same clothes, but over a hundred and fifty pounds stretched six foot five, it just don't look the same.

"May the Operations officer forgive us for keeping a lovely little maiden like you waiting even a moment," says Franky, bowing till he almost puts his nose in the water glass. "We will have two cups of coffee, please, ma'am."

When we leave, I reach in my pocket for a tip, but Franky stops me. "Not this time, Jackson," he says. "We can't top the tips this love bundle is getting in Anchorage. We'd only look like pikers. Better to leave nothing, then she'll remember us."

About this I have no doubt. But how she will remember us I hate to think. But I do not argue. When it comes to women, Franky takes over the controls. When it comes to money, I'm captain of the crew. But only because Franky is often short.

THAT evening, about eight o'clock, by some strange coincidence we have dinner at the Golden West. Likewise, by some strange coincidence, we are at the same two counter seats.

We are quiet and polite, like two little gentlemen. The blonde Venus is very nice, too. Stand-offish but nice. I am getting impatient for a little wolf action, but Franky is cool, very cool, and taking his time.

We are slugging ourselves with apple pie as Gus, the slightly distended owner of the Golden West, comes over and gives us the glad hand he reserves for transport pilots. Gus is no dope. He knows that when it is very tough with fresh vegetables in Alaska, it could be that a crate or two of lettuce and tomatoes might fly themselves up from Seattle. It has happened before.

"Allo, boyas," says Gus. "When you come in?"

"Last night, Gus," I say as Franky interrupts.

"Say, Gus, old man, introduce Jackson and me to the lovely new goddess."

"Who you mean?" asks Gus. "Oh, her," he says, as Franky points out the blonde. "She just came up from Seattle on boat last week. Good hasher but dumb."

Franky is not interested in her I.Q. or her professional standing as a hasher. "Gus," he says, "give with the knockdown."

So Gus calls her over and says, "Marilyn, meet Franky and Jackson. Best damn pilots in the business."

WE are exchanging howdyado's and pleasetameetchas when Franky settles right down again. "Gus, we'd like to take Marilyn out tonight and show her a little Anchorage night life."

And Marilyn dutifully puts in, "Oh, but I couldn't! I have to work tonight until twelve."

Which is what Franky is waiting for, and he says, "Now, Gus, you wouldn't want the little lady to slave tonight. Not while two daredevils of the air spend a lonely night in the Arctic. Now would you, old tomato?"

I can see that this tomato stuff gets through to Gus O.K. He raises his hands in defeat. And that is how it happens we take Marilyn out.

Whether she goes with us that first night because she likes us or because it is a good way to get the night off, I do not know. Anyhow, we pick her up at her room about an hour later.

When this Marilyn comes down the stairs to meet us, I about black out. In a waitress uniform she draws the wolves in packs. But all fussed up and ready to go out—man, oh, man! I don't know exactly what she wore, but it was a dress with big flowers on it. It was tight in just the right places, and short so you could see plenty of those Grable legs.

Best, I liked her soft long blonde hair with the ends tied up in a fishnet of some kind.

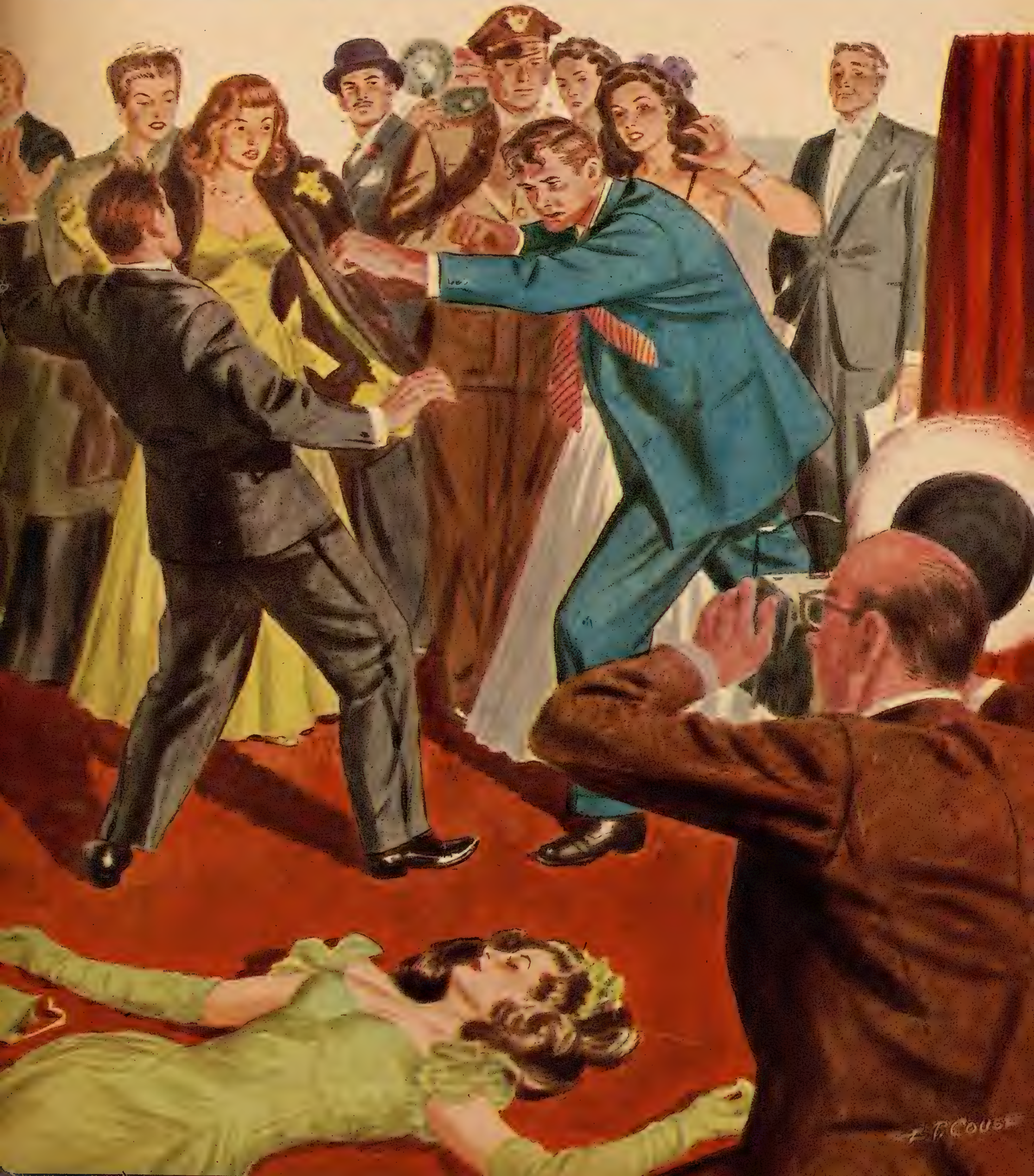
I can see that Franky is grounded too. He nudges me and makes with a

(*Continued on page 62*)

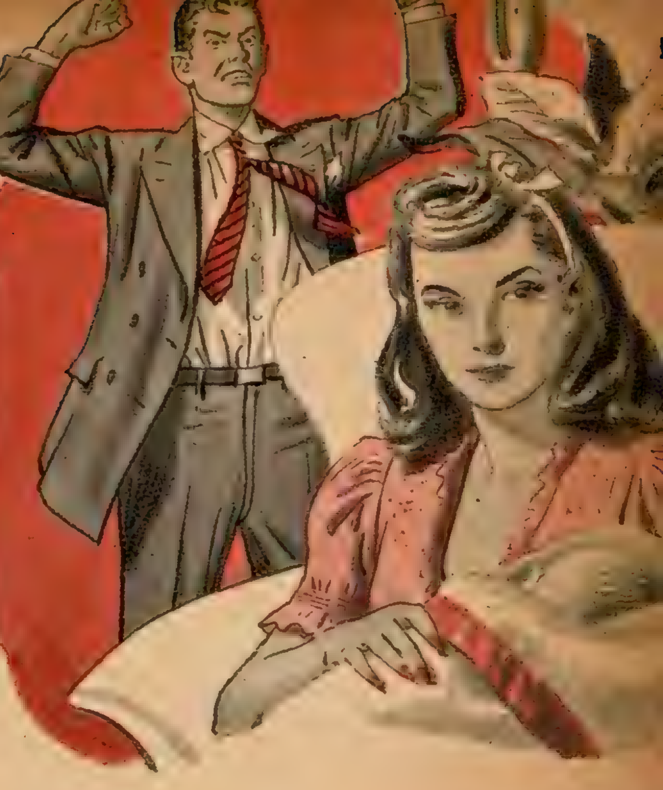
Corporal Dolan, the papa who can't prove it, is in a stew. Somehow mixed up in it are the F.B.I., a general, a British minister, and a night-club thrush. And now, as he is about to give up hope, Fate — abetted by a newspaperman — takes a hand

BY MARY LOOS AND RICHARD SALE

Like a bull, Denim reached out for Jeff, who, panicked, clipped him with some elementary-basic-training-United-States-Army judo.



Rendezvous with Annie



ILLUSTRATED BY
C. P. COUSE

"I'm going crazy!" he roared. "I'm going to knock somebody's block off!"

RÉSUMÉ OF PART I

JEFFREY DOLAN was in jail, and it was a fantastic story he was telling to Al Morgan, newspaperman. It had all started months before, when Jeffrey was a corporal in the Quartermaster Corps in London. During the buzzbomb blitz he had become acquainted with a dignified Englishman in a shelter. He and the "old duffer" had discussed food—and Annie, Jeff's wife. Jeff's two pals, Captain George Spence and Lieutenant Richard Avery, pilots, were scheduled to fly a round trip to New York, with a twelve hours stopover there, and coincidently Jeff got a three-day pass. So a scheme was hatched. He went A.W.O.L and flew with his friends to see Annie, in Woodville, New Jersey. In New York he ran into the Woodville banker, Everett Thorndyke, with a blonde. "If you ever tell my wife . . ." Thorndyke threatened. "Never saw you before," Jeffrey said, desiring equal secrecy.

His few hours with Annie ended at dawn, and when he left, she handed him a chocolate cake she had made, hastily wrapped in a copy of the Woodville Star. Back in London, Jeff was hurrying from airport to office, when the sirens started screaming and he dived into his favorite shelter. His friend the Englishman was there again. Here was Jeff's chance to prove the excellence of Annie's cooking. He parted with the last piece of chocolate cake, oven-fresh from Woodville. The newspaper's date line confirmed the fact.

Nine months later, Jeff, honorably discharged, returned home to find himself the father of a baby son. The town was seething with gossip and ostracizing Annie. Jeff's explanations had no effect. Then he remembered Thorndyke; the banker could prove that Jeff had been in New York nine months earlier. But Thorndyke flatly denied he had seen him.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

JEFFREY left Thorndyke's office, mildly green around the gills, and went down to the Woodville Star, where Ed Kramer, the editor, lived. Ed Kramer had a firm belief in elemental justice. He embraced Jeff fondly, and Jeff poured out the entire story of his A.W.O.L. junket, omitting the Bongo Club episode.

"That's the truth," Jeff said. "I'll stand by it. I want you to publish it and stop this talk about me being a noble character and Annie being—well—you know."

Ed Kramer leaned on a weary elbow, and looked very unhappy.

"Now, look here, son," he said. "I've known you since you were wet around the ears. And I've known Annie since she lost her first tooth. And I know this is the truth—but I can't publish it."

Jeff looked paler. "Why not, Ed?"

"You mention names. Captain George Spence. Lieutenant Richard Avery. General Trent. According to your story, the first two aided and abetted an A.W.O.L. I can't publish without confirming this. It gets into libel. And I can't use General Trent's name in such a thing without definite proof. It's too dangerous. He's a big man. I can't take a chance, Jeff. If you can clear this story with those men, I'll be glad to run it, but on this basis—"

Jeff rose.

"I'm sorry, son," Ed Kramer said. "I want to help you, but the laws of libel—"

"Yeah," Jeff said. "I understand, Ed. I'll—try and do something—"

"Let me know just as soon as you have the dope and the clearance."

"Uh-huh," Jeff said. He went home.

Annie smiled it off. "Why, it's simple, darling," she said. "Just get in touch with your friends in the ATC."

"But it isn't that simple," Jeff said, worried. "I know George and Dick would want to help—but they're still in uniform. It means they would have to admit aiding and abetting a soldier going home without proper authority. They'd be in a lot of trouble."

"You don't want to get them in trouble," Annie said. "It doesn't matter that much." She pulled him down and kissed him. "Darling, tomorrow see if you can't pick up a secondhand baby buggy."

Jeff frowned. "Why don't we borrow your cousin Harriet's?"

Annie looked away. "I tried."

"You—" His face went tragic. "And our baby wasn't good enough for their damn buggy?"

"Well, they didn't understand—"

"I'm going nuts!" he roared. "I'm going crazy! I'm going to knock somebody's block off!"

"You'll only get in trouble," Annie said. "They'd put you in jail."

Jeff snapped his fingers.

"Jail! That's it."

Annie watched him anxiously.

"Court-martial," he said. "Without leave. Let the War Department prove the case. *Now* I can call Spence and Avery. They can testify against me. And General Trent too. That'll *prove* I came back here in August."

"But jail!" Annie said.

"They wouldn't jail me now, I don't think," Jeff said. He swallowed. "Or would they?"

"Don't do it. Don't do anything," said Annie. "Think about it carefully before you do anything."

"Yeah—" he murmured. "Maybe I'd better think about it."

HE thought about it until that afternoon, when he proudly set forth down Main Street, wheeling his son in the baby buggy he had acquired in the meantime. Nellie, the maid, had rigged the sprout for the first outdoor meander with profound reluctance. Nellie seemed to be voting with Woodville.

"I stuck it out for your sake, Mr. Dolan," said Nellie. "She with her innocent ways and smiles. I says to myself, 'It's the type you don't ex-

(*Continued on page 52*)

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Will the two greatest powers in the postwar world get together on world-wide aviation? A report from their tryout "laboratory"

Berlin.

IT may seem strange to say so, but it's true, nonetheless, that Berlin is the most important aviation center in the world today, and that what happens to aviation in Berlin directly affects a very great deal in aviation in the United States.

The reason: What happens to American-Russian relationships in civil aviation is vitally important to the future of world relationships in general, and Berlin is the testing center, the focal point, the laboratory for Americans, Russians, British, and French in working out civil aviation problems.

Will Russia be blocked off by itself in aviation, permitting no flying by aircraft of other nations over its territory or territory it controls? Will the rest of the world have to go along in aviation without Russia? Or will Russia and the United States set the predominant aviation patterns for the world? These are questions which the Berlin labortory is considering now.

When the International Civil Aviation Conference was held in Chicago in November, 1944, Russia was conspicuous by its absence. It had sent a delegation, but when the Russians got as far as Canada they were recalled to Moscow. The international governmental organization for aviation which was subsequently established made provisions for Soviet Russia to join whenever it desired to do so, but to date Russia has not indicated any such desire.

Why is it important for Russia to join the other nations of the world on civil aviation matters? The answer is crystal clear. The other nations *can* go along on their own, but the airplane is so global that it is of the utmost importance to have *standard and complete* weather information for operational purposes, air navigation aids, aircraft requirements, airport facilities, flying procedures and traffic regulations. Consequently, to have one vast area of the world blocked off would be a serious handicap to everyone concerned.

In addition, it would seem only common sense that the two greatest powers in the world today, the United States and Russia, should come to an understanding on civil aviation, for the airplane will be the predominantly important means of transportation as far as world affairs are concerned.

Berlin happens to be the spot where the Russians and the Americans (plus the British and the French) first came face to face with the necessity of getting along in civil aviation. Greater Berlin is divided up among the four powers. There are five airports within this area. There are many aircraft of the four nationalities arriving and departing. In low-ceiling weather the safety angle becomes of paramount importance.

Furthermore Berlin itself is well within that part of Germany which is occupied by the Russians, so, in order to reach their respective zones in Greater Berlin, American, British, and French aircraft must traverse Russian-occupied territory. And because of the scarce rail transport (two trains a week from the west into Berlin), the transport airplane is a vital communications link not only for passengers and mail but for supplies.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Uncle Sam's aviation conferee, Major Gen. Robert W. Harper.

The frequent conferences of the big four leaders are well known, but below the top leaders there are many other conferences on everything from food and health to civil aviation. It is the good fortune of the United States to have as the director of its armed forces division (formerly the air division), Major General Robert W. Harper, an able, brainy, and tactful Army man who is doing one of the outstanding jobs in Germany. It is General Harper who meets with similar aviation representatives from Russia, Britain, and France.

The United States is much farther advanced than any other nation in the handling of volume air traffic. At New York, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, and other large cities where aircraft are arriving and departing with great frequency, elaborate and efficient air traffic control centers have been established. The United States is the only nation which developed thoroughly the radio range (the "invisible railway tracks" in the air) and many other air navigation aids which tell both the pilot and the ground stations where each airplane is at a given moment.

For the safety of American aircraft it is of vital importance to have adequate air navigation aids established in Germany, and it would be of even greater importance if the Russians, British, and French adopted our procedures and systems to provide an over-all flying standard. Air navigation aids have been installed at numerous points in Europe, but many more are needed in Germany. Due to lack of aids, much of the flying in Europe today is the kind we had in the United States in the early '30s, which resulted in numerous accidents.

WILL the Russians co-operate? It is a real pleasure to report that, thanks to General Harper's skill in handling the American position, the Russians (and the British and French) have agreed to the establishment of an aircraft safety center for Greater Berlin. This center is similar to the air traffic control centers we have in the United States, but it is called by a different name in Berlin because the word "control" has a much more rigid meaning in other languages than it has in U. S. civil aviation.

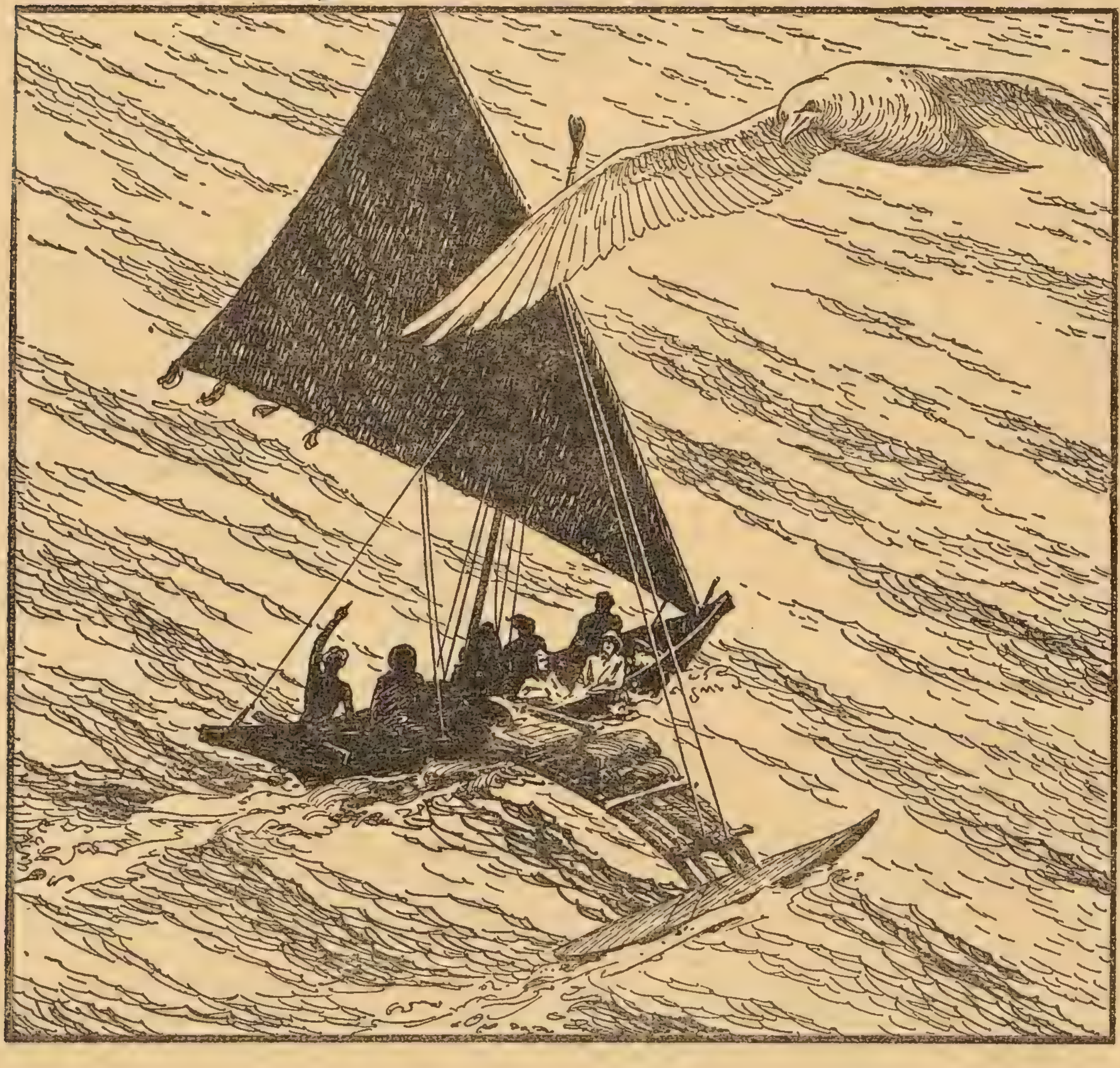
This center will regulate traffic in and out of Greater Berlin. It will be operated jointly by aviation technical experts from the four countries. The location, the dispatching, and the record of each flight will be kept and this information relayed by teletype or telephone to each airport in the area.

Another promising sign of good Russo-American air relations is the request by the Russians for a teletype tie-in with the American-controlled Tempelhof Airport and the Russian Adlershof Airport, for the purpose of exchanging weather information. The Russians have announced that they are establishing a widespread meteorological service throughout their western territory, and the information from this service will provide the experts with data they need for accurate forecasting for the entire European area. A start has been made. If the Berlin laboratory is successful, civil aviation in the world will become far advanced—and this is, of course, of most vital interest to the United States as the greatest aviation country in the world today.

In Liberty next week Mr. Parrish will report from Berlin on entanglements of American planes, unintentionally flown over Russian-held territory, in grim "red tape" maintained by Russia's ground forces.

LEAN with the WIND

BY EARL SCHENCK



When the delightfully mad Durand family of Papeete heard a story of buried treasure, they mortgaged their house, their business, and their future and went adventuring. Book your passage with them for one of the most refreshing literary journeys of the year.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

As Flavien Durand neared the Durand establishment, he looked up proudly, as he always did, at the sign hanging over the doorway. Here were listed, in French, the many trades and services offered by the versatile Durands. Proudly capping the long list were the words: "THE HOME OF PAPA DODO."

Someone had once called Flavien Durand, senior, an "old dodo." The children liked the name and used it; and Monsieur Durand had capitalized on the epithet by adopting it formally. He was soon affectionately known as "Papa Dodo" to all of French Oceania.

Dodo was a Breton. Coming to Tahiti as a young man, he had married early, opened a tiny jewelry, art, and curio store and, in thirty years, had made it one of the most unusual trading posts in all the Pacific.

Maison Durand usually could be heard long before it was sighted, and this evening proved no exception. Flavien pushed his way through a crowd that was gathering about the front door. He found—as he expected—Papa Dodo and old Major Duroc engaged in one of their customary disagreements.

With his feet firmly planted to the floor and his lean bowlegs rising above them in a triumphal arch, Major Duroc stood swinging a hardwood cane like the cavalry officer he once was. The major's long mustaches were fluttering in the breeze made by the vehemence of his own angry words.

"To your teeth," he was shouting. "I say, it is an outrage! Two hundred and fifty francs for a simple repair!"

Stepping between the two men, Flavien picked up the heavy gold-cased watch and flipped it open expertly.

"Hm-m!" mused Flavien, as though making a discovery.

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"This has a new hairspring—a difficult piece of adjustment. . ."

The major glared now at Flavien, then drew back and brushed his mustaches skyward with a furious gesture. "I am not only being robbed, but discriminated against. I happen to know," he announced, "that this same repair was made in this same store for Monsieur Edouard Collet, for TWO HUNDRED FRANCS!"

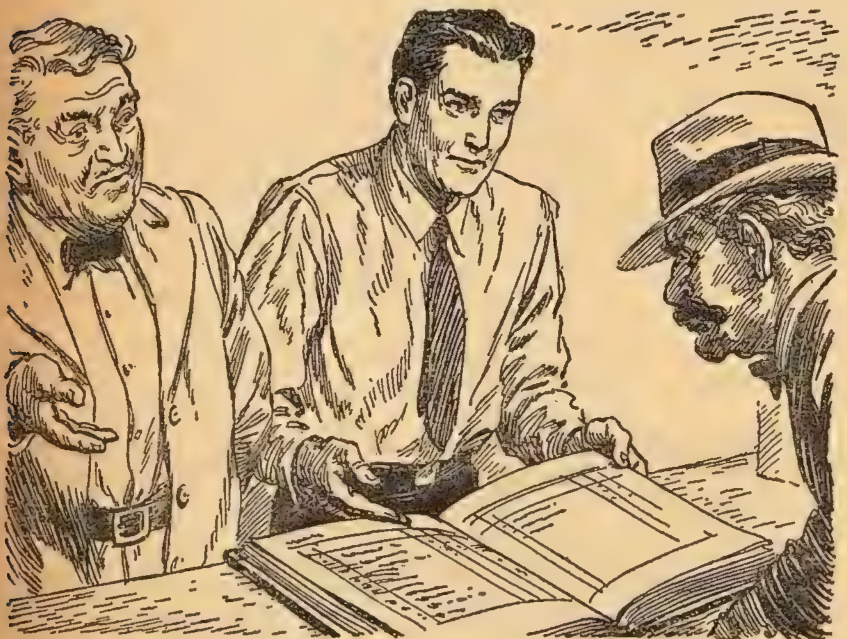
"It's a lie," screamed Dodo. "He paid more!"

"My book will tell," announced Flavien with finality.

He hurried to his little accounting room and returned with a ledger. The book was laid open at the account of Monsieur Collet. There it was: 200 francs, set down in Flavien's own fine figures. The entry was incriminating and unalterable, but at one side someone else had added a crude drawing of a pig.

"Who," demanded Flavien angrily, "has defaced my account book with this drawing of a pig?"

Suddenly Dodo's face brightened. "That is it!" he triumphed, banging the counter with his fist. "The pig! The pig! Two hundred francs—and a suckling pig! That's what Monsieur Collet paid."



"A preposterous story," stormed the major, reaching for the book. But Flavien stopped him and faced his father: "Why didn't you tell me about this addition of a pig?"

"I forgot," moaned Dodo. "How could I know the exact value of this pig? When the watch was finished, Monsieur Collet paid me 200 francs, and delivered the pig to Ana at the rear. You remember him; he was that little Felix, the white one that we had for Sunday dinner."

Flavien nodded reminiscently and Dodo continued with growing courage: "I knew that there should be some accounting in the book. You were away—as usual—so, after Monsieur Collet had gone, I put in this drawing of a pig. It was a sort of marginal notation," he added with a hopeful smile.

For a moment Flavien was resigned, but in idly turning the pages of his account book he uncovered other drawings: a chicken, a fish, a dog, and a conger eel. He turned to Dodo: "These too are your marginal notations?"

"*Sacré nom d'un pétard,* no!" expostulated Dodo. "I never saw them before."

From the tail of his eye, Flavien caught sight of his little brother making guiltily for the front door. In a flash Flavien was over the counter and had caught him by the seat of the pants. A scuffle ensued around Major Duroc's legs that ended with the boy taking a licking and bugling out his pain to the street.

The major banged his fist on the counter: "Stop it! Enough! Two hundred and fifty francs is still an outrage, but I'll pay it to get out of this monkey house!"

Dodo's hands flew to his forehead and he bellowed: "Maman, Maman! When do we eat?"

Madame Durand gestured embarrassedly toward the last customers still lingering in the store.

"Close the doors," thundered Dodo. "I am hungry."

Flavien hurried forward, but he was too late. The customers and their money were already out on the street. As Mata-afa, the Durands' six-foot-six man of all work, swung the doors shut, Flavien noticed that the floor was littered with torn-off tags. The store should have done a good day's business. He rushed to the cash register and snapped open the drawer. There was almost no money in any of the compartments; only pieces of pencil-scribbled papers filled the tills. Flavien took up the papers one by one.

Mama had requisitioned three hundred francs for marketing money. Georgette, his older sister, had paid the milk bill and the dentist. Mitzi, his younger sister, had drawn out money for dress goods. Jocko, his uncle, had nicked the register for a jug of rum and Pierre, his brother, was down for cigarettes.

He tossed his hands over his head in a wild gesture of despair. Why did he go on trying to hold the business together? What cursed Breton ancestor made him different from the rest of the family?

"To hell with it! To hell with it!" he yelled in wild frustration.

FLAVIEN fought his way up through layers of sleep until he lay in a luxurious half doze. He could hear his mother and Mata-afa returning from the market. Madame Durand was speaking in Tahitian: "Five francs for only eighteen mackerel. It is unheard of."

Flavien could picture the two, Madame Durand bustling ahead noisily and Mata-afa following respectfully with the heavy market basket poised on his shoulder.

Madame Durand was half Scotch and half Tahitian, and she had the two bloods quarreling constantly in her nature. She would bargain like a thrifty French housewife at the market place for a few sous' worth of cabbage, and then come home and give away half the day's earnings to some native cousins.

Flavien breezed through a shower, and clattered down the stairs.

Pink and beaming from his bath, Papa Dodo stood at the head of the table, prepared to count faces down the long row of plates. Pierre, his son, and Jocko, his brother-in-law, were missing. Dodo's face was turning purple with anger:

"Miserable loafers, execrable no-goods, drunken bums! When they are here they are useless, and when they are away they are in trouble."

Madame Durand interrupted: "Papa, we are waiting."

Dodo's manner changed. *"Mangez, mes enfants,"* he commanded.

A clatter of crockery and silverware instantly followed.

As with their races and languages, the family Durand's table manners were equally mixed. Flavien and Mama ate with decorum and in silence; but the rest screamed at each other across the table. Papa Dodo stormed and fumed, corrected pronunciations, grammatical errors, and table etiquette. Then he slurped his own coffee from the tureen with the noise of a hippopotamus feeding in a muddy stream.

Dodo was an actor and he wanted an applauding audience around him all the time. One of his most faithful admirers was blond, blue-eyed, eighteen-year-old Mitzi. Georgette, the older daughter, was seldom in folded-hand adoration of her father. She was either indulging in one of her periodical sulks, as she was doing now, or slashing at him with sarcasm that cut like a knife.

"There are times," said Dodo, "when I think that she is a throwback to my old schoolteacher."

"She just misses François," Flavien taunted. "I notice that Madame's temper grows worse with each succeeding week of his absence."

"God pray that his schooner docks soon then," said Dodo.

As breakfast progressed Mata-afa sprinkled and swept out the store. A schooner had come in from Anaa and the natives were eager to change their handicrafts into French francs. One man stood with a carved bowl, women had rolls of matting and platted hats.

Finally a thin, white-haired chief stepped out of the group and called, *"Ia Orana,* Dodo—Greetings."

Papa Dodo arose immediately, swung wide the low bamboo gate that led to the dining room, and welcomed Teariki, the chief of Anaa.

"On the schooner," Teariki said proudly, "I have six bags of the finest blue-lipped shell. There are some good blister pearls amongst them."

Dodo leaped to activity. "Mata-afa," he called, "find Pierre. Take the truck and go with Chief Teariki to the *Tropic Bird.* We have shell to haul."

"Machine no go."

"*Sacrebleu!* Then have someone find Jocko to fix it." Dodo raised his voice to a bellow. "Rapiti, Tihoni, Louis, *haere mai*—come here!"

Three native boys rushed in from the back shop.

"On your bicycles, *vite,*" ordered Dodo. "Find Jocko. Hunt in every café and look along the roadside."

The boys rushed for bicycles and dashed off, just as Pierre strode into the dining room.

"That Jocko," Dodo demanded of Pierre, "have you seen him?"

"Asleep in the barn," Pierre answered.

"Throw water on him, get him up. Autoputa must be fixed at once. We have shell to haul."

"No," shouted Georgette from the front of the store. "A messenger is here from the brewery. The compressor has broken down. Jocko is wanted at once to fix it."

"The brewery," moaned Madame Durand. "That, of all places!"

"What is a mere brewery to your brother?" asked Dodo, with a great shrug.

"Monsieur Durand, Monsieur Durand," came a voice in the passageway. All turned as Monsieur Leblanc, the little pharmacist, fluttered in, his face wreathed with excitement. "The budget is in!"

Seeing the ladies, he paused, bowed hastily, and at last found his breath: "The appropriation for the water department, it is extreme! The taxpayers will be ruined! As adjutant mayor and member of the *Conseil Privé,* it is your duty to protect us."

FLAVIEN and Pierre went to the barn to find their Uncle Jocko. The old man's eyes were closed and his lips were alternately mumbling or chewing at the ends of his faded mustache. Flavien raised him gently to a sitting posture and sent Pierre for a wet horse sponge. Jocko's red eyelids fluttered open and two angry Scotch-blue eyes glared out at the world.

"Drowndin' me with a wather cure?" he spluttered.

As with his sister, Madame Durand, Jocko was half Scotch and half Tahitian, but a course in engineering at a university in Glasgow had given him an Old World viewpoint and thickened his idiomatic burr.

Flavien spoke slowly: "Listen, Jocko. There's a big job waiting for you at the brewery. Can you make it, or are you too drunk?"

Jocko sat up and brushed back his wet mustaches.

"My lad," he pronounced vehemently, "my head aches, my tongue tastes like a dead eel, and I probably canna walk, but I'm pairfectly sober, pairfectly."

When they went back toward the kitchen for the old man's breakfast, Dodo was roaring through the upper chambers and Ana, the cook, rushed toward them from the kitchen.

"Have you heard the news?" she asked excitedly. "A man has come to Tahiti looking for Dodo! This man knows where treasure is buried on an island in the Tuamotu. One of the boys overheard him in a booth at the Paradise. Major Duroc was buying drinks for this man." She paused to look about her carefully. "This man kept addressing Major Duroc as Monsieur Durand."

A shout from Dodo upstairs froze everyone in their tracks: "My shirt, where is my new white shirt?"

Mitzi dashed upstairs with a freshly ironed shirt, as Georgette descended with a pair of shoes that were to be whitened.

"Maman," shouted Dodo, "my Sunday jacket and best white pants, where are they?"

Pierre and Flavien exchanged excited glances and then bounded up the stairs to where Dodo was turning helpless circles, clad only in his underwear. Seeing them, he beamed: "Ah, we work too hard! I know it. We need a rest . . . that quiet place in the country I always promised you."

He finished his dressing with surprising speed and bounded down to the tunnel where the Durand bicycles were lined up. The family stood in silent expectancy.

"This, *mes enfants,*" Dodo announced pompously, "may be the turning point of our lives. A great Indian seer, in Bombay, once told me that happiness and fortune would come to me 'by a miracle of the sea.' "

With these words, he heaved himself onto his bicycle seat and went out through the tunnel like a fire engine answering a four-alarm blaze.

With sudden anxiety Flavien watched his father's bulk disappear through the tunnel door. What new and expensive promises might Dodo make? He rumpled his hair with indecision. Pierre joined him and the two stood for a moment in silence. Finally Pierre spoke: "If you're thinking about following him, you better get going."

WHEN Flavien entered the interior of the Paradise Café, he found Dodo standing in the center of the dance floor, hat in hand, his aristocratic nose crinkling in disapproval of all he saw. There was no Major Duroc there, and no distinguished foreigner worthy of Dodo's pith helmet and best Sunday pants.

Dodo was about to leave in disgust when Flavien noticed Tiaré, his current girl friend, beckoning to him. She was seated opposite a strange lean creature in dirty whites, whose thin red face was the angry color of a boiled crab. Tiaré introduced him as "Jim Galloway, the 'treasure man' from Australia."

"Blimy, mate," said Mr. Galloway, rising and giving Papa Dodo his hand, "I almost got off 'ere on the wrong foot. This morning this Mr. Duroc is palmed off on me as Mr. Durand. Asks me a lot of questions." Struggling to collect himself, Mr. Galloway continued, "That's the way it stood when this 'ere beauteous Queen o' Sheba"—he indicated Tiaré—" 'ips 'er way over from the next booth an' says pointed-like to Mr. Mustaches, 'How d'you do, *Major Duroc.*'

"With that, the old gentleman puffs up like a walrus, 'ollers in French, an' takes 'imself out. She joins me 'ere, says the major is a himpostor, that she knows the real Durand. Then she says for me to set quiet while she sends off for you." He paused, then continued: "You've heard o' the Cocos Island treasure? It was the loot o' Lima, Peru —twelve million dollars' worth o' plaite an' jewels an' three large iron kettles o' gold coin. Well, four hard cases from Sydney found it and loaded it on their ship, the *Mathilda.* Comin' through the Low Archipelago, they are caught in the tail o' a 'urricane. The *Mathilda* strikes a reef an' begins breakin' up.

"Four naitives comes out to 'em in a canoe. The boys gets the treasure in oil drums and rolls them ashore. Then the boys finds out they're on Pinaki Island."

Dodo and Flavien exchanged glances.

"Know it?" asked Jim.

They nodded excitedly.

"Well, them naitives 'ave a sailin' canoe drawn up on the beach, but it's too small to carry three drums of loot, four naitives, an' Burke, Waters, Johnstone, an' Stone, the four white men.

"So they ups an' buries the treasure; an' Burke, bein' a ugly brute, shoots all four naitives. Waters put up a fight for the hislanders an' nearly got drilled 'imself, but they needed 'im. 'E was a good man with sail.

"The boys taike the naitive sailin' canoe an' they pick up a schooner for Pa-peet, and from there they goes back to Owstrailia.

"It's 'ere that I come in. The boys needed me money. They told me the name o' the hisland but not where the stuff was buried.

"This Waters was a decent fellow, or, you might say, just weak; but 'e was afraid they'd get to Pinaki, lift the treasure, an' bump the pair of us off. 'E's all for the two of us to go for it alone.

" 'E was sweatin' this out to me in a boardin' 'ouse on Front Street one night, when the rest o' the boys steps out from a closet where they'd been 'idin'. Burke, Johnstone, an' Stone goes for Waters, an' we are in a mean fight when

Burke pulls out that old thirty-eight o' 'is, an' in the mix-up Johnstone is accidental dropped cold. Burke an' Stone swings all right, but Waters an' me gets twenty years to life as accessories after the fact."

He paused for a moment to wipe away real tears: "They turned me loose in Sydney, just three months ago."

"Jim Galloway," Dodo announced, "you have come to the right place and the right people." He smiled expansively. "Tomorrow morning we will buy a schooner, and will go and find your treasure."

Flavien struggled to cope with the colossal obligations of this new commitment.

"Buy a schooner, and with what?" he asked himself.

IT was eleven o'clock when the men stepped out of the Paradise into the blinding light of midday Papeete. A general movement toward the main copra shed attracted Flavien. *The Queen of the Islands* was coasting in.

"François," Dodo cried. "François is in!"

Good news travels fast in Papeete. Before the leaded heaving line shot ashore and the bow line of *The Queen* came in dripping over a bollard, the entire Durand family was already assembled on the wharf.

François sprang down the cleated gangplank and was folded in the arms of his wife, Georgette.

The sea had called François from the time he was a child. Now he was super-cargo of the best schooner in the harbor.

"Did you have a good voyage?" Flavien asked when Georgette had given François a chance to breathe.

"One of the best," boasted François.

Dodo suddenly remembered Mr. Galloway: "Excuse my negligence. Here, Jim, step up and meet the family."

The introduction completed, Dodo stepped to the center of the family circle and proclaimed:

"This, *mes enfants,* calls for a feast. François, Mr. Galloway, and Dame Fortune have all arrived on the same day. Our star is surely in the ascendancy."

François obviously disliked being associated with Mr. Galloway, but Dodo hurried on: "Maman, tell Ana to roast four suckling pigs, or get a good shoat."

IT was several days later that Flavien sought out his brother and François. "Well," he announced, "we'll start hunting for a schooner."

"What? Where did we get the money?"

"Papa borrowed it, half an hour ago."

"From whom?"

"Major Duroc. Dodo gave him a mortgage on the store."

"Jumping bonitos!" exploded Pierre. "Why didn't you stop him?"

"I couldn't. It was too late. By the time I found him in Duroc's office, the papers were all ready to sign. Dodo wouldn't back down on his word."

"I suppose Ah Lee's steamer, the *Manuia,* is our best bet. Let's go see him now and get this over," said François.

Ah Lee, the Chinese tailor, met them at the door. "Some new pants, maybe?" he asked.

"Not this time," answered Flavien. "We are interested in buying a schooner—yours, as a matter of fact."

An hour later they were still working. Ah Lee wanted ten thousand American dollars on a long-term deal, at above the legal rate of interest. Flavien wanted to pay eight thousand, half down and the other half at completion of the first voyage.

At last Flavien asked to speak with the tailor alone, and when they came back both men were laughing.

"It's a deal," announced Flavien. "Eight thousand dollars on a two-payment plan."

"How did you manage to put that over?" asked François later.

Flavien seemed very depressed. "I'd rather not speak of it," he said. "It is something that rests just between Ah Lee and me."

MAISON DURAND was humming with its routine of productivity when Monsieur Leblanc, the chemist, tiptoed shyly up to the studio door and knocked timidly.

As Monsieur Leblanc entered, Dodo was making a great show of being at work. The master simply indicated a chair with a sweeping gesture, then fell to examining the disemboweled jumble of a watch spread out on the workbench before him.

Monsieur Leblanc shifted uneasily in his chair. At last he cleared his throat portentously and plunged in:

"Ah, Monsieur Durand, as your friend and fellow member of the Governor's *Conseil Privé,* might I ask if you are contemplating some great change in your life?"

Dodo spun around in his chair with his eyeballs bulging: "What?"

Monsieur Leblanc squirmed: "Ah, *pardon, pardon.* But there have been rumors. You know how it is. . ."

"Out with them all! In their entirety!"

"Well, Major Duroc was here yesterday with a Frenchman I have never seen before. They passed back and forth before your store and the major was pointing and waving his hands. I heard the major saying, 'It won't need any alterations, it is perfect as it is.' And the Frenchman asked, 'When can I have occupancy?' And the major said, 'I could turn it over to you today, but then your things won't arrive anyway until the next mail boat.' "

Unconsciously Dodo began counting on his fingers. His face sagged, then some degree of courage grew in him as he worked things over in his own mind. "The papers are in order," he thought. "Ten thousand dollars for ninety days, foreclosure only on nonpayment of interest." He turned on Monsieur Leblanc furiously. "It's a trick to annoy me! That traitor Duroc is at work again!"

"I do not understand," said Monsieur Leblanc.

"My friend, even I do not understand," bellowed Dodo.

"Oh," said little Monsieur Leblanc, and in deference to the family, he did not begin shaking his head until he was free from the tunnel passage.

EVERY resource of Maison Durand was employed in converting the old *Manuia,* now rechristened the *Blue Nautilus.* Dodo was the big shipowner now, standing on shore, eager to indulge in a half hour of idle talk with the most casual loafer.

Then came the day when Dodo could find no further excuses to postpone their leaving. Half the population of Papeete was down at the dock to say goodbye.

Seventeen times Dodo went ashore to shake the hands of Monsieur Leblanc, Jacques, or some casual acquaintance, and on each occasion he fell once more sobbing into Mama's outstretched arms.

"Courage, courage, mon brave!" she kept repeating.

At last, Jocko called out from an open porthole in the engine room, "Away there, Dodo, you'd better stay home or bring Mama aboard with you. We need a good cook!"

Before the laugh could start, Dodo countered, "She would probably do better with her egg beater off the stern than you will with that engine."

The crowd guffawed. It was the exit cue. The dock lines were drawn aboard slowly. The engine's exhaust purred on a deep throaty note and the distance between the *Blue Nautilus* and the dock began to widen.

Flavien joined his father at the starboard railing.

"It is like leaving the world behind," mourned Dodo.

"It is a definite parting with the past," said Flavien. "It is like a little death."

FLAVIEN curled up in a blanket on the quarter-deck near Mata-afa, who was at the wheel. The giant's paws rested firmly on the handle grips, his body swayed to the easy roll of the ship. Mata-afa was not a man, but living nature itself.

The wind held through the night, and in the morning Flavien threw off his blanket and looked about. The sea met the sky in a line of incredible blue, and the waves, leaping as though they were trying to get a view of the deck, were broken over with whitecaps at the crests.

"Hey, skipper!" yelled Pierre to François. "How are we doing?"

François was pleased with his new title. "Fine, fine. We'll make Anaa before nightfall, with our next stop at Hao. We might as well pick up some good trading there."

Jim jumped at the mention of trading. He went to Flavien with an uneasy expression:

"I thought it was treasure, not traidin' that we were goin' after."

Flavien laid his hand on Jim's bony shoulder. He liked this anxiety to get to Pinaki. It reassured him that the treasure was there.

"Come on, Jim, buck up. Hao is right on our line. A day or two won't hurt us any."

As they moved toward the cabin, Flavien forced himself to admit that there was a growing change in Jim. He was more like the nervous, shifty treasure hunter that they had first met in the Paradise. But Flavien dismissed all doubtful thoughts. Anyone would be nervous about nearing such a big fortune.

They dropped sail, and under power began to skirt the ring of unoccupied islands that stretched away into the dimming distance. Pandanus and a low scrub growth almost covered some of the smaller islands, but the coco palms soared to a hundred and fifty feet before they burst into a crown of leaves. Huge combers rolled in and beat mercilessly against the shore.

Thatched houses soon began to appear; and men, women, children, dogs, and pigs were running down to the beach to meet them. Canoes, like arrows, shot toward them from the shore.

"There is Chief Teariki," shouted Dodo, sweeping off his pith helmet and waving it at an approaching canoe.

The canoe swung alongside and Teariki boarded the *Nautilus* nimbly. He pounded Dodo on the back and waved toward the island where half the population was lined up to greet them:

"You are welcome, most welcome! Our island is yours!"

Teariki shook hands with them all and the party moved off toward the whaleboat that was being lowered on its davits. Flavien noticed that Jim was staying behind.

"Come on, Jim," he urged, "we are all going ashore."

"I'd rather stay, if you don't mind," Jim answered. "Meetin' so many people like that throws the shakes into me."

"Nonsense, it's just what you need."

Reluctantly Jim joined the rest of the company in the whaleboat and they were rowed smartly ashore.

Dodo was delighted. He had never received so much kissing and handshaking in all his life.

At sundown that night everyone gathered for the feasting in the *fare hau,* the coral-block building known as Government House. After dinner the entertainment began.

At first, Teariki gave them exhibitions of island dancing. When these had finished, the orchestra struck up a polka.

The room was soon alive with color as dresses of red, orange, yellow, green, magenta, and screaming electric blue changed places over the floor. Teariki's face was aglow with pride. He turned to the young men of the *Nautilus:*

"Come, come! You must dance with my children."

Flavien and Pierre each led out a girl.

When the party was well started and the old chief rose to go, Dodo got painfully to his feet and went with his host.

All about them young couples were straying off toward the beaches or they sought the privacy of the shadows under the coco palms. Behind them, the music throbbed on. Little peals of laughter came from here and there and something like a murmur of love lay over the entire island.

NO one wanted to leave Ana, but François rounded up his "crew" the next morning and drove them ahead of him down to the shore.

"I am ashamed of the lot of you," he sneered, "going hogwild on the first island."

"Well," said Pierre, "I can tell Georgette that you never think of anything in the Tuamotu but business, and not the monkey kind either."

"Where's Jim?" asked Flavien anxiously, his mind gripped suddenly with worry.

"On the schooner," François answered curtly. "He went out with the first boat."

"I don't like his worried look lately," said Flavien. "Something is gnawing at him and I can't quite figure it out."

François snorted: "We are getting nearer to where treasure ain't. That's my guess as to what ails Jim."

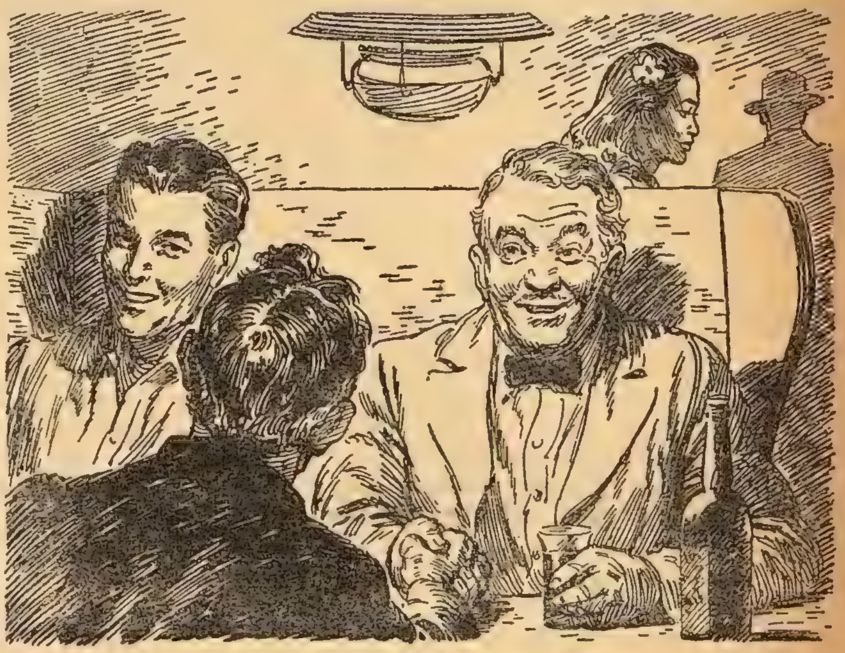
"It's not that," said Flavien. "Jim acts haunted. It's as though the ghosts of the four 'hard cases' were breathing down his neck."

THE *Blue Nautilus* finally broke the still water in the lagoon at Hao. No canoes came out to the ship and the few people seen ashore were moving inland. The air was hot and stuffy, so supper was served on the afterdeck.

François paced the deck nervously and left the table frequently for his cabin.

Jim Galloway came pacing down the deck toward the table. "Gentlemen," he interrupted, "it was 'ere at 'Ao that Burke, Waters, Johnstone, an' Stone put in after leavin' Pinaki. We're close enough to Pinaki to smell 'er. Why don't we pull up our 'ooks and 'ead out for the treasure?" don't we pull up our 'ooks now and 'ead out for the treasure?"

François rose, the muscles under his shirt sleeves swelling: "I'm giving orders here, Jim Galloway. We'll start for Pinaki when I say so. To hell with you and your treasure. I don't believe it's there anyway; and besides, I don't like the looks of the weather that's making. I'm not running out."



Everyone expected Jim to cower, but instead he kept on advancing with his shoulders sloped forward. His hairy hands, doubled into fists, were swinging low and there was a mad glitter in his eyes.

Flavien jumped between the two men and Jim's words came out with an effort:

"So, it ain't there, Mr. François. Well, I've been called a liar before and took it—but that hisland is more to me than just a dot on a blinkin' chart. It's my life, ye 'ear!"

François shot his burning cigarette into the water. "Bah, if you know where the treasure is, then why don't you tell us?"

Dodo's voice came calmly: "No, François. Jim is right. We made a bargain with him, let's keep it. Let us sail for Pinaki."

"We've got a falling glass, I tell you, and the wind is picking up." François' face was livid now: "Look!"

The palms on the opposite side of the atoll suddenly lay over, as though a great hand had brushed them down. The *Blue Nautilus* fetched up on her anchor chains with a sharp jerk.

"Look at the seas makin' up in 'ere," yelled Jim. "Do you think you're in a snug 'arbor? We'll drag anchor an' be beached in no time! We've got to run 'er out into the storm."

Flavien stared at Jim in surprise. These were the words, the good advice of a seafaring man.

"Him right," Mata-afa's deep voice boomed. "Much better go, or we lose ship."

"Come on, François," Flavien urged. "Give the word."

"She's going ashore, sure as hell!" Jocko warned them.

François's hand tore across his face as he reached his decision: "All right. Out we go! Down below, Jocko, and get that engine started. Close hatches and batten down."

As the schooner circled to face the narrow pass, she turned her port beam to the storm. For a moment she was heeled far over and pressed almost flat against the sea. François spun the wheel, the propeller gripped water, and the *Blue Nautilus* righted herself and shot out through the opening into head seas.

"Well done," said Jim as he came aft toward François at the wheel.

François nodded as though acknowledging an order from a superior.

" 'Ere, gimme that wheel," Jim pleaded. "I can 'andle 'er. You better bend on a storm trysail an' jib."

Flavien saw the two men's eyes lock and hold. François's were perplexed, questioning, angry; and Jim's burning with feverish fanaticism.

François studied Jim carefully. Where had the man gained the knowledge to take over the deck? François's suspicion yielded slowly to grudging confidence when he saw Mata-afa step out of the darkness to help Jim at the wheel. The two men, white and brown, stood braced together for bodily warmth and strength against the storm. François cast one last look overhead and dived below decks, closing the opening behind him as fast as possible.

The scene below was far from reassuring. By the light of a meager electric bulb, and through a haze of Diesel oil fumes, François saw that the cabin was a wreck. Broken pieces of table, cupboards, and shelves were still floating in a foot of water that lashed and churned with each roll of the ship. Dodo picked up a floating dipper, filled it with water, and then tottered futilely about, bellowing orders to Pierre as he tried to lash down the heavier pieces to keep them from further smashing the cabin.

Forward, François found Jocko in a fume-choked pit laboring with the power pump. Water was running past him toward the bilges.

"Hey, skipper," Pierre shouted as François headed for the ladder, "why don't you try out Dodo's old theory and give with the wind?"

François looked compassionately back at Pierre's drawn face: "Maybe we could, when we get clear of this island."

Above deck, François straightened up from the hatch cover and eased his way over to Jim: "We're in for a bad night. We'll have to man the hand pumps and heave to. That will take the strain off her ribs."

Mata-afa shook his head. "No good, this fight. Ship all go broke. More better make bare pole and run off with the wind."

MISERABLE hours wore themselves out. The hand pumps squeaked and groaned, but the schooner settled at the stern. At last something like a dawn broke the darkness. The rain had stopped, the wind slackened, but they rode in terrible surges of the sea. Suddenly Mata-afa clambered into the mainmast ratlines and then bellowed down:

François scanned the sea, terror in his face: "We've been dragging to the south all night, in an inter-atoll current."

Flavien stuck his head out of the cabin companionway and added the last doleful warning: "We're flooded out down here, the engines are covered over."

"Then get up on deck!" yelled Jim. "We're going to strike!"

The schooner rose again and heeled over, her masts dipping dizzily toward the sea.

Jim shouted, "Cut down them masts, so's she'll right 'erself, and let 'em drag by the forestays as sea hanchors!"

He ran forward to help with the order. The deck heeled under them, but Mata-afa's axe kept on biting huge chunks out of the varnished mainmast.

" 'Old it!" yelled Jim. "Slacken that leeward shroud. Now cut the wind'ard one and she'll break away 'erself."

The mast toppled, but Jim's legs were fouled in the shrouds. Before he could help himself, he was crushed against the bulwarks, then carried overside in a tangle of rope and cable. Mata-afa followed over with him and the two disappeared.

"They haven't got a chance in that mess of cable," groaned Flavien.

But somehow, out of the tangle of rope and boiling water, Mata-afa's shoulders appeared, then his head came up as he dragged Jim to the surface. The Rurutuan clung to an unparted cable and worked his way alongside. They weathered another swell and then eager hands drew them aboard.

Jim seemed to be a whitened corpse, but at last he gasped desperately for air.

"Halmost got me," he muttered.

François was holding himself by a cable with his left hand; a broken right arm dangled helplessly at his side. Jocko swore as he clung to the railing. He had a gash on his head and a piece of raw scalp hung over one eye. Dodo nursed a crushed foot and Mata-afa was helping Pierre up out of the water. They were alive and, so far, safe.

They held on, momentarily secure, all of them too weak to move or plan further. Mata-afa and the other natives started a droning hum that could scarcely be heard above the storm, then they swelled it into a triumphant paean with rumbling harmonies and high minor notes.

"It's a death chant," said Flavien. "Look at their happy faces. They are prepared to die—"

The schooner stirred ominously. Flavien crawled over the hull, made a hasty survey, then scrambled back to François.

"She's breaking up," he reported.

Jim heard the words. "We can't stay 'ere," he gasped. "When she goes, we'll be shredded to bits by flyin' timbers. Cut the whaleboat out of the davits; it's our last chance to get ashore."

Mata-afa's great face was all doubt and pity. Why fight the inevitable will of the gods? He turned first to François and then to Flavien for some word of confirmation.

"Go on," said Flavien, "We'll make it!"

François nursed his arm and cursed them all: "It's just plain suicide."

The schooner shivered like a dying thing and Mata-afa ordered the crew to be ready for action. He still waited, however, for some word from François, and the rest stared anxiously at their captain.

Jocko was holding Dodo to the railing. The master spat out water after every wave. He was moaning: "Mama, Mama! this is the end! We may never get our feet on dry land!"

It was all François needed to make up his mind. "Go ahead!" he barked.

Mata-afa smiled with relief; he was free to act or die now. He became all movement, running over the ship as lightly as a panther, dodging waves, his bare feet gripping the overturned railing with prehensile strength. The heavy whaleboat fought at its painter like a wild bronco, but Mata-afa mastered it and drew it, half swamped, up to Jim at the hatch.

They did a quick job of bailing and everyone scrambled in.

"Hang on!" yelled Flavien. "Here goes!"

As soon as they had gone beyond the protection of the schooner, a comber lifted them with a jolt and they took a half boat of water.

The whaleboat staggered, but straightened. They were gaining way toward the shore. Dim figures of natives could be seen now, running frantically along the beach. Another rolling breaker hit them and Flavien was thrown backward across the gunwale as the whaleboat upended, then he felt the sea engulf him. A crushing mass of water bore him down and he was turned over and over amidst a darkness shot with stars. Coral boulders, rocks, and sandy bottom churned rapidly by him.

So this was it. . . . This was drowning and the end of all their fine, high schemes. No schooner, no treasure and no store. All the cargo lost; years of work, labor, and planning tossed away on an atoll reef. What had led them all out of their peaceful ways? Money. It was always money, and there was never enough. Empty cash drawers—empty pockets—empty, clutching hands!

FLAVIEN'S return to consciousness came in painful spasms. He moaned, clawed the earth gratefully, and found his fingers gripping into coarse dry sand. He saw Pierre and Dodo bending over him and a number of strange brown legs stood about in a circle.

"Are you all right now?" asked Pierre.

Flavien blinked: "How is everybody?"

"All right—but we're going to lose Jim. He's been calling for you. Our 'map' is almost gone."

The world reeled. Flavien staggered down the beach and dropped close over Jim whose breath seemed to be pulled through blood and water.

"Hall broken up inside . . . lungs punctured, I guess."

"You're all right, Jim. You're safe ashore."

"My last landfall. . . ." Jim swallowed twice. "No, Flavien, I ain't goin' to maike it. I see it all now. . . . It was because I was comin' only to die. I 'urried to it meself, fussin' and frettin' to get 'ere, all along the way. Stewin' in prison, walkin' the floor for eighteen years—just for this!"

Flavien looked at the feverish gleam in Jim's little eyes. Treasure—the thought of money had nourished Jim through hardships, kept him alive in prison, brought him through the storm, given him the courage with his dying strength to show them how to fight their way ashore. Was this the driving force that made the white man's "progress"? No wonder the native—with his policy "to give"—was losing, dying out, giving up in passing relinquishment.

And here was he, Flavien, of two bloods, shackled to the same lust!

Jim was choking and Flavien was shaken out of his own thoughts. He wiped the blood tenderly from Jim's lips and tried to raise the wobbling head.

Jim lifted his eyes to Flavien:

"I know what you're thinkin': the treasure. You're askin' me where it is. Bend down over me, Flavien. Hit's there, on Pinaki, buried smack between two stone 'eathen gods!"

Something of the old gleam came back into Jim's eyes, then flickered out: "It's all yours now, Flavien, every bit of it."

He licked the blood from his lips and forced a weak smile: "There's somethin' I should tell you, Flavien, about Burke, Waters, Johnstone, an' Stone—the four 'ard caises."

His head came up from the sand, eyes burning. "The treasure," he mumbled, "hit's there, I know it!" He hesitated for a moment. "Hit's there, Flavien . . . because . . . I . . . was Waters. . . I 'elped to put it there meself!"

Waters? Flavien's thoughts were clearing in a second's space of time. Waters, the weak one Jim had described—who fought to save the natives on Pinaki when Burke shot them: he who had "a way with sails" and had brought the canoe into Hao. . . This was the flaw in Jim's story, the faulty segment that never seemed to fit.

Two beady eyes were searching Flavien's face, hoping to discover no revulsion of feeling toward him there:

"You see now . . . why I was always afraid, why I never wanted to go ashore? I thought some native might recognize me."

When Jim could speak again, his voice had weakened, his fingers were limp in Flavien's hand.

"Don't be 'ard on me, Flavien. I didn't 'elp to kill them poor native blighters on Pinaki. I've paid, I 'ave; an' when I got out, I took the name o' Galloway—always liked that—an' I tried to be the gentleman I should a' been. And, Flavien . . . for me . . . I been doin' pretty good."

"Yes, you have, Jim."

Flavien's tears were rolling down his cheeks.

"You've all been good to me. . ." Jim was reaching for his last breath. ". . . Hit's been . . . the . . . the . . ."

There was only a liquid gurgle in the gnarly throat. Flavien rose to his knees and finished the sentence for him, through a blinding flash of tears: ". . . happiest days of my life."

Mata-afa looked down on the thin form stretched so wearily on the beach, and gave his tribute:

"Him was real sailor man."

And Flavien thought that no more fitting epitaph could be written for Jim's grave.

THE natives tenderly picked up the corpse and carried it inland, urging the survivors to rest and eat. François, Dodo, and Jocko needed treatment and this was turned over to the village grandmothers and the native priest.

Tired, drained of hope, and utterly weary, Flavien followed the old priest to a big thatched house where the rest of the survivors had been installed. Pierre had already named the place the "Bull Pen."

Drowsy and numb, they all soon fell asleep and did not awaken until time for the evening meal.

Jim was buried that night by the light of coconut torches. The natives began to chant, quietly at first, but the lament grew in power as the whole village joined in, and the women began to beat their breasts, an action symbolical of the eternal scheme of creation—and the loss of another man-child.

Chief Torohia gathered his guests about him and then sat down while the native men and women began to stomp and wave their hands wildly. Order finally formed in the ranks, and the dancers began an intricate piece of choreography as various groups shifted places in the lines and the pattern repeated itself.

"It is the custom," said Dodo. "A death—a dance. The quick and the dead have parted. By tomorrow all grief will have been forgotten." The master dug his fists at his red eyes for a moment and at last gained some control of himself: "Here is the test for all my silly sophistry about not worrying. Our beautiful *Blue Nautilus,* now only a pile of rubbish on the reef, and our home and store in jeopardy. Oh, poor Mama! But at least"—he added as an afterthought—"she has not lost me."

The whole discussion was blown out of Flavien's mind in a moment. His eyes were following the leading solo dancer, and she returned his gaze. Their eyes held, no matter what her movements. Flavien's heart leaped as he saw that the girl was an *ehu,* one of those rare mutations that retain the racial features of the parent Polynesian stock, but possess blue—often green—eyes and tawny hair. The *ehu* were thought to be throwbacks to the legendary survivors of an ancient Norse vessel, once shipwrecked in the islands.

Flavien sat in awed fascination, his face frozen to stone. The girl's eyes still held his own as she moved in a half trance. It was a moment incised out of all time for them alone.

"It is my daughter, Pirihita," said Torohia.

"She is beautiful, beautiful!" exclaimed Dodo.

At a gesture from her father, Pirihita left the dance and approached them. Her bare feet seemed barely to touch the ground. Her hair was held in place over her brows by a shell headband and, as she passed the lights of the torches, it streamed backward over her shoulders, turning momentarily to flame.

Torohia guided his daughter to a spot next to Flavien and Pirihita sat down on her heels like a rope coiling to a deck. The old chief placed her slender hand in Flavien's outstretched palm. Torohia then turned to Dodo.

"These two speak the language of the eyes," he said softly.

The two fathers looked at each other, then at their children.

"My daughter has refused many men for this moment," said Torohia, "and now I perceive that I shall lose my only child to your son. In our little islands love comes as fast as this."

THREE days slipped by while the aftermath of the storm beat itself out on the reef. The schooner was reduced to a bony skeleton with her bare ribs protruding above the combers that were slowly picking her clean. On shore, the natives stacked the wood and hunted the shallows for unexpected salvage still washing up on the sand.

The old priest, Nihiru, went over Dodo's crushed foot carefully. He probed with his long fingers, calling each bone by its name. Afterward he rubbed his hands and shook them to rid himself of any of the ailment which he might have withdrawn from the injured member. Then he rose and pronounced the master as cured.

"But it hurts," complained Dodo. "I limp!"

"That," said Nihiru, "is mere self-indulgence. It is the white man's greatest weakness."

Flavien took long solitary walks around the island. The sound of the surf tearing at the reef, the feel of the strong wind in his hair, the scream of sea birds seemed more in harmony with his own wild thoughts: What are you going to do about getting to Pinaki? Do you think that they are getting along all right at the store? Where will you begin? Flavien built up the answers to every question and swept them all away. They were founded on thin air; and, to cap all of these problems, he was overwhelmingly in love.

Running both hands through his hair, Flavien stomped boldly up to the thatched house of Chief Torohia and Dodo, and laid this problem squarely before the two fathers. Torohia put his hand on Flavien's shoulder and bade him sit down.

"My son," he said, "with my daughter's consent and your father's approval, you can go *matau.*"

"What is that?" asked Flavien.

"It is a prenuptial period of association which permits a chief's daughter to spend some nights with her lover. This is done in order that the hearts, the minds, and the bodies may become better acquainted. Often the hearts are in love, but the bodies and the minds are unsuited to each other. This is a test. You must not touch my daughter unless she signifies a willingness."

Torohia continued, "If your love progresses, you will be married; if not, it is the end of all relationship. Are you prepared to take that step?"

"I am."

"Go then, and may the gods bless you."

It was an excited lover who paced the beach after sundown. Flavien wondered where the rendezvous was to take place. He heard a patter of bare feet, and Uta, Pirihita's maid, ran out from the underbrush and beckoned to him to follow her.

Flavien followed Uta along a twisting trail and emerged on a sandy promontory overlooking the starlit lagoon. Pirihita stood waiting for him under the shadow of a pandanus tree. Without a word, he walked slowly toward her and took her in his arms. Her warm hair fell over him, cloaking them from the night.

From then on Flavien lived through his days only for the nights.

The lovers had one game of which they never tired. Pressing a finger against Flavien's nose, Pirihita spoke the Tuamotuan word, *ihu.* Flavien repeated it and gave her the English equivalent, "nose."

"No-noss," she managed to say.

They went down through *utu*—the lip, *niho*—the teeth, *ouma*—the chest, and *opu*—the stomach. These became for Pirihita: "leep, teet, chet, and stomah." By the time they had reached *manimani avae* for toe, and Pirihita struggled with the difficult pronunciation of ankle, they were both laughing like children.

The *matau* rule had stipulated that Flavien was not to force or coerce Pirihita into love. She must give the first sign. He was happy with the system, just as it was. On the third night, he found that Pirihita's lips had a new warmth and that her arms were drawing him down to her with a greater meaning. The next day Torohia announced that there would be a wedding.

DODO and Flavien sat on the smashed side of the overturned whaleboat that lay half buried in the sand. Dodo sat with a drawn face, the salt-stained house pennant Jocko had recovered spread across his knees.

Flavien found comfort in a fellow worrier.

"Is it the store or the loss of the schooner that worries you the most, Papa?" he asked solicitously.

"It is Mama."

"But she is part Polynesian," reasoned Flavien. "She'll stand up under any bad news. Pirihita tells me that some other schooner will probably drop in here within a month or so. In the meantime, there is her father's big sailing canoe that we could use to get over to Pinaki Island."

"I know; but it will not be easy to get that canoe. I have already spoken to Torohia about it. He can't understand why we want to go off on another voyage when we have just had so much trouble with this last one. And I don't want to see you risk your life in a flimsy outrigger, no matter how desperate we are for money."

"Papa," said Flavien, "is there something wrong about that mortgage?"

Dodo reddened. "Have you heard, too, about the major and the strange Frenchman? I can't understand that."

"Are you sure it was a mortgage and not a bill of sale that you signed?"

"Of course it was a mortgage. I am not that stupid!"

Flavien was relieved and with half-closed eyes he looked dreamily over the island: "I wouldn't care if I spent the rest of my life on this little sand strip, once we had our own business secure."

"With a girl like Pirihita," said Dodo, "life would be wonderful any place," Dodo looked toward Flavien and found that his son had not even heard.

"Who worries the most, Papa, when men leave women behind to go on dangerous missions, wives or mothers?"

"Mothers," answered Dodo promptly. "To a mother her son is always something of a helpless infant, no matter what his age."

"Then I am going to sail in that canoe!" announced Flavien as he got to his feet, and Dodo followed him.

They found Torohia sitting on a mat at one end of his long thatched house.

"The land of Pinaki is *tabu,*" he said in his slow, deep voice. "All who have gone there come to great evil. Years ago, the island was inhabited by a tribe of cannibal warriors who gained their power from two evil gods. They raided our lands, stole our women, and devoured our wounded. So all the islands combined against the Pinakians and they were wiped out—even to the last child.

"Since then, no man has lived there and few who land on the island ever return. We have lost many."

"We know of the war gods of Pinaki," said Dodo, his face burning with sincerity, "but it is very necessary for our future happiness that we go to Pinaki. It is my son's wish that we see these very gods. It is he who asks for the great sailing canoe."

Torohia studied Flavien earnestly.

"Our son's wish shall be done, for what is mine is his. Nihiru, the priest, and his son shall go with you—for the priest is a navigator—and only he could placate the evil forces of Pinaki and bring you safely home."

"I shall sail in three days," said Flavien, rising to go.

His feet soared over the ground as Flavien rushed to the Bull Pen, but his news was received with varied emotions.

Only Pierre stood up and yelled. Jocko filled his pipe and nodded approvingly.

François was furious.

"You double-crossing crook!" he shouted. "You couldn't wait until my arm got well!" He tossed a handful of sand at Flavien and moaned. "Oh, well," he grunted with resignation. "I suppose you had better hurry up and go."

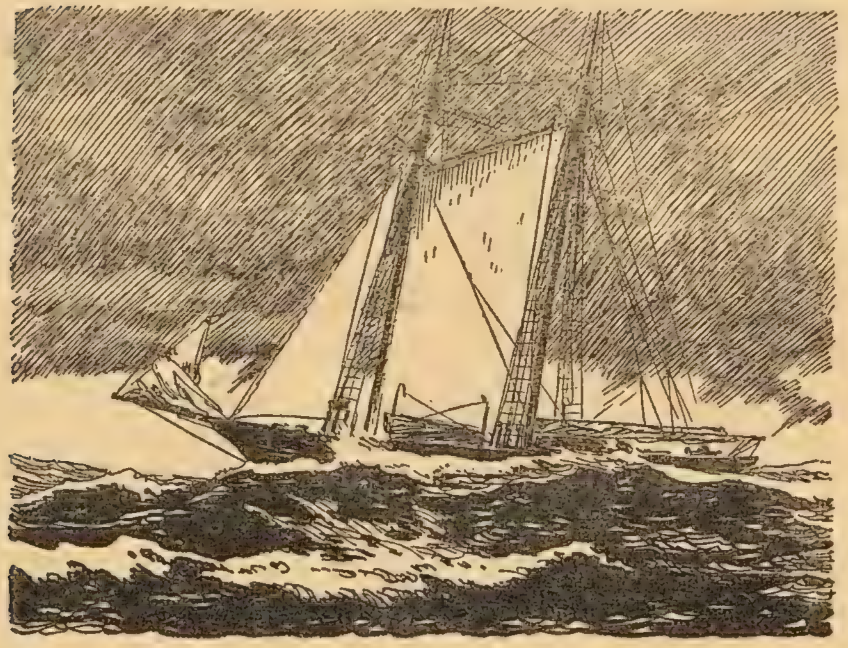
THE big canoe was loaded with the food and extra spars. Flavien added a pick and shovel, much to Nihiru's disgust and surprise.

"All right," said Pierre. "We are ready now, let's sail!"

Nihiru held up his hands in astonished horror. It now appeared that a young boar must be taken on the journey to placate the evil gods of Pinaki—and no ordinary pig would do. So the village boys and the village dogs had a field day running down shoats and bringing them to the old priest for inspection. The sun had set before Mata-afa found one that met with Nihiru's approval.

The canoe and the foods were ready at last. Now the crew must be prepared with proper departing ceremonies: a dance, special prayers, and the farewells. These over, Nihiru sat down and stubbornly waited for the wind to change. After a day and a night the breeze set in *Tokerau*—that is, blowing from northwest—and Nihiru warranted that it would hold for at least five days.

Pirihita was used to leave-takings and seemed quite calm when Flavien came to say good-by. She spoke slowly in her throaty Tuamotuan:



"Death and departures are very much alike in our islands. When a chief dies, it is said, he sails out over the water in a giant war canoe with an escort of his ancestors; but I know in my heart that you will return."

"And I am not a chief," laughed Flavien.

"You will be," she insisted. She tossed back her flowing mane of hair and put her hands on his shoulders. "Torohia will make you a chief of Nukutavake at our wedding ceremony and you will be given an island name. Yours is very hard to pronounce now, Fra-Fravie."

Her soft lips lifted from even little teeth in a delighted smile as the two embraced.

"Go now," she half whispered.

With lowered head, Flavian walked back to the big thatched house and waited for the dawn.

ON the hour of sailing the canoe was carried into the shallows and pushed out toward the reef. The men walked proudly at her sides.

With no broad bow to push through the water, no squat beam to gather friction, *The Shark* knifed through the waves. The low outlines of Nukutavake were soon lost to view.

At noon they opened drinking nuts and munched on some of the *faraoa ipo*. The sun burned hot on their backs but the breeze held fresh. As the day waned, the horizon to the west became a blaze of crimson and the sun seemed to be falling into the open maw of a furnace.

As darkness settled rapidly over them, Flavien looked up at the great signboard of the stars, which Nihiru was mysteriously using to guide them to an island that had troubled all their minds.

Flavien liked Nihiru. The old priest's knees and elbows were bony and scarred, his fingers and toes spread like the claws of a bird; but the withered body was cloaked with a majesty that came from inner peace.

The sun had been up only a few hours when their lips began to dry and crack; by noon their heads were feverish with the heat. Nihiru said that Pinaki would not be visible until they were almost upon it, and he began nervously to look for birds, to feel the water, and to hunt for low-lying clouds. "We must watch for the white fisher bird," he said, "for it is he who will lead us to the land. A night spirit has so informed me."

Flavien felt that all his confidence was being subjected to the final test. Of such intangible mist was their fate to be decided: an island found, their lives forfeited or saved.

Nihiru was calling to a white bird with a hawk's beak and a wicked eye. *"Itatae, Itatae!"* he kept repeating.

Without a flutter, the bird changed the planing of its wings and slid off the wind in a long swoop.

The course was changed and the wind put astern.

"Ahe, fenua—the land!"

Pinaki was only a distant break on the horizon and *The Shark* buried her nose when running. It was late afternoon before they reached a vicious reef, and almost dark when they began to drag the heavy canoe out on the land. Pinaki! They were there! The keel grated along the rubble-strewn shore with a shocking sound that broke the island's silence. Flavien could almost feel the power of gold coming to him through the ground in warm vibrations. It quickened his pulses, shortened his breath. It was there—the treasure—only a stone's throw inland.

Nihiru squatted on his haunches lighting a black native cigarette with a palm frond from the fire; and Flavien's voice broke the silence:

"Nihiru, where are the idols?"

"*Io*—over there, at the farther end of the island."

"Come and show them to me."

Nihiru's face stiffened.

"I would rather not, Raatira. Tomorrow we shall face them."

Flavien was surprised to be addressed as "Raatira" —chief, but he allowed the flattery to pass by unnoticed.

"Then you do not wish to see them tonight?"

"It is more that I do not wish them to see me."

The matter seemed closed and Flavien found himself drifting into a surprisingly peaceful sleep.

THEY awakened with the sun in their faces and roused up stiff and aching from a night on the ground. A dip in sea water, breakfast, and they started inland. Flavien was sweating with excitement. Nihiru led the way. His son and Pierre carried the trussed pig on a pole for the sacrifice, and Mata-afa, wall-eyed and frightened, brought up the rear, carrying the two strange symbols of the white man's progress: the pick and the shovel with which he was to disturb the earth.

The old priest chanted constantly, seemingly sanctifying the ground with each step he advanced. Through an opening in the grove ahead of them they saw that they were approaching a great rectangle of raised coral stones, which were green with age. They passed on through the opening; and there, suddenly, were two stone idols looking down on them.

Flavien would never have admitted that the sight of two carved images could frighten him, but no one could have come upon these blackened coral figures—male and female, standing against a clearing of dark trees—without a sense of dread. They were in the usual bent-kneed posture of most Polynesian gods, with gaped-open mouths and clenched fists. Their quiescent violence reflected the stored-up power attributed to them by generations of fearful worshipers. Flavien thought that the riddle of life and death itself was hidden behind these mildewed, enigmatic faces.

Filing slowly down a long flagstone walk, they came to a stone altar. Weeds and scrub growth covered it in places, but standing directly in front of the ceremonial platform was a bald, hollowed stone, once used for human sacrifice.

Nihiru saw their blanched faces and his voice was stern:

"Begone and leave me with my son. Go and consult with the two evil demons, for it is they that you have asked to see."

As they went, the pig made its last screaming squeal.

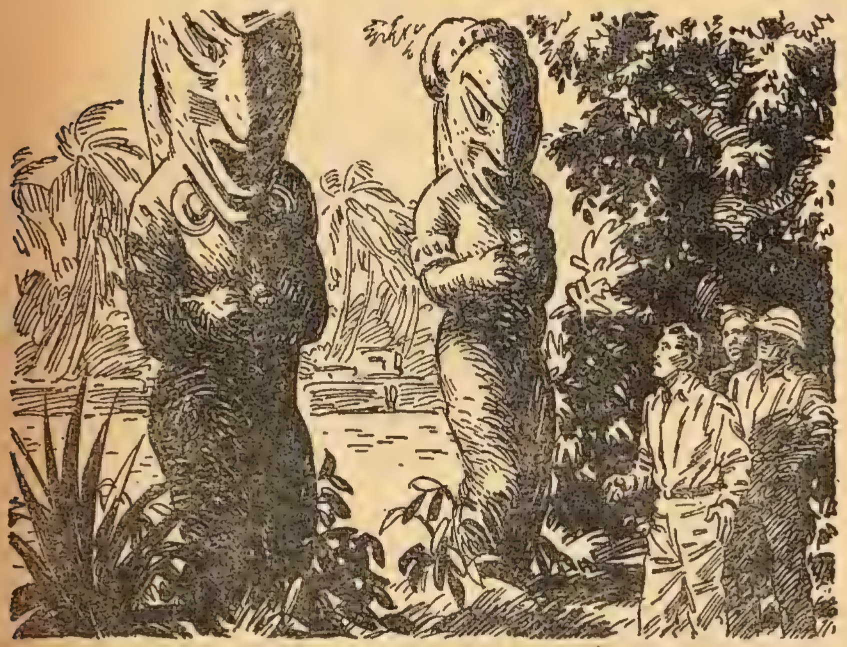
Hastily stepping off a point midway between the two stone gods, they began to dig without a backward glance. They clawed, scooped, shoveled, tossed sand even with their hats, and encouraged each other with short, quick words. A horrible, sickening fear grew in all of them; there was no treasure. But the shovel struck metal, and the Rurutuan squatted down and pried up one end of a gasoline drum.

Pierre and Flavien leaped to Mata-afa's aid and the three struggled to upend the drum. It was tremendously heavy, then it grew light in Mata-afa's hands. Sand was running out of the bottom.

"Empty!" Pierre's voice dropped to a low, sad note.

The rest of the cans were all the same.

Suddenly there came an alligator's hiss at their backs, and they looked up to see Nihiru snarling down on them from the top of the pit.



"Murderers!" he screamed. "I knew you would come back for your ugly spoils. Long has Nihiru waited."

In a wild flash of anger and frustration, Flavien scrambled out of the pit and reached for the priest's throat; but Nihiru fell backward out of the clutch.

Mata-afa straddled the priest's prostrate form. His arms were folded and his voice rumbled like thunder on the mountains: "We no kill anybodee. Speak fast, Nihiru, what you mean, or I put foot across your neck."

Panting with excitement, Flavien sat down, brushed back his hair, and allowed his face to calm: "Wait a little, everybody."

Something in Flavien's face and his upraised hand commanded attention. The priest swallowed many times and then began slowly:

"Torohia has told you that all who come to this island fell upon evil happenings. The last to disappear here were four good men from our island. They came for wood in a sailing canoe. Days went by and they did not return. There had been a storm, and Torohia feared that our good villagers might be stranded here without means to return. He sent me to search for them."

The old sage blinked in the sunshine and gazed calmly up at the idols:

"I first discovered many foot tracks on the island and the heel marks of four white men's shoes. They led me to this spot. Here the earth was disturbed in two places, and my men began to dig. In this hole we found the three cans, and they were very heavy. But over there we found our dead with the holes of bullets through their bodies. Then, with knives and stones, we opened these cans to see what could be so important in them that four men should be killed. It was money."

" 'Surely,' said I, 'these men will come back for their money, and they shall not find it. But I will leave the three empty cans as bait to catch these evil eels.' "

He looked carefully at each of the white faces before him and shook his head. "I know now that it was not you, Raatira. Yet you came here—and you, like all white men, are always in search of money."

Flavien heaved a long sigh and his face began to color with guilt. "It was Jim, who lies buried on Nukutavake, who told us of this money. He did not kill your people, but he helped to bury the cans here. We came with him to get the money so that we could buy schooners and carry trade to your islands. We. . . . I . . ."

Nihiru waited, but Flavien could not bring himself to ask the one question that was racking his body and exploding in his mind. The treasure? Where was it?

The old priest finally spoke. "When I saw this money, I, too, thought of a great buying of schooners, boats, and sewing machines. But no good ever comes of all this. With such a wealth, I told myself, many of our islanders would leave; and quarrels, loneliness, sickness, drunkenness, and disease would surely follow. Torohia had dispatched me to lay the evil of Pinaki. This money, I decided, was the greatest evil."

"What did you do?"

"We carried the gold to the canoes in copra sacks, and when it was all in and we were heavily laden, we sailed around Pinaki and cast it out, deep at sea."

Flavien's head sank down on his chest. He knew that something inside him—a great burning force that had falsely sustained him for months—was slowly dying.

He added up the awful consequences of their loss: the schooner and, next, the store. By every law of civilized exploitation they were broke, bankrupt, utterly penniless, and they soon would be without a home. Then a vague glimmering of thought began to grow in him.

Nihiru had thrown the gold into the sea and Nihiru's life had not changed. Torohia and his islanders were happier without the money. What would the gold have meant to Mata-afa? Only a heavy burden to carry down to the sea. To Pierre the discovery would have been merely the victorious ending of a wild adventure, something to brag about to the boys when they got back home. None of them would have reckoned it as stack on stack of currency to cancel bills, to pay off mortgages, to buy more trade goods, to make more money . . . then, why should he?

Flavien brushed back his hair and weighed his last obligations:

"There is one more question. Does Torohia know of all this?"

"He has never been told," answered Nihiru. "Let this be the last word about the treasure that is ever spoken."

Pierre stood up and stretched with finality: "That does it. Now let's get to hell off this island!"

IN the morning they ate a meager breakfast of shell-fish and coconuts and idled with one eye on the weather. At last Nihiru arose: "We have waited long enough. It is time that I pray to the god of winds for aid."

The old priest waded deep into the water and began to chant. Something like a steady hissing began in the coconut trees.

"*Te Maoae*—the east wind!" yelled Nihiru in triumph. "Launch the canoe!"

"These are things," grunted Flavien, as he struggled at the heavy forward thwart of the canoe, "that you do not tell people when you get back to civilization."

But mid-morning found *Te Mao* on a calm sea.

Hours passed. The sails slatted this way and that, and the outrigger wore and chafed as it rose and fell on long greasy swells, which seemed to be held down by an unbroken skin that lay over the water.

"If we just had an outboard motor," complained Pierre, "we could get someplace."

"It all goes back to Dodo's philosophy of 'leaning with the wind,' " said Flavien. "Nature and natives take their time. People out here never die of stomach ulcers and high blood pressure."

"*Tero, tero*—a sail!"

Hull down on the horizon, they made out a mass of sail, close-hauled and coming toward them rapidly.

"Three masts," announced Nihiru.

"*La Reine des Iles!*" shouted Flavien.

"They've spotted us," yelled Pierre. "They're coming over."

The wrinkles around Nihiru's mouth and eyes deepened with what was an old and tired smile.

"Did you know?" asked Flavien.

"Yes, Raatira. I had a vision of the schooner in the night and I have looked all morning for a sail. Your father and the strangers are searching for you."

The white sides of the schooner rose up above them, and among the figures lining the rail they saw Dodo, François, and Jocko, all waving to them with great excitement.

"Oh, oh!" moaned Pierre. "Wait till they hear the bad news." He waved his hands negatively and shouted, "No dice!"

Dodo's face was torn with conflicting emotions. He looked at their sunburned bodies and haggard faces and began to cry. Then he cupped his hands to his mouth and shouted at Pierre, "Sit down, you're rocking the boat!"

When they had boarded the schooner, Dodo embraced his sons hungrily and then backed off, his face one round question mark. Where was the treasure? Then he staggered several steps forward and grasped himself by the middle.

"He has just had the information that he'll lose the stoor," Jocko said.

The family Durand started moving toward the cabin and Pierre kept saying: "Cripes, don't take it that hard, Papa. You've got two big sons and a son-in-law to help you now."

And Flavien added, without quite realizing why, "I think that we are just beginning to live."

Dodo straightened up and patted everyone to assure himself that they were all there. His temper changed quickly. "We will say no more about our disappointment."

The master's face softened affectionately as he turned to Flavien: "I have a great surprise for you, my boy. We are preparing one of the biggest wedding feasts ever given in the Tuamotu. There will not be a pig or a hen left on Nukutavake, and I have practically commandeered all the food on this schooner."

"And who pays for all this?" asked Flavien.

"I've got my old job back," interrupted François, "and Jocko has already done enough repair work on this trip out to cover everything, and for the supplies for the feast he's using credit. He was counting on that Bombay seer's prophecy to make him rich and I didn't want to disappoint him. He's been so worried about all of you that I had to think of something to occupy his mind.

"First, I suggested that Dodo teach Pirihita French; and he ran the idea up into language lessons for the whole island. When this was well started, he got Jocko busy improving the cisterns. Between them, and with some piping from the schooner, they put up a communal shower bath with a bucket hoist.

"Next, Dodo turned his attention to sanitation. Ah, we have regulations on Nukutavake now. This big feast for the islanders is as much a reward for good behavior as it is for your wedding."

NUKUTAVAKE turned out en masse to welcome them. There had been some fears that *Te Mao* might have been lost, or that the evil gods, the *atua* of Pinaki, had devoured the voyagers. The greatest popular rejoicing, however, was over the fact that now, assuredly, there would be a wedding feast.

On the morning of the wedding, Flavien awakened early to find the whole island alive with song. The ground ovens smoked, pigs and chickens were being cleaned.

The sun had scarcely set when the Nukutavakeans began to gather in the square. Since they all knew each other, and there was nothing of importance to be said, they sat down on the mats, lighted their black cigarettes, and patiently waited for the highest dignitaries to appear: Torohia, Dodo and Captain Martin. They came, at last, with a guard of honor, and the crowd tautened to attention.

A young boy in a loincloth and a head garland of green leaves stepped before the dais and blew a mournful note on a conch shell. Immediately singing was heard in the distance and two columns marched toward the square. From the left came the girls with Pirihita at their head, and from the right Flavien led in a file of boys. Now, side by side, they approached the platform.

The bride and groom knelt before the two fathers. They clasped hands and Nihiru stepped out and covered them with a tapa. Silence fell as the old priest raised his hands. He first recited a prayer to the Great All Source, then he intoned Pirihita's lineage chant.

Flavien listened attentively when his own turn came. He learned with surprise that he was a sage and a seaman, the son of a chief from a line of nobles and great chieftains. Nihiru then declared the two as married by ancient custom, before the island gods and all assembled. The tapa was snatched away and Flavien and Pirihita arose, an island man and wife.

"That does it," sighed Pierre. "Poor old Flavien is tied up now for good. That ceremony was pretty binding."

"Bindin'?" chortled Jocko. "I should say it is. It cost me four fat pigs to get a deevoorce from my fairst Marquesan wife."

Again the sharkskin drums boomed, and men and women in primitive costumes leaped into the square and began the wedding dance. At the same moment, a great cheer rose from the multitude. It was not given for the dancers, but for the files of food bearers, who came running with the first courses of the great banquet; and the guests reached up with eager hands.

TOWARD morning the oratory began. It was started sporadically by a headman of each family, who stood with a raised coconut cup of wine and proposed a toast to the bride and groom. Others gave thanks to Dodo for his great contributions to the feast. When Torohia arose, a silence fell over the audience.

With beautiful words and dramatic gestures, Torohia reviewed the events of the shipwreck.

"The ways of gods are often unaccountable, but their decisions are always wise. It was our little island, standing fast against gigantic waves, that was chosen by the storm gods to receive a broken ship and the weary bodies of our beloved visitors. Heavy was my heart then to see their losses, and sad I am again to say, now, that the sea must take them from us."

A chorused groan followed this announcement.

Torohia's whole manner suddenly changed. With a fiery eye, he stepped quickly to Flavien and raised the groom to his side: "All of you know this man. You saw him on the morning of the shipwreck, bravely trying to help his brother sufferers. He has married into our tribe and we have come to regard him as one of our very own." With a thundering voice, Torohia proclaimed: "Therefore, I now declare my son a chief of Nukutavake—to be known as *Te au o Nukutavake tei tia i raro i te vero*—The reef of Nukutavake standing fast against the storm!"

A roll of drums followed and a shout rose into the leaves of the coco palms. All the men of the island lined up then, according to rank, and shook hands with Flavien whom they addressed as *"Teau—*the Reef."

The cry *"Ori, ori,"* was raised as the guests called Pirihita for a dance. With one quick gesture she loosened her tawny hair and stepped into the open space to comply. Flavien watched her with a quickening heart as she turned like molten gold in the swirling flame of her own hair. He looked about him to impress the whole broad picture on his mind; for he knew that he would never again see Pirihita so savagely beautiful, or so completely happy. He roused from his thoughts to realize that they were calling him for a dance.

Kicking off his shoes, Flavien approached Pirihita with the stalking crouch and powerful gestures of the male Tahitian dancer. Pirihita played the game of advance and retreat, of shyness and provocation, while the drums beat and the crowd urged them on. The mob shrieked its approval. Then the presentation of gifts began.

People filed down to the platform carrying piles of matting, hats, shells, and mother-of-pearl. It went on through the entire village until the pile of gifts grew embarrassingly high.

"Papa," urged Flavien, "for the honor of the Durands, we must make them some return."

Dodo beamed on Flavien with lavish approval. He hurried to his feet and "took the stage."

"We are deeply moved by your generosity and kindness. Your hospitality has touched our hearts. Now, for my son and yours, for all of the *Blue Nautilus*. . ."

The master's voice rolled over the audience and Pierre nudged Jocko in surprise; for Dodo was giving away the masts and spars of the *Nautilus*. Next went the rope, sails, and cable, and Dodo spoke on, "In the bottom of our ship lay many ingots of pig iron used for ballast. These, I have observed, can be useful to you for canoe anchors and as weights to aid in making quick descents in your search for pearls. Those, too, are yours."

A long cheer followed and Jocko broke in:

"Avast, Dodo. Sit you doon. It is you that's rrockin' the boat! I was going to use that stoff to help run a new schooner under that house pennant of yours."

It was too late. The master's hand was up for silence and, as usual, his timing was perfect:

"And to you, Chief Torohia, we give the ship's bell to be rung for island storm warnings and to summon all to peaceful council; and lastly, with all my heart, I give you the mighty engine in its crate!"

The cheers were deafening, and Torohia's face was torn with mixed emotions. As the applause continued, Pierre muttered, "Well, he's made a clean sweep of it."

"That's fine," approved Flavien.

"Might just as well," Pierre added. "The whole mess only brought us bad luck."

Jocko put down a cup of pandanus-nut beer and scratched his head: "I'm domned if Flavien ain't turnin' out to be a chip off the auld block. Noo, what the hell will these benighted haithens do with that Diesel?"

WAILS were rising through the village, for Pirihita was making her last farewells. Flavien hunted through the crowds and at last he saw Pirihita rushing toward him in a flutter of old-fashioned ruffles. She was holding a flat pandanus hat to the back of her head by one hand. He winked back his astonishment. From a wild dancer of the night, Pirihita had been transformed into a naïve country girl.

"Do you like my dress, *Teau?*" she asked as she twirled before him.

His smile broke through a flash of remorseful tears. How could he have doubted her for even a moment? Those slim tanned feet would go into slippers; that wild mane of hair could be coiffed and tamed; and certainly no gown could be graced by a better body. He gathered her into his arms, and lips as cool as spring water lifted to meet his own. Their embrace tightened and a quick responsive surge of blood passed through Pirihita's body as she pressed against him. Flavien held her off and laughed. This was no coy country maiden. He had married a jungle princess. Pirihita would be herself, no matter how he dressed her. Why, then, should he try to make her into something crudely modern of his own fashioning?

She thrust him from her and ran to her father.

Torohia put his hands on his daughter's shoulders and spoke slowly, lingering over his words:

"Pirihita, our farewells have all been said. You will have to make many strange changes in your way of living. You may often be embarrassed, but never forget that you are a chief's daughter."

Murmuring tenderly, Pirihita pressed her head to her father's breast. She kissed his forehead, then turned and walked proudly to the waiting boat.

LA REINE DES ILES coasted up to the dock at Papeete in her usual smart manner. Everyone on board stared yearningly at the people ashore, but there was only the customary dockside crowd. At last they saw Rapiti, one of the house boys, leaning idly on his bicycle.

Dodo roared. "Rapiti, *haere mai, haavitiviti!*"

At the familiar bellow, Rapiti's eyes started from his head, and when he saw Dodo's red face, he leaped into action. He wheeled up alongside the schooner, dismounted, and began shaking both arms and legs in wild excitement.

"Go home," ordered Dodo. "Bring Mama, bring everybody!"

Dodo brushed off his hands and turned to gape at a gendarme who was coming toward him up the gangplank.

"Monsieur Durand," the officer was saying in French, "I have orders to hold you and search this schooner for the treasure of Pinaki."

"Absurd, absurd. There is no treasure," thundered Dodo. "It is being well kept for the government—at the bottom of the sea!"

The officer looked at them all and shook his head in doleful sympathy: "I am very sorry, Monsieur Durand, to have to add further troubles to the already heavy burden of the miseries that you are carrying."

He bowed himself away.

Before Dodo could regain a full breath, Ah Lee was smiling sardonically into their faces:

"Most unfortunate, most unfortunate. You have lost my ship. You have no treasure, no cargo, and, I suppose, you cannot pay?"

"You are a little ahead of yourself," suggested Flavien. "We haven't completed the voyage."

Ah Lee's mouth lifted appreciatively: "Bring the money to my office tonight." His teeth were showing in a full smile. "And you may as well set aside, right now, any thought of a marriage with my daughter."

"That was my secret deal with Ah Lee," Flavien muttered to François.

Then Dodo's attention focused on Mama, Mitzi, and Georgette, who were pushing toward them through the crowd. With a loud yell, the master of Maison Durand bulled his way down the gangplank and fell into Mama's arms. Pierre vaulted over the gunwale and Flavien disappeared in the crowd.

Left alone, Pirihita stared about in bewilderment. It was Jocko who finally took her arm and led her down the gangplank. "Poor leetle thing," he said to her in English, "coom to live with a cageful of apes." He patted her hand reassuringly: "But you will always have your Uncle Jocko and we will sit doon quietly in a corner of the stoor and watch them swingin' by their tails."

She smiled at him without understanding anything but his kindliness; but her face brightened suddenly as she saw Flavien hurrying back for her, pride of possession in his eyes.

The family was under a strain, and Pirihita's introduction was formal and stiff. The recovery of their men, the wrecked schooner, Jim's death, the loss of the treasure, and the new predicament that was presented to them clouded everyone's mind. They scarcely realized that Flavien was presenting his wife. Mama's eyes passed over the girl from Nukutavake apparently without seeing her. Only Georgette saw that she was a new Durand. She took Pirihita in her arms, kissed her tenderly.

"You don't deserve her," Georgette told Flavien. "You must have changed to earn such a reward."

"I still have to earn her," said Flavien.

THE family procession started toward the rue Fleurie. Dodo's piercing yell stopped them in their tracks: "Maman, the sign is down!"

Before anyone could stop him, Dodo broke into a run. Major Duroc was entering the store. The master of Durand clung panting to his own doorway and stared inside. Major Duroc's back was turned. He was pointing jauntily about with a walking stick, and a well-dressed Frenchman was paying close attention.

"Certainly, it will make a good restaurant," explained the major. "It won't need any alteration."

The Frenchman nodded his approval: "And my lease begins as of today?"

"Yes. You can start moving in tomorrow." The major hurried on to clinch his proposition: "The place is already equipped with a hotel-size range. You could probably buy it. They ate like guzzling pigs, you know."

In a blind rage Dodo pounded into the store, spun the major on his heels.

"So, we ate like guzzling pigs? Major Duroc, you will answer to me for this, on the field of honor!"

Major Duroc's teeth clenched: "Now, if you insist!"

Once more Flavien stood between the old antagonists while the family trooped in and filled up the spaces at the rear.

"One moment," pleaded Flavien. "The duel can wait. Major Duroc, will you oblige us with some explanation of what you are planning to do here? There are still nearly twenty-four hours before you can foreclose."

"Read your fine print. There is a clause there providing that if you default in keeping up the taxes, I can foreclose. The taxes are past due."

"Wait a minute," said Flavien. "There is a period of grace for the payment of taxes."

The major chuckled: "There is no such period mentioned in that mortgage."

Flavien's whole manner suddenly changed. He had forgotten his island resolves in the first heat of a new argument. He drew power from some inner confidence, and his face set with cool determination: "Major Duroc, I am not sure about your right to foreclose on us for nonpayment of taxes. Tomorrow we will consult our lawyers; but wouldn't it be better if we first agreed upon a little armistice—of, say, twenty-four hours?"

"Humph," snorted the major. "Ten thousand dollars is a lot of money to raise overnight. Everyone knows you lost the *Nautilus.*"

"That," said Flavien, "if I may remind you, has no bearing whatever on our other resources."

Taken a little aback, the major brushed his mustaches.

The strange Frenchman broke the deadlock with a flow of English:

"Excuse me." He bowed obsequiously to the ladies. "I am Jean Maurel. Perhaps I should explain my own position. It so happens that I thought of opening a restaurant in Papeete, Parisian style, superb cuisine. . . I met Major Duroc an' he told me he had the very location. How should I know it was all involved?"

"It is not involved," insisted the major. "These people will simply vacate tomorrow. The place is yours, Monsieur Maurel."

"Never!" screamed Dodo.

Something huge and brown moved into the store. Mata-afa took the major and the Frenchman by the coat collars and started walking calmly toward the front door.

"Too much talk," mumbled Mata-afa. "More better me just throw out."

"Stop!" commanded Flavien. "Put them down!"

Mata-afa sighed. The Frenchman nervously fixed his collar and the major threshed about with his cane, shouting, "Police, police! It's a case for the gendarmerie!"

When he had reached the pavement, Major Duroc turned and shook his stick at them all:

"You can have tonight, but be out of here tomorrow morning before we start moving in chairs."

"Don't be too sure of that," warned Flavien.

AS soon as they had gone, the family demanded of Flavien in unison, "What are you going to do?" Flavien leaned against the counter and brushed back his hair with the old nervous gesture:

"I don't quite know yet."

Somehow Pirihita's presence manifested itself in the room. She started to speak, and then stopped. "Perhaps," she thought, "this is everyday life in Papeete."

Dodo promptly encircled her with his arms: "What a mad welcome we are giving our island child. Attention, everybody. We are forgetting our manners."

"Oh, the poor thing," soothed Mama, "she must be hungry. All of you are probably starving. Come, Ana."

Pierre broke for the kitchen: "Shake a leg, Ana. We're hungry. Let's have one good meal here before we're thrown out!"

"Maman," Dodo shouted from his bedroom, "my white shirts, where are they? They are not in the drawer."

"We have been packing," Georgette explained.

"Packing? What for? Where are we going?"

"Huh. . . That's just it. We don't know."

Dodo came to the upstairs balcony railing. "I am giving you all a half-hour interval for bathing, then dinner . . . Flavien."

"Yes, sir?"

"Show Pirihita her first banyan tree."

Pirihita and Flavien moved away to the dining room and Pirihita raised her voice in delight:

"Oh, I like it! I like it!" She stood entranced before the long table already set with silverware.

"Teau," she whispered, "it is a great house, filled with so many things. I shall be happy here."

He led her out through the stone archway to the banyan tree. Moonlight filtered down through the layers of silvery leaves and spotted the flagstones of the old court. It was quiet, serene, and beautiful. Pirihita ran her hand admiringly over the fluted trunk.

"This, then, is a tree? I have only seen the coconut and the pandanus palm. This," she added, gazing aloft, "is like a great house."

"It was brought here from another land," explained Flavien.

She laid her hands on his shoulders:

"O *Teau,* let us spread our mat here tonight. The leaves and the moon are more beautiful than any house."

"We will, but I wonder if any of us will do much sleeping."

She reached out with a forefinger and smoothed away his frown:

"In this house there is both happiness and a great anxiety. Tell me, *Teau,* why did the nice man with the big mustaches quarrel with Papa Dodo?" She fixed him with her eyes. "Is it about money? Nihiru says that when white men quarrel, it is usually about money."

"He is very close to the truth," Flavien admitted. "Our trouble is about money. The nice man with the big mustaches wants to take our house away."

"Has he no house of his own?"

"Yes, a very big one, and he lives there all alone."

"Then why does he want our house?"

"Because he gave us money to buy the schooner. The schooner is wrecked; so he wants the house. We made an agreement."

"You see," said Pirihita, "I was right. He helped you, but the wind and the waves sank the schooner. That was not your fault. Did you tell him that?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps he has many cousins. Why not let them come and live with us?"

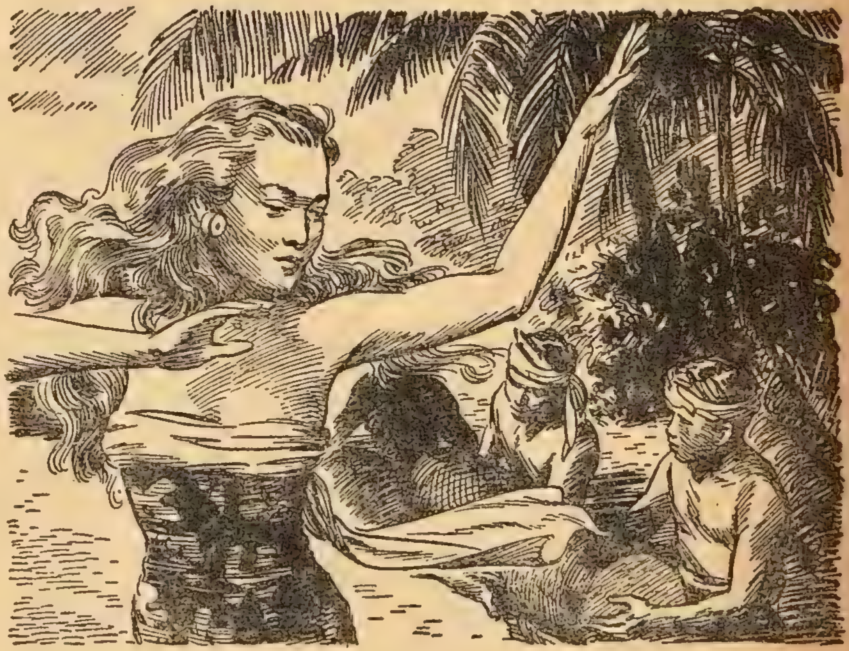
"No, Pirihita. We will have to find another house."

"All right. We can build a house anyplace on such a big island, but I like it here."

"So do I, Pirihita. Let us make a prayer now that we may keep our house."

ONCE more united around the table, the family Durand revived some of its old gusto; but when Dodo rapped his glass, all faces turned toward him with attention.

"The Durands have never faltered," thundered Dodo. "None of us but is filled with courage to face tomorrow. Flavien, we are prepared to hear your plan."



Flavien rose to his feet a trifle bewildered:

"Really, Papa, I haven't any definite plan."

"But what will we do?" cried Mama, tears springing from her eyes.

"Build a native house in the country," yelled Pierre. "Live on fish and breadfruit and forget the whole works!"

"But all our furniture, the stock in the store, our counters, workbenches, tools, and machines," persisted Mama.

François snorted:

"You won't have much of that left by the time Ah Lee gets through with his claim at knockdown prices."

"It's malicious persecution!" screamed Dodo. "I'll fight eviction to the last man!"

"Wait a minute," announced Flavien. "We are still sitting on the property and we've got all tomorrow morning before we have to decide. Something will surely break in our favor before that time."

Flavien was clinging to but one thought in all the storm: Pirihita would be waiting for him under the banyan tree.

DODO awoke early next morning in his own broad bed. Someone was pounding on the store doors and there was a noise of voices raised in the street.

"Sacrebleu!" mumbled Dodo as he waddled to the balcony window. Ah Lee was in the street, papers of attachment in one hand.

"In the name of the law," warned Ah Lee, "you will suffer me to come in before one thing is removed." A touring car pulled up across the street and Monsieur Maurel descended with a pink-faced gentleman who was obviously the Parisian chef. Several carpenters rolled out of the back seat with tool boxes.

"Open up," commanded Monsieur Maurel. "Get out of my building. These men's wages have already begun."

Flavien drew the bolt in the door and the horde rolled in.

"What," screeched Monsieur Maurel as he looked about, "not one thing is removed?" He turned to his men. "Pile it up on the street."

"Not just yet," purred Ah Lee, "everything in this room is mine. We'll have to take an inventory."

Dodo burst in, both fists flailing:

"Stop! Stop! You can't do this. We still have some time."

Monsieur Maurel ignored him. "Now, you wish to sell the stove, pots, and pans? And I understand that you have here a plumber. We need running water behind this bar, a waste drain down to the sewer, our electric cooling system installed. I buy *cette grande table là,* the chairs in the dining room, dishes, silverware, and that big range."

Some of the family came trooping down the stairs.

"Fix oop the plumbing?" asked Jocko. "I'd love to do that vurra thing. When do you want this bar running, Monsieur Maurel?"

"This afternoon, if possible."

"Have you by chance any guid Scotch whusky in your stock?"

"The very best, my good fellow."

"The bar opens this afternoon," announced Jocko. "And I'll take me wages out in thrade."

Mama moaned and Dodo pushed his way back through the crowd, holding his slipping pajamas by one hand.

Jacques the baker appeared in the doorway.

"Ah, surely, Monsieur Maurel; rolls, sour-dough bread, *madeleines, petit-fours, éclairs, choux à la crême, croissants.* I can furnish them all in quantity."

"But I want to see some samples."

"Mais oui, I'll have some over this afternoon."

"Papa," yelled Pierre, "that gendarme is here. You are overdue at the *commissariat de police."*

"Let him wait," roared Dodo.

"You are wanted on the phone too," said Mitzi in a weak, trembling voice. "It is the tax collector."

Flavien was in a whirl of papers and losing bargaining with Ah Lee, his books and accounts spread madly over the dining-room table. All was lost. His work, the store, his resolutions—leaves before the wind.

Swallowing his rancor, Flavien conceded another point to Ah Lee. The tailor's face remained impassive. He had taken all the jewelry, the reserves of unworked gold and silver, the carved nacre, and the most priceless museum curios.

"Ants, ants," roared Dodo, "carrying off the toil of my thirty years."

Jocko threw down his wrenches at the kitchen sink and patted a handful of bacon renderings into a white ball of grease. He whispered to Pierre, "Run over to Leblanc's for a half pound of sulphurated potassa. Then put a ladder oop to the roof outside."

"Why all this?" asked Pierre.

"Because I'm going to make the Durand sewer wheeze and gurgle like Grandfather's hearrt." He winked at Pierre. "And I've already had me hond in the fuse box."

In proof of his words, the lights in the dark storeroom and Flavien's office went out.

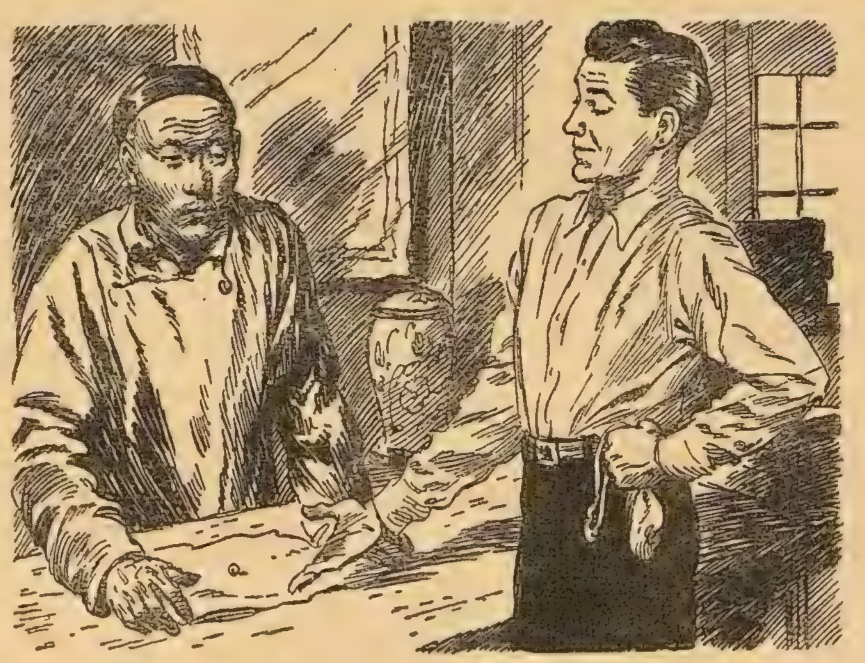
"What is this?" demanded Jean Maurel.

"Oh, they always do that," answered Jocko. "There's a shoort circruit someplace under the floor. In thirrty years of sairchin' I've never found the domned thing."

"But this is most terrible. It is in that room they will play cards!"

Jocko tapped him with a horny forefinger:

"Have candles ready, mon, but if you ha' a mind to settle it, I'll take oop the floor and sairch along the attic wall. And while I'm oop there I might as well stop the leak in that pipe."



"Leak?"

"Yes, it's an auld buildin', Monsieur Maurel, not a thing thot's standard size. I've been makin' parts for years. And by the way, I'll have to make some adapters for thot bar of yours; it won't connect with anything that's on the place."

"This is something that Duroc he did not tell me."

"It's a pity, mon, you fell into the auld sharper's hands. You're a neighborhood laughingstock already. The family here think thot they've been cheated, but it's a God's blessin' in disguise to get foorced oot of this domp and dreary place."

Jean Maurel appealed to Dodo with a hunted, questioning look.

Answering only with a defiant eye, Dodo gulped his coffee and stalked off toward his "office." He swung open the door and found two carpenters working inside.

"Out, out!" he shouted. Then, seeing that they hesitated, he seized them by the collars and flung them through the door.

Jean Maurel advanced in leaps.

"What are you doing to my office?" bellowed Dodo from the inside.

"Office? My dear fellow!" screeched Monsieur Maurel, "I warn you, keep out of this place from now on! You are in the ladies' powder room!"

MATA-AFA dropped a bundle of mattresses and bedclothes and straightened his back. The scowl melted from his face as he looked at Pirihita sitting under the banyan tree. He shuffled over and sat down. A little island of peace seemed drawn around them.

A long silence, then Mata-afa raised his eyes:

"Pirihita, your father and the priest, Nihiru, laid upon you a duty?"

"Yes."

"The time has come to perform it."

"But," said Pirihita in surprise, "my father said to wait until after the first feast in our new home in honor of the wedding, when all were happy."

"It is seldom so," answered the giant. "I, Mata-afa, say that the time has come."

He got up slowly and shuffled off for another load.

THE water of Dodo's shower clattered onto the zinc floor and the children ran in to share the bath. Water flowed freely and bubbled up into the kitchen sink. It reached the rim and poured over onto the floor. Then, with a guzzling sigh, it subsided, leaving a foul residue.

"What is this now?" raged Monsieur Maurel. He raced up the stairs and pounded on the shower door.

Dodo came nude and dripping from the shower:

"Monsieur Maurel, have you no respect for privacy? You make a constant spectacle of yourself."

"Look." Maurel pointed. "Water, stinking water is everywhere. Now it comes up here! This is planned destruction."

"This is the last insult I shall stand!" bellowed Dodo, but he looked over the balcony railing at the soiled kitchen floor and his eyes protruded with surprise.

"Yes," screeched Maurel, "it comes up. It is malicious sabotage of the plumbing processes. And you did it, you elephant, you fat water buffalo!"

Dodo charged, but Flavien reached the scene in time to stop him, and Mama hastily handed the master a towel. Dodo draped himself dramatically, panting with excitement. He first advanced, and then backed away from Jean Maurel, to allow more room for gesturing.

"My dear fellow," said Dodo with a controlled voice, "do you realize that you have accused the second mayor of *la Commune de Papeete* of deliberate sabotage?"

"Bah!" said Jean Maurel, "bah and again bah! I still have my civil rights, I have my restaurant license."

"Very well," said Dodo, "if this is your answer. You are also addressing the Chief Inspector of Sanitation." He waddled downstairs and sniffed at the kitchen sink. "Unsanitary," he announced. "A menace to the public health, unfit for use as a restaurant."

Jean Maurel pressed the palms of his hands to his temples and screamed, "I shall see that Major Duroc at once. I am betrayed, beset upon here with a rotten building!"

JOCKO started for the barn, meeting Pirihita as she came through the archway, just as Dodo, dressed in his best white regalia, came down the stairs. Pirihita paused before the master with a lowered head.

Recognizing the action as the beginning of something important, Dodo prompted, "Yes, child?"

"My father said that in many years on Nukutavake he had never had such a fine big family as we all were there. He was very grateful to you, Papa Dodo. Torohia wanted to make a return of courtesy, but he feared that it would spoil your pleasure in giving to us. So he waited, and now his time has come. He entrusted me with this to hand to you, Papa Dodo."

She pressed a small worn bag into Papa Dodo's hand. Dodo opened the chamois-skin bag and soon held a pearl in the palm of his hand.

"Black," he muttered, and ran for the dining room.

Breathing heavily, he tossed the pearl onto the white cloth as though it were a cast of the die that meant his life.

"Black-green," said Dodo huskily. "At least three grains! Color definite and luster brilliant! It is worth at least 18,000 dollars—if we could find a buyer."

He turned to Pirihita and kissed her. "She's done it!" he shouted triumphantly.

"Whoa!" broke in Georgette with a sudden frown. "You said *if* we could find a buyer."

Flavien held up his hands for silence:

"I've got it! There is only one man in Tahiti who knows the value of pearls—that man is Ah Lee, our Chinese neighbor." Flavien dropped the pearl back into the chamois bag and dashed across the street.

Ah Lee almost giggled when he saw him.

"A new shirt, Mr. Flavien? You surely lost your last one!"

"That can wait. No, I came on business."

Ah Lee put his tongue against his teeth and hissed, then he demanded: "What is this business?"

Flavien rolled out the black pearl of Nukutavake. Ah Lee's attempts to find flaws in the pearl were useless; so he switched quickly to the heavy discount Flavien must be prepared to take in his demand for 15,000 dollars cash. After a half hour of wrangling, he had Flavien sweated down to 12,000 dollars and messengers and prospective co-buyers were running in and out the front and back doors.

All the side deals having been completed, Flavien thrust the money into his open shirt and rushed through the door.

No need to ask if Monsieur Maurel had returned or if the major was there. Flavien could hear and see the argument from across the street.

"For the taxpayers, for the protection of the public welfare, I shall not yield an inch!" Dodo was saying. "No restaurant can open under these conditions. I am on my way to see the Governor now."

"Then," said Jean Maurel, "if this is his last word, you, Major Duroc, shall put this plumbing in order. In my ten-year lease it states the building shall be turned over to me in good shape! Now there are stinking water, a bad cesspool, and lights which go on, go off!"

"But you have taken occupancy," answered the major.

FLAVIEN moved into the argument, hands in his pockets:

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, it occurs to me that we can work out a satisfactory compromise all around. Monsieur Maurel apparently wants to be out of his difficulty. Major Duroc, you do not want to bear the cost of new plumbing. We want to remain in the building. It's all very simple. Why not simply let us stay?"

"Stay?" stormed the major. "You're broke. Get out of this building."

"We *were* broke," Flavien answered with a smile, "but I turned a little deal."

Monsieur Maurel seized Flavien by the coat lapels:

"Money? You have money?"

"A little," said Flavien, "and we are used to the plumbing."

"Then I have it! I sublease to you this building."

"You can't do it," shouted the major.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes." Monsieur Maurel wagged his finger under the major's nose. "Read the fine print. It says I can sublease at any time."

"Done," said Flavien, "and I still propose to contest this eviction. We were ousted before our time. We could have paid off that mortgage, and the court will decide."

"Then pay it, and keep your damned cesspool," roared the major. "I don't know how you managed this, but I do know that I wouldn't have you as any tenants of mine!"

The papers were signed on the bar, by each in turn. The dining table, the stove, the silverware, and kitchen utensils were bought back at a premium, but Flavien did not argue. He was leaning with the wind.

Pirihita slipped her hand into his:

"Are the house and the trees ours now, *Teau?*"

"They are ours."

"I am glad." She looked at the relieved Durand faces and at Flavien, then nuzzled her way into his arms.

Suddenly Dodo stopped and clutched his head:

"It's true about that Bombay seer! Happiness through a miracle of the sea. That was the best investment I ever made when I paid a guinea for my fortune. Jocko, put up that sign! Mata-afa, the ladder; Mama, get us some dinner. I want laughter, music, champagne, song!"

"Wait a minute," said Flavien. "We are broke again. After I take out the money for the taxes, we will only have twenty francs left."

"Weel," said Jocko, "here comes that fat Jacques with his pastry samples. We can have thot and I'll donate the last driblings of me pandanus wine."

Monsieur Leblanc hurtled through the doorway:

"Félicitations, félicitations! Aha, *mon brave,* it is all over town, you have survived a shipwreck. You brought back a treasure, and now you have vanquished a scheming enemy and regained your store."

Dodo's stature was growing by inches. The stoop came out of his tired back and his blue eyes sparkled with renewed life. Monsieur Leblanc approached Dodo and brushed off the master's shirt front approvingly: "The people's next choice for mayor. It is what you call 'in the sack'!"

"Well, not too much politics for me right away," blushed Dodo.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

ELISABETH COBB'S My Wayward Parent is the completely charming and unpretentious story of the home life of the beloved humorist, Irvin S. Cobb.

". . .his garden," she writes, "for all the exotic glory of its flowering . . . was never quite a garden, but always a yard. And the patio wasn't really a patio. It was a front porch. . . . We had come a long trip, from Savannah, Georgia, and Paducah, Kentucky, with a thirty-year stopover in New York, before we got to Hollywood, but that meant nothing. As long as Ivy sat there, making the iron patio chair into a rocker, we were countryfolk whether we liked it or not. And we liked it."

Elisabeth Cobb

And there was Laura Cobb, five-foot Lollie, who insisted that her husband go to New York to try his wings—making him leave her and the baby behind while she uncomplainingly waited a year for him to be able to send for her.

Lollie Cobb was a splendid wife for an impecunious newspaperman. On their wedding night Cobb ordered a supper of stuffed tomatoes and a bottle of champagne sent to their room. "She tasted her first glass dubiously, but then cried: 'Why, this is better than any lemonade I ever had in my life! I don't want this little old glass—I want a tumblerful!'

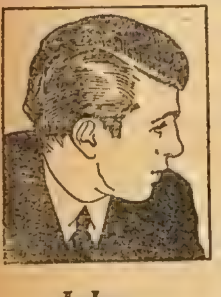
"Dad said she made a world's record that night and, moreover, one that so far as he knew has never been equaled, much less bettered, for she passed out cold as a herring in something under five minutes, scaring the living daylights out of him. He sent for the hotel doctor and in distracted tones informed him that his bride was dead. 'Dead, my foot!' said this callous character. 'She's drunk as hell!'

"'Well,' said Dad, 'there is one thing about my present wife—she's certainly an inexpensive little thing. One hot dog and she's sick. Ten cents' worth of beer and she's high as a kite! She couldn't blow two bits on a wild party to save her life!'"

Here is the Irvin S. Cobb of whom his daughter writes: "He'd engineer a jail break, pay off your mortgage . . . finance your imbecile invention for turning sea water into gold, or gold into sea water, which was more usually the case with us, bury your dead and adopt your orphans, but it was better, much better to confine his benevolent activities to such fields and refrain from asking him to open a can of beans. First place, he couldn't; second place, if he tried anyhow, natural exasperation at his own ineptitude enraged him; third place, if forced to employ any tool of any description, there was going to be an accident. He could get a nutpick out of order."

Published by Bobbs-Merrill Co., N. Y. Price $2.50.

JOHN MONKS, who served as a captain with the Third Marines at Bougainville, has, in **A Ribbon and a Star**, reported one small segment of a campaign so effectively that the book is as real as battle itself.



John Monks

Writing of Lieutenant Colonel Joseph P. McCaffery, he says, "No better-known or more widely loved man ever wore a Marine uniform."

Shortly after the landing, four rounds of machine-gun fire struck Colonel McCaffery in the chest. The Catholic chaplain was summoned. "When the last rites were finished, this great Marine smiled up at the chaplain and whispered: 'Well—it's been a short war. . . .'"

Published by Henry Holt & Co., N. Y. Price $2.75.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

S	W	E	D	E	N	■	G	U	E	L	P	H
K	U	R	U	S	U	■	A	N	G	O	R	A
I	C	■	O	N	T	A	R	I	O	■	O	R
R	H	O	■	E	R	I	N	S	■	L	U	V
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P	E	N	R	O	D	■	C	R	O	O	N	S
S	T	O	O	P	S	■	H	U	S	S	E	Y

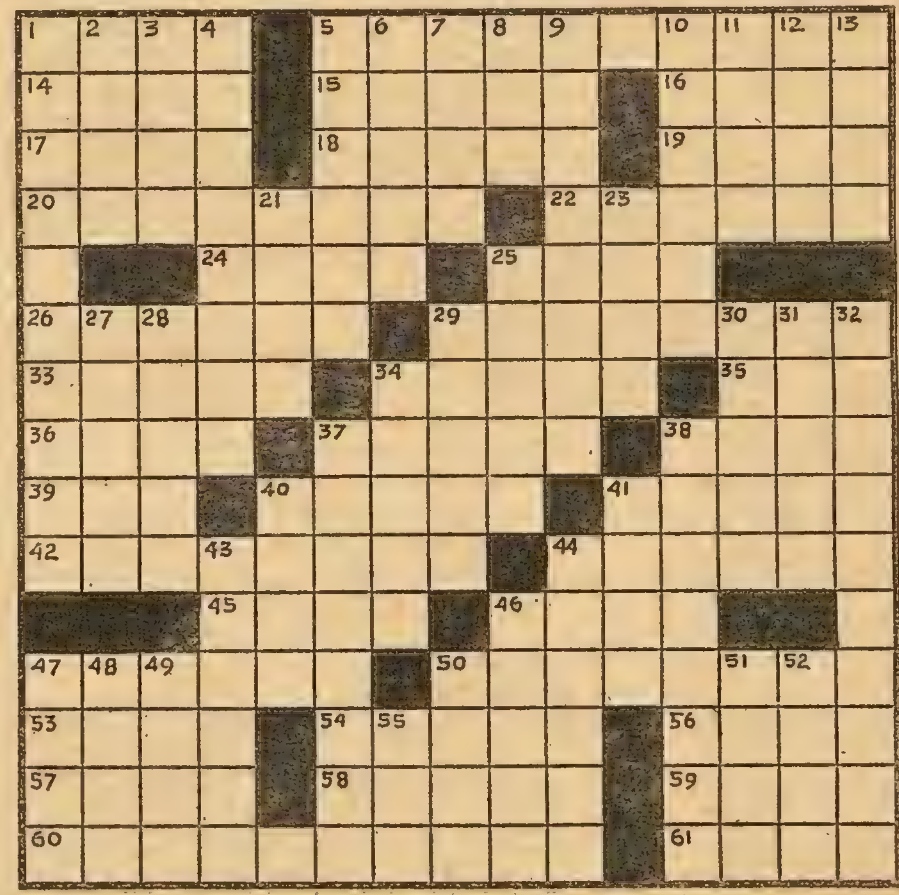
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 Old-fashioned tannery
5 Male hangovers
14 An old stinker
15 Savage law
16 Assess
17 Nonbelligerent beiligerent country
18 Rosie is reedy (anag.)
19 Filipino isle
20 These are easier to give than to receive, O parents!
22 What the old tub did when she sailed into New York
24 A poor man can find many of these for $1
25 What Icelanders do in August
26 What the loud-speaker does before election day
29 He'll altar your life for $10
33 Turbine tender
34 You get pied-eyed horsing around with this
35 Ignorant Moronity Exuders (abbr.)
36 Les États ——
37 Feminine football contests
38 Old-fashioned shiner
39 Nigerians Eat Nigerians (abbr.)
40 Hammed
41 Less suited
42 Souses
44 Give, brother!
45 Cause of bow-and-arrow weddings
46 Whaleskin
47 Female hangover
50 What a photographer's dotter does after twelve
53 Islet
54 Right now, Spain's a great big one
56 Look like a wolf
57 A Sistie or Buzzie
58 On seeing a dame in a sheet, he cried: "Caesar! Caesar!"
59 Wise men can see the end of man from here
60 They register more degrees than thermometers
61 They hold that lion

VERTICAL

1 Hog-tied emotionally
2 Lease
3 Superduper B picture
4 Lots of folks have these false
5 Shops
6 Gives the fraternal hotfoot to (simp. sp.)
7 It gets a bird's-eye view of Egypt
8 Cod-dled eggs
9 What big brother does to little sister
10 British gravy catchers
11 Champagne chiller
12 Earring chassis
13 One down, four showing
21 Employer
23 The spoken dramah at the burlesque show
25 Dug down into the underworld and brought things to light
27 Could you call this a Sea-29?
28 Twist an alien into line
29 Large feet
30 Complete this queen's theme song: —— Boom-de-Ay!
31 He has an antie for an uncle
32 Folks who sit on other folks
34 Here's where men come out on top (pl.)
37 Noodle stuffers
38 He has a dispossession like all get-out
40 Care to race around farm patch? (anag.)
41 Fido hopes it'll soon come back from war
43 When an irrepressible body meets a movable one, they do what?
44 Indoor sparking places
46 French paint slinger
47 Wee Theodores
48 Indian sitter
49 Fried filet of blotting paper
50 Kind of john
51 A wonderful cry or molding
52 A common contrivance
55 Rumsoaked Old Koots (abbr.)



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Melodrama on POPOCATÉPETL

1 **"When two friends** on Mexico's international mountain-climbing team invited me to make a practice climb up Popocatépetl," writes William Hunter from Mexico City, "I expressed doubt that I could carry my own weight up, let alone a packful of gear. 'You just bring the Canadian Club,' they said, 'we'll tote the rest.' That made the project look easy . . . until I found that these experts climb the human-fly way.

2 **"For hours** I panted and froze. Then I saw a sight that blotted discomfort from my mind. The indescribable beauty of Popo's neighbor volcano—Ixtaccihuatl, called 'Sleeping Woman' because of its profile.

3 **"Somewhere above** snowline, where we changed to warmer gear, I had a brilliant idea—a Canadian Club hot toddy. But at that altitude the water boiled before it was really hot. So we settled for a cold toddy.

4 **"The downtrip** was nearly my undoing. A slip, and I was body-sledding down an almost perpendicular 2,000-foot slope. For endless seconds terror paralyzed me . . . then I shot into a volcanic ash deposit, soft as soot.

5 **"After all that**—man, what a relief to be back in Mexico City . . . with a leisurely Canadian Club and soda. For, even in these days of shortage, this whisky with the unmistakable flavor is often to be found at Mexico's smart spots."

Even these days travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth—often from a cherished pre-war supply. And why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. You can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Hiram Walker & Sons

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

RENDEZVOUS WITH ANNIE

Continued from Page 33

pect that always does those sneaky things.' Why, I think I even know the night she had him in the house! She asked me to go home. She was mighty mysterious, and there was some smoked cigarettes in an ash tray by the bed when I cleaned up, and I don't trust nobody, Mr. Dolan."

"But, Nellie," said Jeff, "that was me. I came in late and left early. I swear I came home. I sneaked away on a bomber, saw her, and then got back the next day."

"Now I know you're lyin'," said Nellie. "Nobody can travel that fast, and that was the very night you telephoned from England."

Jeff groaned. The baby began to cry.

LATER, Annie watched Jeff as he telephoned. She watched in some trepidation.

"Mitchel Field?" Jeff said with violence. "ATC H.Q., please. Very important. . . . Dolan, Jeffrey Dolan." He waited. "Hello? This is Jeffrey Dolan. I'm calling either Captain George Spence or Lieutenant Richard Avery. I'm a friend of theirs. Can you tell me if they are here or on an overseas mission?"

"Brother," said the O.C. bluntly. "Their next of kin have been informed, so I might as well slip it to you. They're both missing in Burma. Their C-54 conked over the Hump, and they were last seen hitting the silk and walloping down into the CBI theater. They're probably alive and well, but if you're going to wait on the phone—"

"Oh, my gosh!" Jeff said, empty. "Thanks." He hung up.

"I'm sure they're safe and sound," Annie said. "Don't worry about them, darling."

"Worry about *them?*" Jeff said. "I'm not worried about them! They can take care of themselves. I'm worried about you and me and our baby."

"Kiss me quick," Annie said, smiling. "Some day, when they elect him President, we'll laugh at all this."

"We can't wait that long," Jeff said. "When I think what I've done to you, Annie. I love you most of anything and anyone in this world, and I've done this awful thing—"

"It doesn't matter," she whispered.

"It does matter. Right now. Trent! General Trent! Honey, I'm off to Washington."

Annie asked, "What for?"

"General Trent. Two stars on his shoulders. I signed his short-snorter bill coming in on that flight from Greenland. He'll remember. Why didn't I think of that before? It's the whole answer!"

And so, in quest of a whole answer, Jeff joined the lost battalion—the army of sitters and waiters—in the Pentagon.

He sat outside the general's office for a week. Finally, he got to the general.

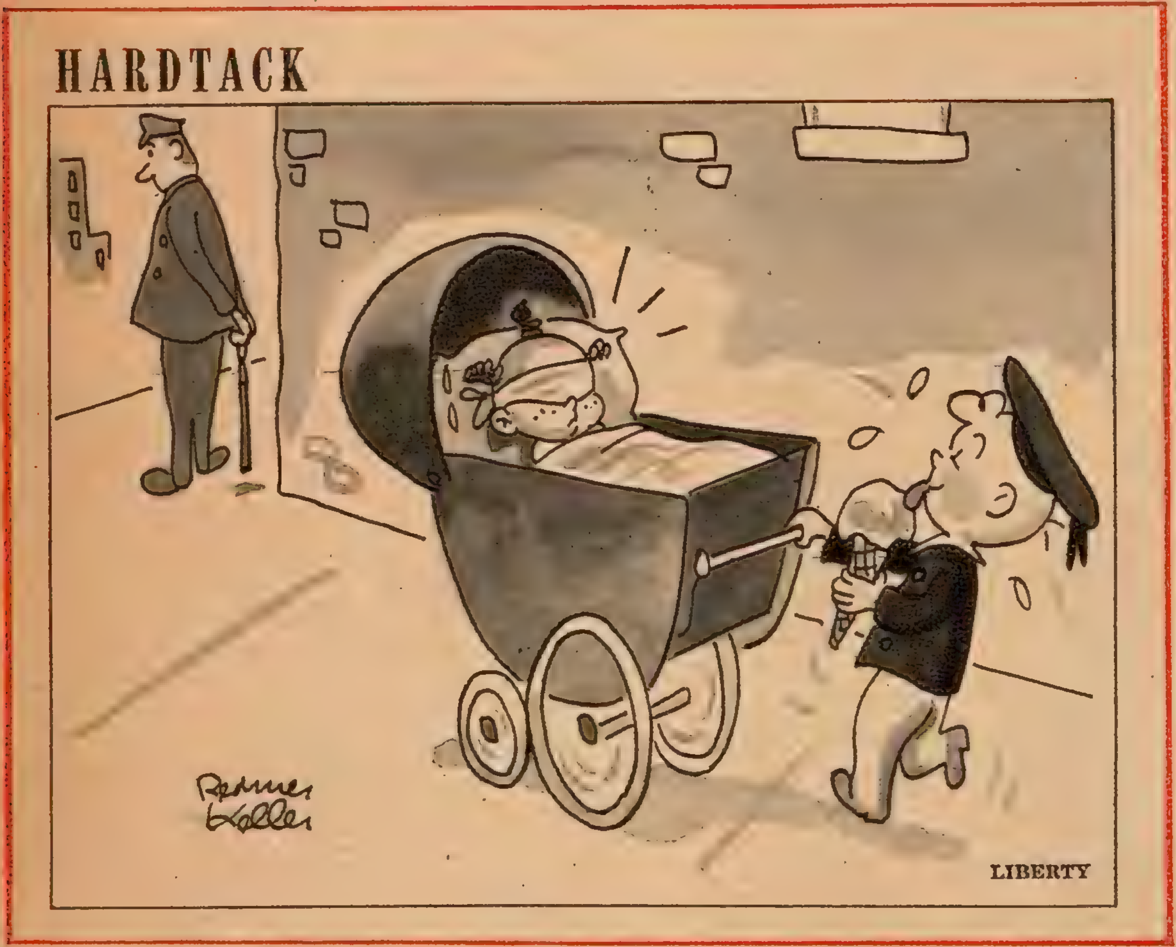
"My request is most unusual, general," Jeff said, standing at stiff attention, "but I flew with you from Greenland to New York last August. Do you remember?"

"My boy," said the general, "I am very busy. I flew from Greenland five times during August. Or maybe it was six."

"I know, sir," said Jeff, talking very fast. "But, sir, I was A.W.O.L. at the time."

"What?" said the general. "And you flew with me?"

"Yes, sir, on a C-54. I went home and visited my wife. She became a mother, and now the town is ruining her reputation. My business is suffering, and no one comes to see us. But, sir, I signed your short snorter. I can prove I saw you."


HARDTACK

"Well!" said the general, "everyone has signed my short snorter. This is a most unusual case. Of course I shall have to report you."

"Please do, sir! Please do!" said Jeff eagerly. "I only want to get the fact of my visit here established."

The general reached in his wallet and took out the great roll of dollar bills carefully folded together with Scotch tape. They pored over it together. Finally Jeff located the square writing of Spence.

"Here it is, sir!" he said.

Underneath Spence's signature was an illegible worm of ink which had trailed downward in despair toward the end of the bill.

"That's it!" said Jeff. "Thank God, that's it!"

"Write your signature," said the general. Jeff wrote "Jeffrey Dolan" on the pad on the desk.

"No similarity," said the general. "And I don't remember your face."

"But I tried to hide from you, sir, and I was nervous. How could I write straight?"

The general stared. "Why don't I remember? I never forget a face."

"Because I was hiding my face! I was A.W.O.L. Without leave! I didn't want you to catch me."

"H'mm," said the general. "A.W.O.L., eh? And I suppose you're masquerading out of uniform at the moment?"

"No, sir," Jeff said. "I've been discharged."

"DISCHARGED?" General Trent roared. "*Honorably* discharged?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you want me to court-martial you? Me to accuse a soldier with an honorable discharge? Ye gods, Dolan, are you trying to make a fool out of me when I'm coming up for lieutenant general in the Senate? Get out of here!"

"But, General Trent—"

"Obviously you're protecting the woman in the case from her own perfidy. Get out of here. I'm a busy man. The Senate is looking me over right now. I should get mixed up in your nobility—"

"If I weren't a coward," Jeff snarled, "I'd slug you!"

JEFF stood in a long line at a phone, and finally gained the objective. He called Woodville long distance. "Annie?"

"Are you all right, darling?"

"No," he said, "I'm terrible. I don't feel good. My feet hurt. And the general didn't remember because the Senate is in session."

Annie said, "Forget it, Jeff. Come on home."

"I wish I was dead," he said.

"Don't say things like that," Annie said. "We can move some place else."

"But what about the mills?"

"You need a loan," said Annie. "I don't think the bank will give you the loan. I think Everett Thorndyke will just stall you, darling. Don't you see, as long as he stalls you, he has a club. If he gives you the loan, then you can press him to prove you were in New York."

"Agh!" Jeff choked.

"Where did Everett see you?" said Annie. "You never did tell me."

"At a joint called the Bongo Club."

"On the same night you were coming home to see me?" Annie sounded wary. "You never told me."

Jeff gulped. "Now, take it easy, honey—it was while I was waiting for the train that night—Spence and Avery—Dick had a crush on a movie star—Dolores Starr—"

"Dolores Starr!" Annie said, alarmed.

"Not me—Dick Avery. They were afraid to leave me in the station—I was nervous—they dragged me. I saw Everett Thorndyke there at the club. Then I caught the train."

"You were with Dolores Starr?" Annie said.

"Not with her exactly— Listen, honey. It was just—Avery wanted to meet her—they took a picture—" He gulped, electrified. "The picture!"

"What picture?" Annie asked.

"A fotog took a picture of all of us!" Jeff said. "I was in it! That would prove I was in this country!"

"Oh, Jeff—"

"I'm telling the truth, Annie! I'll catch the first train for New York and try and find Dolores Starr or that photographer and see about that picture!"

DOLORES STARR was playing in a new musical comedy at the Forty-Sixth Street Theater. Jeffrey's train from Washington arrived at eight. He went up to the stage door and tried to get in.

"She wouldn't remember the name," Jeff told the doorman. "Tell her it's an old intimate friend of hers. Very important."

"Friend," said the doorman. "Her husband poked an old intimate friend of hers last night on this spot and nearly killed the guy. Don't you read the papers? You'd better lam."

"I'll wait in the alley," Jeff said. "I'm not that old and that intimate a friend. I didn't even know she was married."

"Boy, is she married!" said the doorman.

Jeff waited in the alley. It was a long vigil. Around eleven o'clock a guy came down the alley, smoking a cigarette. The guy stopped opposite him and said, "Hello, George—" then peered. "Sorry, I thought you were George Baker of the Mirror."

"I'm Jeff Dolan," Jeff said.

"Yeah." The man flicked his cigarette away. "Newspaperman?"

"No."

"I thought maybe Dolores wasn't seeing gents of the press after that little debacle last night," said the man. "My name is Morgan. Al Morgan, AP."

"Glad to meet you," Jeff said. "I've got to see Miss Starr. It's very important. If you see her, will you tell her, I must see her?"

"Why?" said Morgan.

Jeff told him in a quick ecstatic outburst "—and there was this picture, which'll prove it, see?"

Morgan smiled thinly. "It's a goofy story. I don't believe it. But it's an original pitch, and I'm a sucker for original pitches. Only this tomato isn't a good one to pitch for. She and her husband have just split. He's Phil Denim, the band leader. He's crazy about her. Very jealous. That's why they've split. So if I were you—"

"I'm not interested in Miss Starr *that* way," said Jeff earnestly. "I'm in love with my wife. It's the picture. Really it is."

"Cute," said Morgan cynically. "Nice and cute, that boyish approach. Dolores might buy it. I'll see that you see her." He went in.

Fifteen minutes later he came out and beckoned. Jeff followed him. They went to Dolores Starr's dressing room. She was in a robe and taking her make-up off.

"Old friend of yours," said Morgan. "Jeff Dolan—Dolores Starr."

Dolores frowned at Jeff with a tired smile. "Old friend? I don't remember you, Mr. Dolan."

"The Bongo Club, last August," Jeff said soberly. "We were all there. You were singing and I went with George Spence and Dick Avery. Don't you remember? We were soldiers. A man named Louie took a photograph of us."

Dolores shook her head. "I don't remember that. Are you serious?"

Morgan said, "I was wrong. She didn't buy it."

"Buy what?" Dolores asked.

"This ingenious pitch," said Morgan.

"Look, Al," said Dolores meaningly. "If you have hauled in this barefoot boy in hopes that Phil will stage another D Day like last night and make an ass of both of us all over the papers again—"

Morgan shrugged. "This guy was in the alley. He wanted to see you."

"I'm not selling anything to be bought," Jeff said desperately. "I'm trying to prove I went A.W.O.L. last August and got back to start being a father. In Woodville, everybody thinks my wife—well—I was supposed to have been gone for nearly two and a half years—"

"Get him out of here," said Dolores. "He sounds a little on the dreamy side."

"Miss Starr," said Jeff shrilly, "all I'm asking is to see your scrapbooks. You keep scrapbooks, don't you?"

She shrugged. "Show him the scrapbooks, Al."

"Thanks," said Jeff fervently. "Oh, thank you!"

BUT the scrapbooks didn't work. He went through all the pictures and all the clippings. There was no sign of that photo from the Bongo with Spence, Avery, and himself in it. He sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

Morgan was mildly amused, but Dolores got up and touched Jeff's shoulder.

"Tell me again," she said warmly, "about the picture. Not in the scrapbook?"

"No." Jeff took a breath. "You were singing. You came over to the table afterward. A photographer named Louie—"

"That's Louie Grapa," said Morgan. "He's the fotog at the Bongo."

"—came by, and Dick Avery—he was the one with the crush on you—asked for a photo of the group, and you said it would be all right. Then they took the picture."

Dolores said, "That explains it, then. It was taken for your friend, not for me. I don't have a copy. I used to have shots with most soldiers there. Louie Grapa might still have the negative in his files, though. Al—why don't you take him over to the Bongo?"

"I'll take him," Morgan said, "if we take you. You ought to clear out of here anyhow, in case your husband is on the warpath again."

Dolores assented. They caught a cab to the Bongo Club and sat at a cocktail table in the bar. Louie Grapa joined them.

"It was August," said Jeff. "August 13. Three soldiers—a captain, a lieutenant, and me, a corporal. You said I loused the picture. Remember?"

"I should remember!" Louie groaned.

"Give a look," Dolores said. "Please, Louie."

"For you, angel, I look," he said.

When he came back, he had the picture. He waved it happily, and Jeff waved back just as happily, for his cheeks were numb, his eyes were dreamy, and his blood was rampant from osmosis and whisky. He was not much of a drinker.

Louie gave Jeff the print, still wet; and Dolores and Morgan looked over

"It's all right, mother—we're friends."
LIBERTY

his shoulder. There sat Captain George Spence, smiling virilely, a handsome figure of a pilot. There sat Richard Avery, a wolf in wolf's clothing, leering down the décolletage of Dolores Starr, who sat smiling with full charm at—nothing.

Not quite nothing. A fragment of Corporal Jeffrey Dolan remained. Just a fragment. If you squinted, you could just see the dome of a shaven head. It was an ugly thing, that skull with the G. I. haircut. It had no face, no ears. You wondered how Miss Starr could smile at it.

"You," Louie said, shrugging, "ducked."

"But it's me!" Jeff said shrilly.

"Oh—oh," Dolores said. "Let's get out of here. There goes Phil. He looks tight. Hurry it up, Al."

But Phil Denim had spotted them. He pushed through the crowd.

Denim grabbed at Dolores' arm and caught it. "I want to see you," he said. "I've got to see you, darling. You can't do this to me."

"Let go of me!" Dolores cried.

"Let go of her," Jeff said. He meant to say more, but Denim had hooked a left. Jeff broke off conversation to duck. The punch caught Dolores Starr on the chin and laid her to rest on the carpet of the lounge without ado. Denim stared in horror. Then, like a bull, he reached out for Jeff, who, panicked, clipped him with some elementary-basic-training-United-States-Army judo. Mr. Denim joined his wife while flash bulbs recorded the historic event.

JEFF stood there like a totem pole. "Thank you very much," Al Morgan said to him sweetly. "And good night."

Jeff began to understand scrivener Morgan's gratitude when he opened a newspaper the next morning. He was at the bottom of a manic-depressive low when he unfolded the Tribune which the bellhop served him up, along with a three-minute egg and a reminder that the hotel needed his room by three o'clock, and no checks cashed.

The headlines were in thirty-two point, along with a very marvelous action picture of Mr. Denim kneeling to windward, Miss Starr stiff as a log, and Mr. Dolan posing like a box fighter. The legend put it:

NIGHT CLUB BRAWL
OVER DOLORES
Denim Rides Again, but
Dolan Fights for Love
of Actress
By Al Morgan

Incipient mal-de-mer invaded Jeff's already turbulent viscera. He saw the AP press mark on the story and he remembered that the Woodville Star had an AP wire service, and that Mrs. Annie Dolan subscribed to the Star. He hastened to call home.

"Annie darling!" he said.

"How could you?" Annie said quietly and unhappily. "How could you do it, Jeff? And I loved you so much—all the time you were thinking of that other woman. The very night you came home," Annie cried quietly, "you stopped off first to see her."

"You don't believe this damn story, Annie?"

"I believe every word of it! I'm going away with the baby! I never want to see you or hear you again!"

She was gone forthrightly, the click of finality hurting his ears.

He rose and strode the room frantically. He stared at the newspaper and threw it on the floor. He even jumped on it once.

And as he prepared to jump a second time, a familiar face looked up at him, entreating him not to put that angry heel down on that refined proboscis again. Jeff gaped at the paper.

It was the lower half of the front page. A one-column cut buried in a two-column story. The cut was a good likeness. The story said, "Sir Archibald Yates, distinguished British Minister, arrives here on mission for international housing plans."

The old duffer! Jeff silently screeched.

Jeff clutched the paper. Sir Archibald had just arrived. Staying at the Plaza. Entraining for Washington to attend a conference after brief New York stopover.

Jeff dressed. By the time he had finished tying his shoelaces, he was uptown in front of the Hotel Plaza.

WITH great enthusiasm, Jeff rushed to the glittering desk and announced to the entire hotel, "I've got to see Sir Archibald Yates right away!"

"Sir Archibald is very busy," said the clerk. "If you'll wait—"

"I can't wait!" Jeff cried. "I've got to see him at once. It's a matter of life and death!"

"Death?" gasped the clerk.

Two sleuths stepped to Jeff's side. "My name's Mahoney, homicide bureau," said one rosy-faced detective. "Did you mention death?"

Jeff stared agape at the guy.

"He mentioned it all right. Something about death and Sir Archibald Yates."

"No, it was just an expression," Jeff said, panicked. "Look! My name is Jeffrey Dolan and I live in Woodville, New Jersey. Sir Archibald is an old friend of mine."

"You'd better blow, brother," said Mahoney. "You and a hundred other screwballs. Move along and keep out of here!"

"But I've got to see him!"

"You," said Mahoney. "Blow while I'm kind and generous, Dolan. If your moniker wasn't Irish, I'd run you in."

Jeff had no sooner hit fresh air than inspiration shuddered him. Service entrance. He found the back entrance through an alley and went in without being challenged. He climbed the stairs of the hotel until he reached the mezzanine floor. Then he cornered a vagrant bellhop and crossed the kid's palm with a buck. "What floor is Sir Archibald Yates on?" he asked.

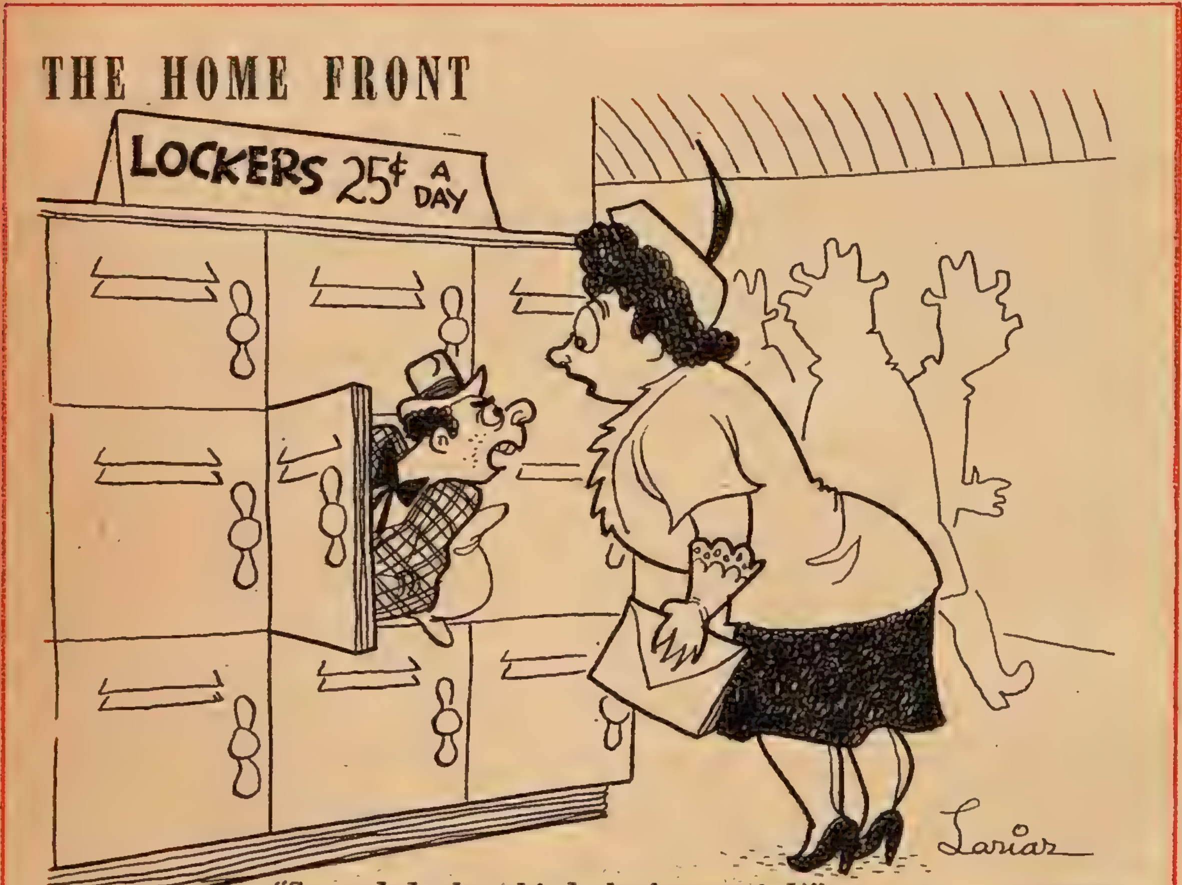
"Ninth," said the bellhop. "He's in 902. Got the big suite."

"Thanks."

He took the elevator up from the mezzanine floor to the ninth, got off, and began searching for Suite 902. Lounging in front of it was a newspaperman by the name of Al Morgan, smoking a cigarette while he waited to nail the British Minister.

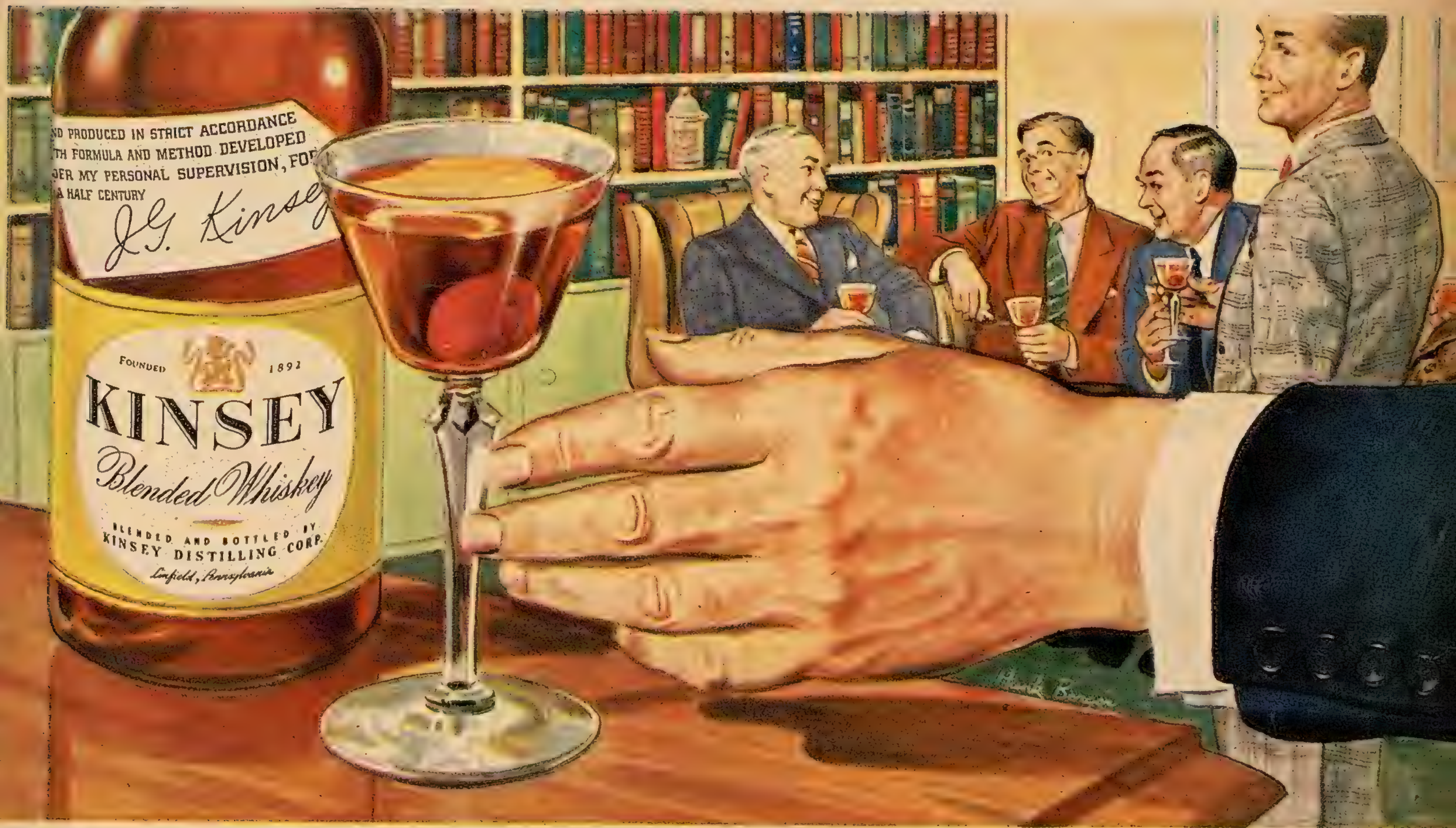
Jeff took one look at Al Morgan, and it was like putting on scarlet sun glasses. He uttered an unintelligible growl of vengeance and catapulted down the hall into Mr. Morgan's chest. They went down in a heap,

(*Continued on page 56*)



"Sorry, lady, but this locker's occupied!" LIBERTY

They'll always beat a path to the door of the man . . .


ND PRODUCED IN STRICT ACCORDANCE
TH FORMULA AND METHOD DEVELOPED
ER MY PERSONAL SUPERVISION, FOR
A HALF CENTURY
J.G. Kinsey
FOUNDED 1892
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
KINSEY DISTILLING CORP.
Linfield, Pennsylvania

who makes a better Manhattan than his neighbor

If you'd like friends to beat a path to *your* door, just try this Manhattan recipe:

One part Vermouth . . .

Two parts superbly smooth Kinsey Whiskey. (Remember, every delicious drop is blended with 54 years of "know-how"!) . . .

Add a dash of bitters . . . stir with ice . . . strain into a glass . . . garnish with a cherry.

Serve these wonderful Kinsey Manhattans to just a few friends who know a grand whiskey when they taste one. Allow a few days for the word to get around . . . then stand by to accommodate the rush!

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WHISKEY
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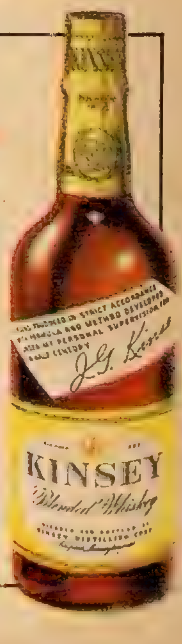
J.G. Kinsey
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey

86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits
Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

(*Continued from page 54*)

Jeff trying to infight ineffectually, while a racket of protestation went up in the hall.

Doors were thrown open. On guard in the suite, F.B.I. men poured into the hall as Jeff yelled, "I'll kill him! I'll kill him!" Men pulled him off Morgan, who was more startled than hurt. Then everything became a mass of milling faces and thousands of questions, soon amplified by the gent named Mahoney, who allowed as how he should have run the ginzo in earlier when his suspicions was first aroused by misconduct in the lobby. From there on, it was strictly a buggy ride in Black Maria.

"THAT'S all," Jeff said. "That's all there is. And that's the truth." The cell block was quiet as he sat there, watching Al Morgan's face.

Morgan stepped on his cigarette and sighed. "Well," he murmured, "I suppose it's true. It's too dopey not to be true. So I don't blame you for trying to knock me off."

"But the police think I meant to attack Sir Archibald Yates," Jeff whispered hollowly. "Did you hear the charge—attempted assassination!"

"I'm sorry, kiddo," Morgan said. He smiled faintly. "It's a lot my fault. I believe you, and I'll do something about it." He vanished.

An hour later the turnkey waddled down the cell block and said pontifically, "Jeffrey Dolan?"

"You know I am," Jeff said.

"Hit the road," said the turnkey. "You been sprung on a habeas corpus." He opened the door.

"Sprung?"

"Free," said the turnkey, "like as a bird."

Morgan was waiting for him. The police gave him back his effects and his belt. They left the Tombs for a black limousine of some glitter. Jeff kept taking deep breaths.

"Where are we going?"

"We are going," said Morgan, "to establish a paternity. And you're not to forget that this little ditty is exclusively mine for publication."

"What—"

"Don't talk so much."

Twenty minutes later Jeff was walking across a rug that he sank into up to his knees, and he was clasping the warm and friendly hand of the old duffer, *i.e.*, Sir Archibald Yates, in Suite 902.

"My boy," said Sir Archibald gravely, "I'm so sorry that you fell into this odd dilemma over me. So nice to see you again, corporal."

"Gee," said Jeff, smiling once more, "I never expected to see you again. I never knew you were—"

"What seems to be the trouble, corporal?"

Jeff told him in rapid detail. "No matter where I went, it was a dead end. I never thought of you until I saw the photo in the paper. And then I remembered about the cake—how we used to talk—how I brought that cake back with me—the newspaper—"

"Are those water colors?"

LIBERTY

"The Woodville Star," said Sir Archibald, like Gabriel announcing the Judgment. "I remember the date. I shall never forget it. I am not a good chap on faces. But that cake!" He swallowed nostalgically. "That magnificent cake!" He shook his head. "How far away is your home in Woodville?"

"Twenty-five minutes with police escort," Al Morgan snapped.

"Why, we could make it easily tonight," Sir Archibald said.

"But my wife—" Jeff said.

"Call her," Morgan said.

"She never wants to see me again."

"Nonsense," said Morgan. "I just talked to her. I squared it."

Jeff got on the telephone. Sure enough, Annie was still in the house.

"Oh, darling—I'm sorry—" Annie said in a rush. "Come home quick. I love you so. Never mind what people say, Jeff, just so we have each other—"

"Honey—"

"Come right home. I'm baking you a cake. A chocolate cake."

"Frost that cake," Jeff said, "and turn on the lights. Here we come!"

THE party had no sooner reached the little white house on Main Street when the telephone rang.

Jeff went to the phone. "Hello?"

"Jeff? It's Everett Thorndyke."

Thorndyke's voice was squeaky and nervous. "You've got to help me," he said. "That Dolores Starr woman—she's threatening me!"

"With what?"

"She called me—on the phone—said she was going to come down and tell my wife she saw me—at the Bongo that night."

"Well?"

"It's blackmail!"

"It isn't blackmail," Jeff said. "It happens to be true." He caught Al Morgan's eye as Morgan lounged by.

"But Milly'd murder me—Milly'd leave me. It was just a harmless fling—"

"Why tell me?" Jeff asked.

"Because Dolores Starr said you could stop her. If I apologized to you, she'd call off the dogs—"

Jeff laughed bitterly. "All right. So you apologize and I forgive you."

"Jeff—wait—" Thorndyke panted. "I've been thinking about you—you know—the reconversion loan—Dolan Mills is a good risk—an excellent risk—the bank'll grant you the loan if you still want it—"

"Well," Jeff said, "it's really an apology. O.K., Dolan Mills accepts. And you never made a safer loan."

He heard Thorndyke sigh. "Thanks, my boy," Thorndyke swallowed. "Thank you very much indeed. Congratulations and good night."

Jeff hung up and stared at Morgan. Morgan shrugged. "Dolores liked you," he murmured. "That barefoot-boy pitch—she bought it, after all. Besides, after that Bongo battle, she and Phil made up. They owed it sort of to you, they felt. So when I asked her to strike with lightning—When do we try this cake?"

SIR ARCHIBALD YATES was sitting in front of the fire and Annie was sitting with him. She had roused the infant Dolan from his slumbers to present him to his distinguished godfather. Then Jeff came in, carrying a fantastic mountain of cake staggering under a load of chocolate frosting. It was the same miracle. Morgan's eyes bulged, but Sir Archibald just attacked it with a predatory familiarity.

"Isn't he beautiful?" Annie said, showing the baby.

"M'mm-h'mm," Sir Archibald said, masticating sensitively on each bite of the chocolate cake. "Name?"

Jeff took his son from Annie. "We're naming him after his godfather," he said. "Archibald Jeffrey Dolan." He winced at the sound of it. So did Morgan. So did Sir Archibald, who paused.

"If I may advise you," said Sir Archibald, "put *my* name in the middle, where he can conveniently drop it after his first fisticuffs at having been called by it. Shall we say Jeffrey Archibald Dolan?"

They agreed it was better.

"But look at him," Jeff said, holding the baby proudly. "Isn't he something? Isn't he the most beautiful baby you ever saw?"

"My dear boy," Sir Archibald said, hesitating in his consumption of chocolate cake, "there are hundreds of thousands of the most beautiful babies in the world in this world, some of them uncommonly resembling your son." He smiled faintly. "But there is only one chocolate cake like this in the galactic universe."

But even this—plus a dampening diaper against the palm of his hand—failed to dampen Jeff's ardor, which was almost as fervent as Sir Archibald's as he continued to eat.

THE END

THE TURTLE AND THE LOBSTER BACKS

Continued from Page 25

that want to. The others will need more than that."

They walked in silence, their booted feet slushing through the heavy mud. Fort George was a grotesque shadow in the night, crouched, waiting, its cannon watching hopelessly the immense fleet that rode the harbor. Beyond, lay the redoubts, the flimsy barricades, the hastily constructed obstacles to slow the progress of an enemy that could move forward with irresistible force. And beyond that lay the city of New York, all but deserted, mute beneath the pall of impending doom.

Both stories and gable of the white green-shuttered Kennedy House at 1 Broad Way were brightly lit. The shadows of hurrying figures passed before the high arched windows. Captain Perdy motioned Ezra to follow him into the house. When Ezra hesitated in the great hall, the captain motioned him again to follow. It was a large room, at least thirty by fifty feet in length, high-ceilinged, brightly lit, its arched windows looking west toward the Hudson, and south toward the bay. A man dressed in civilian clothes detached himself from a group of officers and strode over with outstretched hand. He was a frail blond man, hardly any bigger than little Captain Perdy.

"John!" he cried. "I'm delighted to find you here. I was hoping to meet Nathan Hale, too, but I'm told he's off on a mission. That would have been a real class reunion."

"I received your letters, David," Captain Perdy said. "So your experiment works. Has the general decided yet?"

"I'm not sure. I think so. He called this meeting, and as soon as he has finished writing his report to Congress—John, he must approve! It is our only hope!"

They turned and looked toward the far end of the room, where a man was working at a small desk.

"I can't understand it, John," the civilian said. "Here are fifteen or twenty men cluttering up the room, talking without even lowering their voices, and Washington just sits there and writes as though he were alone in the world."

"He is," Captain Perdy said.

THE two men moved off, and Ezra drew to one side of the door and flattened himself against the wall with his musket held rigid at his side. He was out of place in this room filled with generals. Ezra recognized General Putnam, and Stirling, and Colonel Knox. They were the centers of small groups that talked excitedly, tensely, their foreheads furrowed, signs of fatigue drawing lines as sharp as saber slashes on their faces. Ezra wondered suddenly if they, too, were not making the excuses and shaping the reasoning by which they could return to their homes and families.

Only the man working at the small desk seemed unaffected. He wrote steadily, rapidly, his mouth working as if he were saying the words softly to himself. When, at last, he finished and signed his manuscript with a little flourish, silence descended over the room and all present turned eagerly toward him. General Washington rose slowly and walked over to the window, and looked for a long moment at the flickering lights of the enemy fleet riding in the harbor, then he turned and faced his generals. He looked around the room, and his gray eyes looked into Ezra's for a moment and then passed on, and Ezra felt a tremor through him as of sudden recognition.

It was the strength in the man that Ezra recognized, as only one who lives in the wilderness can recognize strength and stand in awe of it. It was the strength that is hidden beneath the bark of the ash and the hickory, the cruel strength of the north wind, of the bitter cold, of the whirlpool in the rapids. Ezra leaned forward eagerly. If any man living

Bob Got Out Of The Woods In A Hurry When...
IF THAT BLASTED PLANE HADN'T SCARED HIM, I'D A HAD A MOOSE
LOOK... HE'S LANDING ON OUR LAKE. LET'S SEE WHAT'S COOKING!
BOB ALLEN, YOUNG ACTOR, RESTS FROM A LONG RUN ON BROADWAY BY HUNTING UP NORTH
IT'S VERY HUSH-HUSH. A SECRET REHEARSAL TONIGHT. YOU'LL MAKE HISTORY!
WOW! A BROADWAY SHOW IN FULL COLOR TELEVISION! I'M READY! LET'S GO!
DON'T TELL ME HE'S BOB ALLEN, DAD!
WE'VE DRAGGED HIM OUT OF THE WOODS. WAIT TILL YOU SEE HIM CLEANED UP
STUDIO A
STEP ON IT, BOB. THEY'RE WAITING
WHEW! WHY DOESN'T THIS PART CALL FOR A BEARD?
HERE'S A RAZOR, SIR
WHAT A BLADE! FOUR DAYS' STUBBLE GONE LIKE MAGIC!
THAT'S A THIN GILLETTE. BEST LOW-PRICED BLADE ON THE MARKET
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S THE SAME MAN. WHY HE'S HANDSOME
BIG CHANGE, ALL RIGHT. HE'S A NATURAL FOR TELEVISION
I THINK YOU WERE MARVELOUS
JOIN US FOR A LATE SNACK, ALLEN. I'VE GOT GREAT PLANS FOR THIS SHOW... AND YOU'RE IN THEM
SEE WHAT A THIN GILLETTE SHAVE DOES FOR A MAN!
YOU ALWAYS GET REFRESHING, GOOD-LOOKING SHAVES WITH THIN GILLETTE BLADES, FOR THESE ARE THE KEENEST, LONGEST-LASTING, LOW-PRICED BLADES YOU EVER USED. AND BECAUSE THEY FIT YOUR RAZOR PRECISELY, THEY PROTECT YOUR FACE FROM THE SMART AND IRRITATION CAUSED BY MISFIT BLADES. ALWAYS ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES
THIN Gillette BLADES
4 for 10¢

could give him the words of hope to carry back, Washington could.

"Gentlemen, we have been defeated on Long Island," he said. "Where the fault lies is a matter for the critics far removed from the field of battle to decide. At present, our situation is perilous. We are outnumbered only about three to one, but, unfortunately, whereas we are forced to distribute our troops to all points open to attack, the British, possessing a large navy, can concentrate their attack at any point of their choosing. General Greene has written to me from his sickbed that he approves of my plan to burn and destroy New York, if it becomes necessary for us to withdraw, thereby making it untenable to our enemies. I shall submit this plan to Congress for its approval."

These are not the right words! Ezra thought. These were the words of defeat, spoken without emotion. It would not hold the men to know that their own generals were planning to abandon New York and destroy it. He watched the commander in chief return to the window and stand staring at the British fleet riding at anchor in the harbor. At last, Washington turned slowly, and Ezra felt his heart suddenly leap. There was no change in the general's expression, yet he could sense the gathered determination, the crouched strength. He spoke more rapidly.

"We cannot fight them successfully on equal terms. We have to use ingenuity where they use strength. We must move faster, and think faster, and act faster. We have to attempt the impossible and make it possible. Gentlemen, you have met David Bushnell. He has been doing his fighting in a laboratory and a machine works, instead of on the field of battle. He has a weapon with which we might destroy the enemy fleet. It is a weapon never before attempted — an underwater craft capable of motion, able to travel beneath the sea and to attack enemy vessels with explosive charges fixed against their hulls. He shall explain its principles to you. Gentlemen, this is our last hope!"

HE returned to the desk and sat down and closed his eyes wearily. His work was done. He had given them something much greater than words. He had given them hope. They leaned forward, listening to David Bushnell as he explained the working of his infernal machine, and Ezra could see the quivering of their nostrils, and hear their quickened breathing.

Bushnell's soft droning voice stopped. There was silence in the room, and Washington got up, rested his fists on the desk, and leaned forward.

"You have heard Mr. Bushnell, gentlemen," he said. "Are there any objections to attempting his plan?"

The men in the room leaned forward, and some raised their hands a bit from their sides, and some opened their mouths, but no one spoke. Washington smiled thinly. "Unanimous agreement," he said, "with unvoiced reservation. We shall attempt it, then, at the earliest possible moment. The powder charge must be prepared, and the proper tide selected, and—begging your pardon, Mr. Bushnell — a much stronger man than you must be obtained and instructed in the operation of the craft. A volunteer—"

His voice tapered off, and his eyes came up slowly and met Ezra Lee's. There was no question in them; no command. They were the eyes of one strong man appraising another, measuring him against tremendous standards and finding him not lacking. Ezra felt no humbleness as he walked past the officers, nor yet any pride. He did not even think to salute when he stood before his commander in chief and looked into the eyes that came almost to a level with his own.

"If you are willing to stake your honor on this thing, sir," he said, "I guess I got no call not to be willing to take a chance with it. If you think I can, I'd like to try running this underwater thing for you."

The general smiled. "Thank you, sergeant. I know you can."

It wasn't until later, when he was walking beside Captain Perdy back toward the barracks, that a sudden thought came to Ezra.

"Captain," he said reproachfully, "you knew all along that they would ask for a volunteer."

The little captain chuckled.

IN the days that followed, the talk that an attempt would be made against the British armada became an open secret. It became a topic of conversation that filled all the idle time in the barracks with wild speculation.

"Mom, there's a man here says he's my papa!"

LIBERTY

"There's something brewing," Gillen said one afternoon. "The king's men are scurrying back and forth between their ships like water bugs. There's something brewing, and they ain't sure what it is, and I ain't either, but I'll be hanged if I'll go back to Pawlinsville and miss a tale to tell."

"Now it couldn't be you know more about it, Ezra, than you're letting on, could it?" Beatty asked. "A body hears things—"

"Wait and see," said Ezra. "You just wait and see."

AND they waited. They watched and waited, content to sacrifice a few more days rather than miss the tale that they might take back home with them. Only success could take the laughter out of a fantastic tale like this one. Ezra tried not to think of failure as he worked to master the operation of the strange craft that David Bushnell had built out at Saybrook.

The craft was made of oak planks bound with iron and shaped like two turtle shells pressed together. When Ezra remarked on the similarity, Bushnell said, "Then 'Turtle' it shall be. Since you will be the first man to use her in battle, the least we can do is to let you name her."

Ezra liked Bushnell. Although Ezra had the instinctive distrust of the outdoorsman for things mechanical, Bushnell made the operation of the Turtle appear simple and practical. It was driven by a twenty-four-inch two-bladed wooden screw, turned by hand cranking. It needed a strong man to crank it, and although Ezra was powerful, even at his best he could not move forward more than three miles an hour. Another screw on the bottom drove the craft downward for underwater diving, and a foot-operated valve let in water to speed the dive. A small hand-operated force pump drove the water out again when it was necessary to rise to the surface. There was a water gauge, with a floating cork that rose with the descent of the craft, and fell with the ascent, marked off so that each graduation of rise or fall denoted about a fathom of depth. There was a compass, lighted with phosphorus, to be used when under the surface, and heavy glass ports that gave enough light on the surface. Three small openings on top ventilated the craft, then closed tight for diving.

The charge that the Turtle carried in a wooden ironbound magazine, was made up of a hundred and thirty pounds of black powder, and was attached to her hull above the rudder. It could be detached at will or, with the aid of a line, it could be attached to the hull of a ship by a wood bit on an auger extending above the top of the Turtle. A clock and a gun's flintlock would set off the charge in any time desired up to twelve hours.

The Turtle was not a large craft, but there was enough room in it for

Ezra to move his great bulk and operate the pump and valves and crank.

"I feel like the yolk of an egg every time I get in there," he told Bushnell. "And sometimes it gets hot enough for me to fry."

He mastered the operation of the craft, yet, as each day passed, the hopelessness of the mission seemed more apparent. The very thought that one man alone could sink the British armada bordered onto madness. One night, Bushnell came to him, glowing with excitement.

"You're going to attack the Eagle!" he cried. "Admiral Howe's own flagship! A sixty-four-gun frigate, and you'll attack her singlehanded! Lee, what I wouldn't give for your bulk and strength!"

"And if I had your brains, you know where I'd be right now?"

"Sure! Down at the fort, spying on the Eagle and charting your course! Come on, let's go!"

Somehow, standing on the parapet, with the little inventor at his elbow, Ezra forgot that it was fantastic to think of sinking one of those ships.

"The bay would be a mighty pretty sight without the king's ships in it," he mused.

He started his Odyssey from the Whitehall stairs the following night. A silent group of officers came down to watch his departure. David Bushnell gripped his hand and whispered, "I'd give my life to be going with you, Ezra."

"You probably would if you did," Ezra growled. He drew his hand away. He felt tense, unreasonably angry, impatient to be off.

A WHALEBOAT drew silently alongside the Turtle and attached towing lines to pull it as far down the bay as it could go without being observed. Suddenly a figure almost as big as his own loomed up before Ezra. Washington gripped his hand for a moment, then dropped it. He leaned forward as if trying to peer into Ezra's face. When at last he spoke, he said simply, "Good luck!" Ezra climbed into the Turtle. There was no need to close the hatch over his head yet. The water was calm, and the lead ballast in the hull permitted him to ride high enough above its surface.

"Pull away," he said. The oarsmen in the whaleboat bent to their oars. No one spoke. When he turned his head toward Whitehall stairs, the group of officers standing there were invisible in the darkness. It was a starry night, and with the woodsman's instinct, his eyes followed the outside edge of the Dipper and found the North Star, and he ducked below and checked the compass in the dim light of the phosphorus. It seemed to be off, and he tried it again, and again it seemed to be off, but there was no way of making sure.

I could go back and tell them that the compass isn't working, he thought, but he did not call to the oarsmen. He leaned on his elbows and watched the white froth of their oars and listened to the soft splashing. The outgoing tide swung the Turtle to one side, and one of the towing ropes parted.

"No use making fast to you again," a voice from the boat said softly. "This is just about as far as I can safely take you."

The whaleboat bumped lightly against the hull of the Turtle and the other towing rope was taken off. "Good luck to you!" the voice in the whaleboat said. For a few minutes Ezra could see the white froth of its wake. For a few moments longer he could hear the soft splashing of the oars. Then he was alone. This was it. There was no turning back now.

HE checked his course in the general direction in which the frigate lay, and went below. He closed the hatch tightly over his head and opened the diving valve with his foot, and water gurgled into the compartment below him. He had no sensation of sinking, yet the cork in the water gauge moved slowly upward. At one fathom he turned off the valve. He moved the rudder bar and began to turn the hand crank. He turned rapidly until he got on the compass bearing, then slowed to the steady rhythmic turning that he had found from practice to be the most practical. It would take him more than an hour to reach the British frigate.

A feeling of utter loneliness swept over him, and he stopped turning the crank and his foot began working the small pump that forced the water from the hull compartment. It was more than man could expect of man. He could turn back now. Even against the tide he could turn back and return to the men waiting in the darkness, to Washington and Bushnell and the others, and tell them the truth. But what was the truth? That death in the field of battle or in the wilderness was something that man could accept? That death like this, beneath the sea, was different, a lonely, horrible death?

When Washington had loomed up in the darkness back there, Ezra had expected to hear flowery words of hope and encouragement. But Washington had merely gripped his hand, with that strong handshake of his, and said, "Good luck!"

He could not fail. He must not. It was more than just the desertion of his company and of his friends. It was more than their laughter and the tale they would take back to Pawlinsville. It was something much bigger than himself, much bigger than all of them.

The air became heavy so that it no longer cooled his lungs, and the heavy fumes of the phosphorus made his head swim so he could no longer think, and he worked the pump until he reached the surface.

He opened the three heavy glass ports on top and breathed the cool night air deeply. The North Star

The Man Who Wouldn't Stay Licked

*So inconspicuous

... and so, Bill, I'm back on top again. Yet, only a year ago, I thought I was licked because my hearing had gone bad.

It must have been failing for years but I didn't realize it. When I did, I wouldn't admit it. Then came the day my bad hearing really threw me for a loss. I said "no" on a big deal when I should have said "yes".

After that, I got hold of myself and went to an ear specialist. He recommended a hearing aid. Fortunately, I tried a new Zenith.

So, now I'm sitting pretty, hitting on all eight cylinders. Yep, Bill, I can hear again, and the world's my oyster...

* * *

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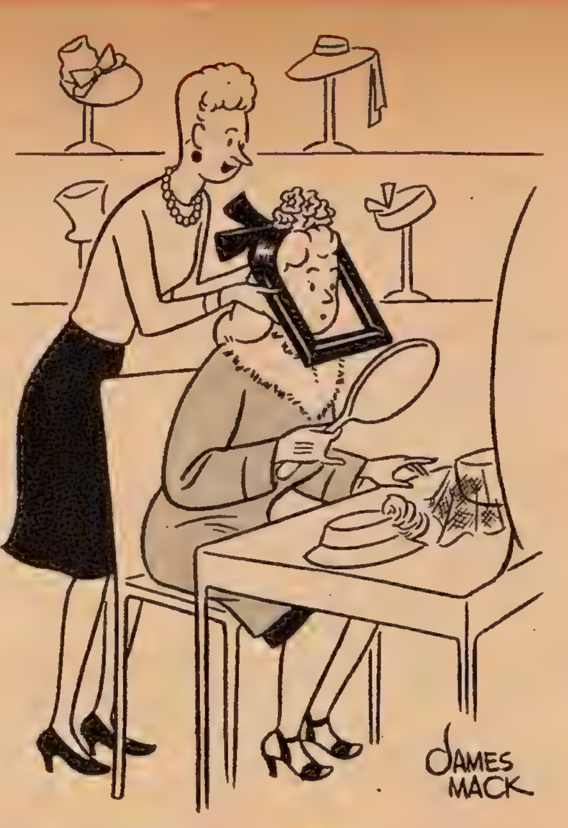

"This is our latest creation—if you care for picture hats!"
LIBERTY

was not where he had expected it to be! His compass was not working properly. He took his bearings from the stars and the flickering lights on the shore and in the bay, and closed the ports once more.

He submerged and cranked the Turtle forward, until the stinking hot air choked into his lungs and his head began to spin with weakness, then he came to the surface and let fresh air in through the ports, and took his bearings again. It took two hours to pick out the Eagle, and another half hour to bob to the surface beside her towering bulk and fill the Turtle with fresh air and make the final dive. He went down below the Eagle, cranking only fast enough to counteract the slackening tide, then pumped the water out of the compartments until he rose slowly and bumped against her keel. He had made it! This was a supreme moment!

HE wiped the sweat from his trembling hands and grasped the auger handle and began to turn it. Above him he heard the faint scratching sound of the wood bit as it grated against the hull. In a moment he would be fast, then he could disconnect the bit, free the attached powder magazine, and escape. In less than an hour the time clock would trip the hammer on the flintlock. The Eagle would disappear from the harbor forever. He turned the auger handle slowly, waiting to feel the pressure that would tell him that the bit had taken hold, but the pressure did not come. He abandoned the futile turning and rose slowly to the surface. There was light coming in through the ports along with the refreshing air. Dim dawn light. Any moment now they would see him bobbing helplessly on the surface and blow him to his Maker with their cannons.

He dived once more, with the air in the Turtle still heavy and suffocating as a liquid. He turned the bit frantically, but it refused to bite into the hull. At last, the realization of what was the matter exploded in his reeling brain with cruel finality. The hull of the Eagle was copper-sheathed! His bit would never penetrate it!

He had failed. With weary arms he began to turn the crank slowly. When he surfaced again, dawn had broken. The great ship that was to have been his victim was far astern, swaying slow with the tide and the morning breeze. To the east a barge manned with blue-coated Hessians was pushing out from Governor's Island, heading toward him. They had seen him.

He still had the powder magazine. It was set to explode at any moment now. Perhaps if he set it adrift, it would explode and destroy the barge. He released the powder magazine and watched it bobbing among the waves, then he submerged again and cranked wearily toward the shore.

When he came to the surface again, the tide and the slow turning of the screw had brought him within the protection of the guns of the fort. The barge had stopped beyond that, baffled and undecided. A whaleboat came from the shore beneath the battery and rowed against the tide to reach him. Somewhere against the shore of the East River, where the tide had washed it, the magazine suddenly exploded harmlessly in a tremendous cloud of smoke.

Ezra lowered himself inside the Turtle and chuckled hollowly to himself, "There goes the last great hope!" He began to laugh, not fully knowing why, until the tears streamed from his eyes and blended their streaks with the streaks of sweat on his face. He stayed below while the men attached the lines, and then he felt his craft being towed steadily along. He did not come up until they bumped against the Whitehall stairs. A group of officers were standing waiting for him as he leaped ashore. Their faces were strained as though they had just come back from a long and difficult journey. Their eyes were red-rimmed with sleeplessness. David Bushnell came down the stairs to meet him, then turned away without saying a word. Ezra went past him to the man he sought.

"Sir, the hull of the Eagle is copper-sheathed," he said briefly. "I was not able to penetrate it, to attach the charge. I failed."

The general looked down, and a faint smile narrowed the corners of his tired eyes.

"Failed?" he repeated the word softly. "Failure lies only in not trying, sergeant. Others will try, once someone shows them the way. Maybe one of them will succeed. You haven't failed. You've shown the way."

He turned and walked away, a figure stooping slightly with fatigue, but an undefeated figure, immense against the rising sun.

Ezra turned toward the barracks. He tried to straighten his weary shoulders, to steady his wavering step. He had faced General Washington. Now he must face his men. He was conscious of their laughter as he approached them, and the sudden silence as he walked by, and the low undertone of laughter that started again after he had passed. He must get used to this laughter. It would follow him wherever he went for as long as he lived. He must face it from his friends and from all the men in Pawlinsville. Only Bessie would understand.

He saw Beatty and Gillen and Legg approaching him, their faces split in wide grins, and he stiffened himself to meet them.

"If that wasn't the darnedest thing a man ever did see!" Legg roared. "And to think I near missed taking this tale back with me."

"Was it the Eagle you were after?" Beatty asked. "Howe's own flagship?"

"You couldn't see them, Ezra!" said Gillen, wiping the tears of laughter from his eyes. "Those Hessians! I swear, they were taking three strokes front and two back! And every time you'd come bobbing up to the surface, they'd row around in circles like the devil himself was after them! You've thrown the whole bloody armada into a panic! They don't know what to expect next."

"By God!" said Beatty. "If we can't fight them with guns, we'll laugh them right back across the sea where they belong. There'll be many a tale to tell when this war is over, and I'll be there to tell them all!"

"Yes, sir," said Gillen, "we'll outfight them and outthink them and outsmart them, too. One man against their whole bloody fleet! By God, what next!"

"Breakfast next, I say," declared Legg. "Ezra here looks tuckered out. He's done a man's work tonight. So let's eat while the eatin' is good, I say."

EZRA looked at them, and the weariness left his arms and he stretched them until they creaked, and yawned. He felt suddenly hungry, too. As Legg said, they might as well eat while the eating was good. Unless he was far wrong, they were going to be a lot hungrier before the winter was out or the war was won. The four of them.

THE END

* * *

A Washingtonian had just arrived in Boston and, overhearing a taxi passenger give a destination close to his, jumped in, as is the custom in Washington. With a smile, he turned to the other fare and said: "My name's Jones."

"Mine," said the Bostonian, "is not."

* * *

Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK

HOME FROM THE WARS: A friend tells me she was honestly happy for her fine colored maid, and tried conscientiously to stifle her qualms when Muriel, the maid, announced the imminent return of her paratrooper husband after three years overseas. Did Muriel plan to leave? What to do, especially during the holiday season, without the faithful and skilled help of the one and only Muriel, who cooked, served, and looked after my pal's five-year-old son when he came home from school each afternoon! To my friend's great relief, Muriel said her mate would be glad to come and help out with the serving, if she could have two weeks off after the holidays so that they could take a trip together before his return to camp. This was agreed upon, and the gifted paratrooper, who had been a chauffeur and butler before the war, arrived on the home scene. Much to the delight of all the family and their successive guests, he served drinks at cocktail parties, and butled expertly at the table, cleaving all the time to his paratrooper boots, and his Army uniform, complete with sergeant's stripes. He was proud of them, as well he might be, and so were his beaming employers. Before the young couple departed on their vacation, all hands agreed that after the paratrooper got himself mustered out, an arrangement would be made to perpetuate this beautiful all-round friendship.

THE HOUSING SHORTAGE: Albert B. Seadler, temporarily of 6 West Fifty-second Street, New York 19, N. Y., has sent a printed, plaintive plea to all friends and acquaintances. Says he: "I, Albert B. Seadler, being of sound mind and body, do hereby declare I am going nuts. It's the apartment situation. Last summer I was notified that the building in which Frances and I are living in holy wedlock is to be torn down and that hereafter we stay in Fifty-second Street only by grace of the OPA, and that they regard us merely as statutory tenants. In short, we have a matter of only weeks or months to find a new place in which to brush our teeth and stage our family quarrels. That's where you come in. Everybody in New York knows at least one real estater—except us. We know only gin players and drinkers, rumba dancers and a few tight-rope walkers. As a result we are calling on everyone we have ever met to help us find a hole to hide in. . . . For the record: We like four rooms, but we can use anything from three to five. We prefer midtown, but we'll travel north or south. We like remodeled brownstones, but we're not bigoted about it. . . . We like light and air, but we'll compromise on electric light and oxygen tanks. We'll even consider paying rent. . . . Phone or write us if you hear of anything. Reach Frances daytimes at Murray Hill 3-8910 and me at Circle 6-8100."

Let this be a warning to anyone who happens to be contemplating a visit to New York, to think twice or, better still, get a roof and bed signed, sealed and delivered to the station on arrival.

LIFE ON A FIFTH AVENUE BUS

The traffic moves so slowly that
We stay precisely where we're at,
Which makes me fret and claw the air,
Although I'm painfully aware
No matter how I fume and fuss,
I don't accelerate the bus.

ENGLAND SAVED: It appears that England is really going to be saved from a fate worse than death. Cosmetics have been so scarce over there that it has taken sheer guts on the part of women to keep up their morale in the face of colorless lips and pallid nails. Now Revlon has announced its gift to the WRENS of fifty pounds of "Fatal Apple" lipstick and nail enamel, the first these English servicewomen have seen in almost six years. All fifty pounds flew over the ocean in a four-engine flagship of American Airlines, inaugurating international air service from Washington, D. C., to London via Newfoundland and Iceland.

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COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

BREWNET: Small dark beer.

DISGUYS: Yeggs with false whiskers.

SQWALK: Complaining Indian woman out for a stroll.

BRIGNORAMUS: Sailor in the clink for stupidity.

SPEWTER: Spittoon made of tin and lead.

POLLYCY: Insurance on a parrot.

POLE-KA: An Eskimo dance.

M'SEER: French clairvoyant.

NUMB-ROD: A half-frozen hunter.

CA-DEBTS: Money borrowed at West Point.

PROP WASH

Continued from Page 31

low moan. And that evening he is very fast with the old oil.

We start out nice. First we head for the Waikiki Club which is nothing but splendiferous. Like a night club in Chicago or L. A. or New York. It is all done with palm trees and coconuts and bamboo. Marilyn is amazed when she sees this in Alaska, but after a few drinks it is just like home.

Then we are doing a bit of dancing. First Franky, then me, and then back to the table for a few more quickies. This Marilyn on the dance floor is very nice indeed. You can feel her warm and close and friendly, but her feet do not get in the way. I like 'em when they dance good, and this Marilyn can dance very good indeed.

Franky likes it, too, and with a few drinks under his belt he is talking very smooth. And, believe me, that line of his is not famous from L. A. to Nome for nothing. First he gives her the stuff about finding a gorgeous treasure like her way up in the frozen North, and what a wonderful thing that fate should bring them together.

And very shortly he is waving his hands like a bird soaring, and he is taking her from behind the counter of the Golden West. He is fleeing with her from the world and flying with her to Rio or Shanghai. They are two soul mates who have found each other at last and will live forevermore in the heaven of the clouds.

I do not know how Marilyn goes for this, for she just smiles. But on top of a couple of drinks it sounds like very good stuff to me.

Next, we hit the Gardens, which is a very swank joint like the Top of the Mark in Frisco. Only this is in the basement of a store in Anchorage. But this is a very nice basement and the music is lush, the lights are low, and Franky, between drinks, is in high gear.

He hints about his many loves and his Casanova past. But he is big about it. He is willing to give up his fascinating past when he finds his soul stirred by such a ravishing creature as is this Marilyn.

And while Franky is stirring her soul, the bartender is stirring the drinks, and I am getting but low. Marilyn is very polite and smiles and nods at me and makes with the dancing. But I am left at the airport, and I know it.

BY three o'clock we are no longer at such tony places. But by three o'clock who cares? In fact, by three o'clock we are just leaving the Tundra Bar and Pool Hall, and we stand in the middle of the street and hail a taxi.

As the cab pulls up, Franky gives me the sign. I am reluctant, but I know a lost cause when I see one. I say, "I am pretty tired. I think I will walk back to the hotel and turn in."

Marilyn protests, but finally she climbs into the cab with Franky and away they go. She blows me a kiss. I wave back and start for the hotel. It is not cold out, but I feel very chilly.

By five o'clock I am no longer chilly. I am sweating blood. I roll and toss in bed. But I do not sleep. I can see this Marilyn is going for the old Franky prop wash. I laugh when Belle and Smitty and Jo go for the old Franky line. I will laugh this off, too. But the laugh does not come off.

I know now that I go for this Marilyn, but I know also that I cannot fly in this league. I can see that this Marilyn is not going to like it when she is pushed off of Franky's plane to Rio. Especially since she is not going to have a chute. I am sweating more blood, and still Franky does not show.

At six forty-five I hear Franky come in, and I pretend like I just wake up from a very sound sleep. "Why, hello, Franky," I say, startled like. "You just coming in?"

"Yeah," he says. "Big night. Rugged."

"How'd you do?" I say, giving with a big yawn like I am barely interested.

"You know old Franky," he says, and he gives me the wink and holds up his hand in the old V-for-Victory sign.

"Roger," I say, but I wince. And when I turn over I do not go to sleep.

I AM burning for two more days and two long nights. Outside, I am still good old Jackson; while Franky is making with the prop wash, and Marilyn is making with the big brown eyes, I am making with the smiles and nods and polite talk.

But inside, I am not good old Jackson. I am still walking back to the hotel alone and Marilyn and Franky are still hailing the taxi. And when Franky comes back to the hotel and gives with the V-for-Victory sign I do not say "Roger."

It is lucky I do not have to burn much longer, for I am commencing to show black around the edges. The weather finally breaks and Franky and I are scheduled for Flight 38, which is the 9 A. M. going south.

The Army has many G.I.s and much brass to bring home for discharge now that the war is over, and it is a good three weeks before Franky and I head our C-47 back toward Anchorage.

Around midnight we are about twenty minutes from the field, settling down nice and easy from ten thousand. I am rushing like mad to finish up a book of Superman comics which some G.I. leaves in his seat on the last flight.

Usually I am very solid for Superman, but this time I do not have my power of concentration. Instead of seeing Superman, I am all the time seeing Marilyn.

Just like I have been thinking about something else for three weeks, I say to Franky, "What'll it be tomorrow night, Franky? A little of that blonde Marilyn stuff?"

"Marilyn?" says Franky like he does not remember which is Marilyn and which is Belle and which is Francine.

Now, I know that he knows who is Marilyn, but I play the game. "Marilyn," I say. "You know." And I make curves with the hands.

"Oh," he says. "Marilyn. I haven't decided yet." I do not say any more. But I can see that already Marilyn is barely clinging to the wings of Franky's Clipper ship to Rio. Although she does not know this yet, of course.

But it is not long before Marilyn

finds out. For the next morning, as is our custom, Franky and I are taking a slow roll up Fourth Street.

We are checking and noting for future reference the new crop of queen bees in town. We make the usual comments.

"Pipe the landing gear."

"Look, Franky, a Boeing Superfortress."

And, "Pursuit ship at twelve o'clock."

But as we are approaching the Golden West Café, I see that Franky is focusing on a trim little brunette who is scurrying down the street a ways. I make like I am doing the same thing, but all the time I am sneaking a peek in the café.

I see that Marilyn is near the window, and when she spots us coming, she makes with the big smile and hello, which we, of course, cannot hear through the window. But when she sees we do not make a right turn into the Golden West, she does not smile any more.

And when we pass on by without so much as a glance, I can see that she is puzzled. She has a funny look on her face. But Franky does not even know we pass the Golden West. He is but studying this brunette who is side-slipping down the block.

THAT afternoon, while Franky is out polishing a few with some sky jockeys in from Fairbanks, I am giving the upholstery in the hotel lobby a bad time.

I do not have to be hit over the head to see that Marilyn is going to be a very unhappy chick. I can see from that puzzled little puss of hers in the window that she does not catch this new deal. I know I must see her. But what I am going to say I still do not know, when Franky comes breezing back all set for a little chow.

"Rise and shine, me proud bucko," says Franky. "It is time we gassed up."

"Franky," I say, "I have other plans for this eve."

At first he thinks this is a gag. When he sees that I am not waiting for a laugh, he says, "Come on, Jackson, gotta hurry. That little brunette, which by some strange coincidence I meet this afternoon, awaits our company for dinner."

I give Franky the stall again, and as he heads up the stairs to grab a quick shower he hollers, "O.K., Jackson, but don't get burned. And when in doubt use the old Franky prop wash."

I think this last crack over very carefully. And then it comes to me all of a sudden. I am in doubt I shall use the old Franky oil, word for word. Marilyn did not threaten the Quiz Kids with unemployment in her days at Seattle High; but as chickadees go, she is not exactly backward. She will catch wise fast that all Franky gave her was the old song and dance, a line of gab which even I know by heart.

I make a fast flight over to the Golden West, and before I know what I am doing I have parked the body in my regular seat at the counter.

Marilyn is all smiles when she sees me. She asks me where is Franky, and I say that he is out. She replies that she thinks this is very nice. I mark this down as sour grapes and concentrate on the chow.

I do not like the idea of what I am going to do and I am getting a bit nervous. I am hot around the collar and I can tell my forehead is wet. I blame this on the soup and keep eating so Marilyn will not talk to me.

Marilyn is just passing me my slab of apple pie when, right on schedule, up comes Gus. I know the zero hour is at hand.

"Allo, Jackson," says Gus through his Army Transport smile. "When you come in?"

"Last night," I say, and then I blurt it out! "Gus, I'd like to take Marilyn out tonight and show her a little Anchorage night life."

And Marilyn, kinda surprised, says, "But, Jackson, I'm supposed to work until twelve."

Everything is going strictly according to the book, and in my best Franky manner I say, "Gus, you wouldn't want this little beauty to be working her pretty little fingers to the bone while a daredevil of the air spends a lonely night away from home, now would you, old tomato?"

By this time I am not even worried. Gus does not even put up a fight. And an hour later I am calling for Marilyn at her roominghouse.

When Marilyn comes down the stairs I know what to expect. But she is so terrific that I still gape at her. And although I am not really taking her on a date, I still like the idea that just she and I are going out.

I do not act like me. I act like Franky and tuck her arm in mine and tell her she looks like a Hollywood moonbeam, and we are off.

I KNOW Franky's route by heart and most of the words for each night spot. I may make a few mistakes about what to say at what place, but I get all the better bull in.

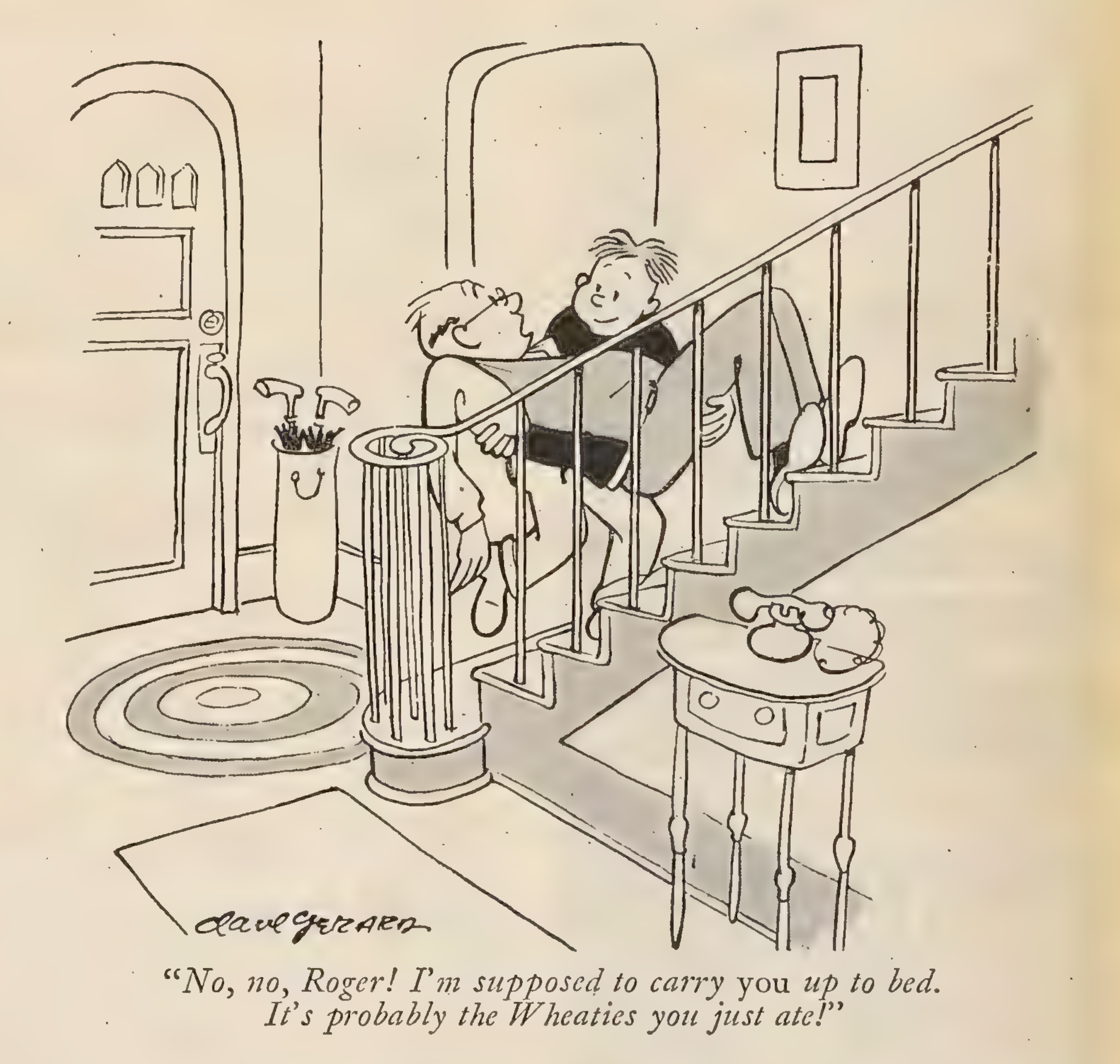
At the Waikiki Club I tell her that I have seen the Earl Carroll girls in Hollywood and the Copacabana Girls in New York, but none that compares with a gorgeous treasure like her.

I tell her that we must fly away to an isle in the South Seas, and by the second drink I tell her that we will honeymoon in the clouds forever and a day.

By the time we are at the Gardens and have polished off a few more, I find that I am wandering from the old Franky line.

I see those big brown eyes smiling at me across the table and I do not have to read from the book. In fact, I do not understand why I used to think the Franky prop wash was so hot.

Advertisement



"No, no, Roger! I'm supposed to carry you up to bed. It's probably the Wheaties you just ate!"

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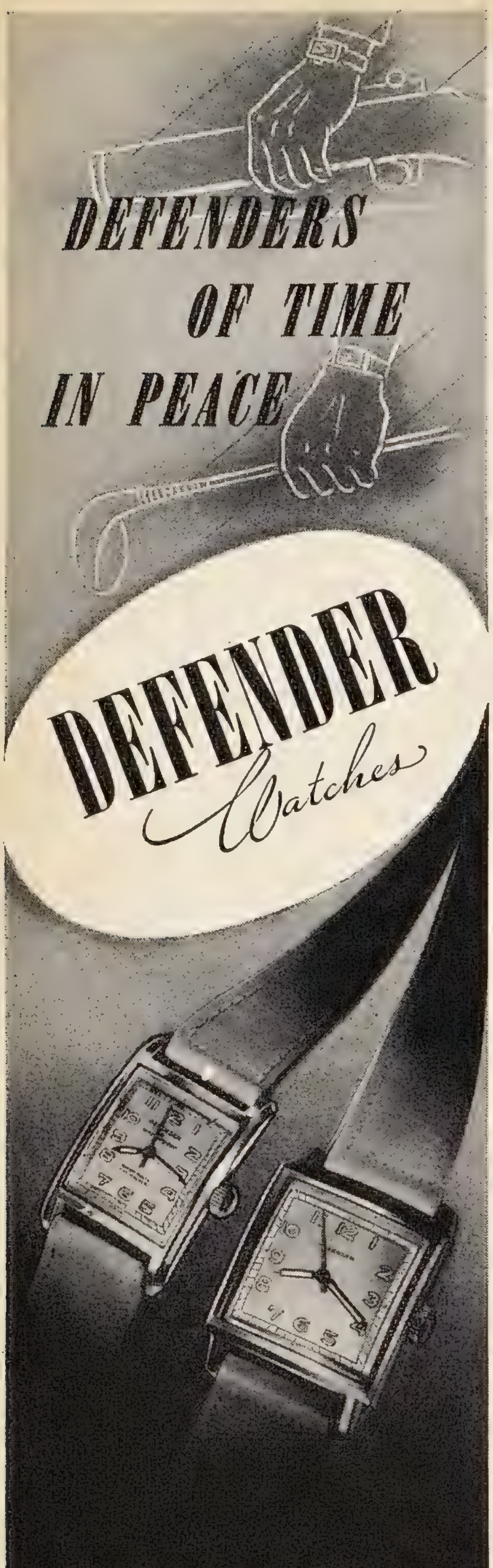

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When we are dancing at the Gardens, I do not give with the words. I am very quiet and so is Marilyn. I hold her as close as I can. I know that she has her eyes closed and I can feel her head on my shoulder and her blonde hair against my cheek. And we are really sailing in the clouds. I do not even feel the elbows and feet of the cash customers who are jamming the floor.

I see that things are not going according to plans. Marilyn does not catch on about Franky. In fact, I am beginning to think that she is not even thinking about Franky. In fact, I do not even care. Jackson is flying tonight.

I do not get cold feet until about 4 A.M., when we have just polished off our last at the Tundra Bar and Pool Hall.

We are standing in the middle of the street hollering for a cab. Suddenly I am not too anxious for the cab to show up.

I DO not know the Franky routine for the taxi ride home. Because I do not go cab riding with Franky and his tidbits. I do not mean to say that I have not made with the kisses with the young ladies. But I have heard it said that some of my better dates have sometimes wondered who was necking who.

So I take a very deep breath as the cab pulls up. I dive into the seat, almost shoving Marilyn on the floor. She gives me a startled look as the driver says, "Where to, bub?"

"Anywhere. Some place. Just drive," I say to him in a voice that can be heard in the control tower at the field.

Exactly what happens then I do not know. I know I cannot stop or I am sunk. So I reach out and wrap both arms around Marilyn like Strangler Lewis the wrestler. I clutch at her like I am pulling the taxi out of a spin. When I see her face come whipping past, I just plant my lips on her and hang on.

When I come up for air, I feel very fine. This Clark Gable stuff is strictly good. So I kiss her again. I may be a nervous pilot before I take off, but once I get started, I am a very steady flier. And tonight I am doing but good.

When we come up for air the second time, and my kisser is more lipstick than beard, I tell Marilyn why I have to give her the old Franky prop wash tonight. I tell her that I am sorry Franky pulls this stunt on her. Then, I cannot help myself. I tell her I am crazy for her.

"Then why did you leave me with that slow dodo Franky all the time?" she wails.

"What do you mean," I say, taken aback with this slow dodo Franky stuff. "I thought you were crazy for him."

"Don't be silly," she says. "You think I go for that silly old line he hands out. Hmmph, high-school stuff!"

I am strangely happy with these remarks. But one thing still gives me a very bad time. "What about this V-for-Victory stuff in the taxicab?" I ask.

$5000
$4500
00000
$10,000
$5500
$6000
Robert Simmons

LIBERTY

Right away I know I have put my flying boot in my mouth. But the words are already out.

"What do you mean V-for-Victory stuff?" she wants to know.

I stall, but I see I cannot bluff Marilyn out this time. So I tell her about the Victory sign Franky gives me every night when he comes back to the hotel. Then I prepare for the storm to come and I throw up my arms to protect myself.

But instead of throwing a fit, Marilyn is laughing. I wait for her to stop, but she keeps laughing like mad. I like a good gag, but this is not funny to me.

"What's the gag?" I demand.

When she finally controls herself, she says, "You're the one who got taken in by the Franky prop wash. Why, he'd be afraid to play post office with his sister!" And then she is laughing again.

And then it dawns on me. Franky is like most of the rest of the guys. Very slow at combat, but very fast with the morning reports in the barracks. I think this is very funny myself, but I do not laugh yet.

We're taking the milk run out of Anchorage a week later and Franky is fiddling with the automatic pilot.

"How'd ya do with that fast brunette with the wiggle, Franky?" I say.

"You know old Franky," he says and he starts to give me the old V-for-Victory sign. But he must catch a funny look on my face, because this time Franky suddenly stops and he does not give with the sign.

I do not give with the sign either, but only because Marilyn, that's my wife, says married men don't give the V-for-Victory sign.

THE END

KIDS SELDOM GO WRONG BY THEMSELVES

Continued from Page 17

district. An apparently sedate old couple lived in a basement apartment. Near-by storekeepers, who presumably had legitimate business with them, were frequent callers, and three young girls dropped in after school. The girls called the old woman "Auntie," but she was no relation. Although they were only fifteen and sixteen, she had initiated them into "the oldest profession" and was getting her cut. The parents of one youngster appealed to the police when they discovered what kept her after school, and the "sedate couple" were convicted of impairing the morals of a minor.

In each of these cases adults were responsible, but even when the impetus seems to come from other children, a determined search may lead back to adults.

RECENTLY a seventeen-year-old "madam" was found operating a vice ring in an elementary school of a large city. Nine girls, twelve to fifteen years old, were her prostitutes, and she was even said to have treated one of them for a venereal infection. Eighteen men—most of them middle-aged or elderly—were arrested for rape and she was arraigned. Later it was discovered that when the seventeen-year-old girl was a child an older woman had started her on this course. Unfortunately, this older woman had disappeared.

Captain Rhoda J. Milliken, director of the Woman's Burea of the Washington, D. C., police department, not only cites the frequency with which adults push young people into crime, but points to the role they play in keeping them delinquent.

"It's a curious and distressing fact," she said, "that if a child has once done something wrong, many adults feel this relieves *them* of all responsibility—the child is fair game. This attitude shows up time and again and does great damage."

The damaging role played by adults is not restricted to direct sex cases and theft, however. For example, pornographic books go right through a school, being passed on to the younger children by some adolescent who, in turn, has bought them from an adult news dealer. The trail leads from him to the wholesaler and then to the publisher—all adults profiting at the expense of youth.

That also is true of contraceptives. Any person working in the public-school system knows that an appalling number of them are found in the toilets. But let's stop viewing with alarm the morals of the students and go after the greedy corner druggist or the vending-machine proprietor who profits by selling to minors.

When a community finally sees the necessity of eliminating its local

Are you in the know?

How to belittle a too-big foot?

☐ *Wear shoes with instep interest*
☐ *Choose cut-out toes*
☐ *Shun fussy, light-hued shoes*

To "shorten" king-size tootsies, mind all three admonitions above. Choose shoes with a bow (or suchlike) at the instep. Go in for open-toed, sling back types. But not for you the over-elaborate light hued models—they make your foot conspicuous. Be as cautious in choosing sanitary protection. Remember, Kotex is the napkin that is *really* inconspicuous, for those *flat tapered ends* of Kotex don't show . . . don't cause revealing outlines! And Kotex' special *safety center* gives you extra-special protection. That's why there's no need to worry about accidents.

Is this the technique for a—

☐ *Water wave*
☐ *Pin curl wave*
☐ *Finger wave*

You, too, can set a pin curl wave! Starting at forehead, moisten small strand of hair with water or wave lotion. Hold strand taut . . . wind "clockwise" in flat coil from ends to scalp, and pin flat. Alternate the winding direction of each row. It's smart to learn little grooming aids. And to discover, on problem days, how Kotex aids your daintiness, your charm. *Now, Kotex contains a deodorant.* Locked inside each Kotex, the deodorant can't shake out—for it's processed right into every pad, not merely dusted on! A Kotex safeguard for loveliness.

Should you let him pay your way if—

☐ *It's a pre-arranged date*
☐ *You meet unexpectedly*
☐ *You never saw him before*

Whether you meet him at the movies or the "Marble Slab," go dutch—unless it's a pre-arranged date. He may not have the moola to spare. And you don't want to embarrass him. Know the right thing to do at the right time. At "those" times, you're always at ease when you choose the right napkin for comfort. That's Kotex! Because Kotex has lasting softness—different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing.*

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adult sources of delinquency, the job may seem to have no clear starting point. It is not necessary, however, to wait for individual cases to break. Forward-looking citizens can help forestall trouble by investigating, for instance, what the health department and police are doing—if anything—to check sales of contraceptives to minors and to check all sales of pornographic literature—two illegal activities that exist in virtually every community.

As for individual cases, awareness of danger will create sensitivity to it. If officials and community are co-operating, information will flow from many sources.

In the case of a youthful vice ring, for example, the teachers became suspicious when the girls flaunted five- and ten-dollar bills. In another case the danger lay—surprisingly—within the school itself. This is a case where no one in the community had the courage to act. For years the town had talked about the number of unmarried mothers coming from one school. Yet nothing was done. The case was only resolved when the principal committed suicide. Thus, if our children are to be protected, it must be accepted without fear or favor that maladjusted adults do exist in every walk of life.

IT is not easy to hunt out dangerous persons, and therefore every community should have a crime-prevention bureau, with intelligent officers assigned to tracing juvenile delinquency to its source.

The special patrol of trained policewomen, such as New York and other cities send out, can be invaluable not only for stopping individual youngsters headed for trouble but for picking up information about local infection spots.

Such police could do a good deal, for instance, in preventing racial demonstrations in which juveniles take part. It is well known among the Jewish groups fighting such movements that a certain rabble-rouser had been distributing anti-Semitic material in the Bronx, New York, just before an outbreak of vandalism by juveniles there.

Once the responsible adult offender is found, however, the case is not necessarily closed. Often he goes free or is let off with a sentence so light it amounts to acquittal. Every worker in the juvenile field has heard the despairing cry, "If only the courts would back us up!" Sometimes the courts are not to blame. The law may be inadequate, in which case it should be changed, or the case may be tried by a prejudiced jury.

In any event, personal remonstrance carried out in a *dignified manner by responsible groups* is an effective method of combating negligence, stupidity, or venality.

Sometimes the obstacles in the way of controlling sources of delinquency through the courts seem nearly insuperable, and then other methods may be employed, such as conferences with trade organizations like the hotel associations, or with governmental agencies like the Alcohol Beverage Control Boards, which have aided the authorities in many ways.

"Tattletale!" LIBERTY

However, Captain Milliken, of the Washington police, insists the penalties for serving liquor to boys and girls under age are often insufficient as far as a deterrent effect is concerned.

"If you believe it's undesirable for children to frequent taverns, then you should see that the penalties are adequate," she said. "If a few bars were suspended for six months, the rest would be careful whom they served."

SOMETIMES the best way to remedy a bad situation is to apply a mixture of common sense and ingenuity, as the following case proves. The elderly proprietors of a Baltimore confectionery store had installed slot machines to attract boys. The bait worked. Soon a gang of "tough boys" took over. When the owners wished to close at night, the boys would refuse to leave. The store became so notorious that residents avoided it. In one month the police were called eighteen times to quell disturbances.

Michael F. Kelley, executive secretary of the Eastern Community Council, finally persuaded a young couple to take over the store. The new owners got rid of the slot machines and told the boys they were welcome if they would help keep the place in order. At first many difficulties arose, but gradually the young couple's sense of justice won the boys' respect. Two of the most troublesome younger boys, who were forbidden the premises for awhile, have been reinstated and the older boys take the responsibility for their behavior.

Shortly after the shift of proprietors, five of the boys went to Mr. Kelley's office and demanded, "What's your racket?"

Mr. Kelley admitted afterward that he expected them to wreck his office because he had interfered in their affairs. It turned out, however, that the new owners of the store had urged them to visit him in connection with the softball teams the Council was organizing. The boys offered to co-operate and soon had formed two teams from their corner.

A schedule of games was posted in the store and the boys would return there each evening after play for post-mortems, but at closing time they went home without protest.

This is real "prevention of delinquency." The crux of the matter was the influence of the two sets of adults; but later this principle was co-ordinated with another aspect—recreation. In every delinquency program such co-ordination is essential.

Stories of the damage done by vicious and heedless adults could be continued indefinitely. The total of their victims is mounting every day. Our only recourse is strong community-wide programs.

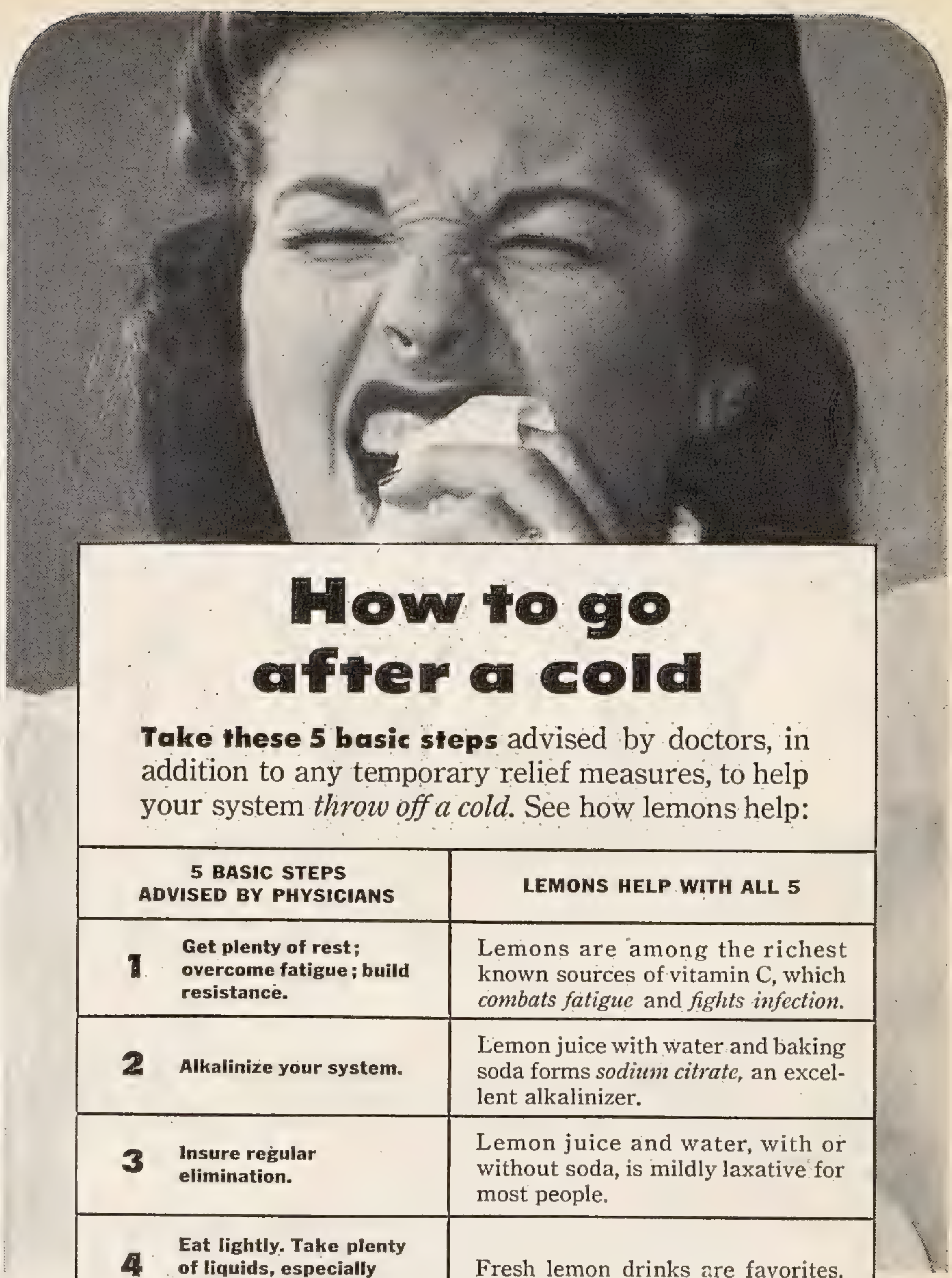
Success in such undertakings requires the co-operation of all citizens who care about children, though parents have a special responsibility since home training is often undermined, or even destroyed, in the many hours every school child spends away from his home. In 1944, more than 107,000 boys and girls under twenty-one were arrested in the United States—an accumulation of tragedy that could have been greatly diminished by active, fearless adherence to the principle of looking for the responsible adults.

The job of finding these adults is hard. But it cannot be dodged.

THE END

MICHAEL BERRY

"These babies sure give you a fight!"
LIBERTY



How to go after a cold

Take these 5 basic steps advised by doctors, in addition to any temporary relief measures, to help your system *throw off a cold.* See how lemons help:

5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS		LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1	**Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.**	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue* and *fights infection.*
2	**Alkalinize your system.**	Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms *sodium citrate,* an excellent alkalinizer.
3	**Insure regular elimination.**	Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people.
4	**Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.**	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5	**Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.**	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

GET FULL BENEFITS FROM LEMONS—FOLLOW THIS ROUTINE

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus an increased alkalinizing effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add — slowly — half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

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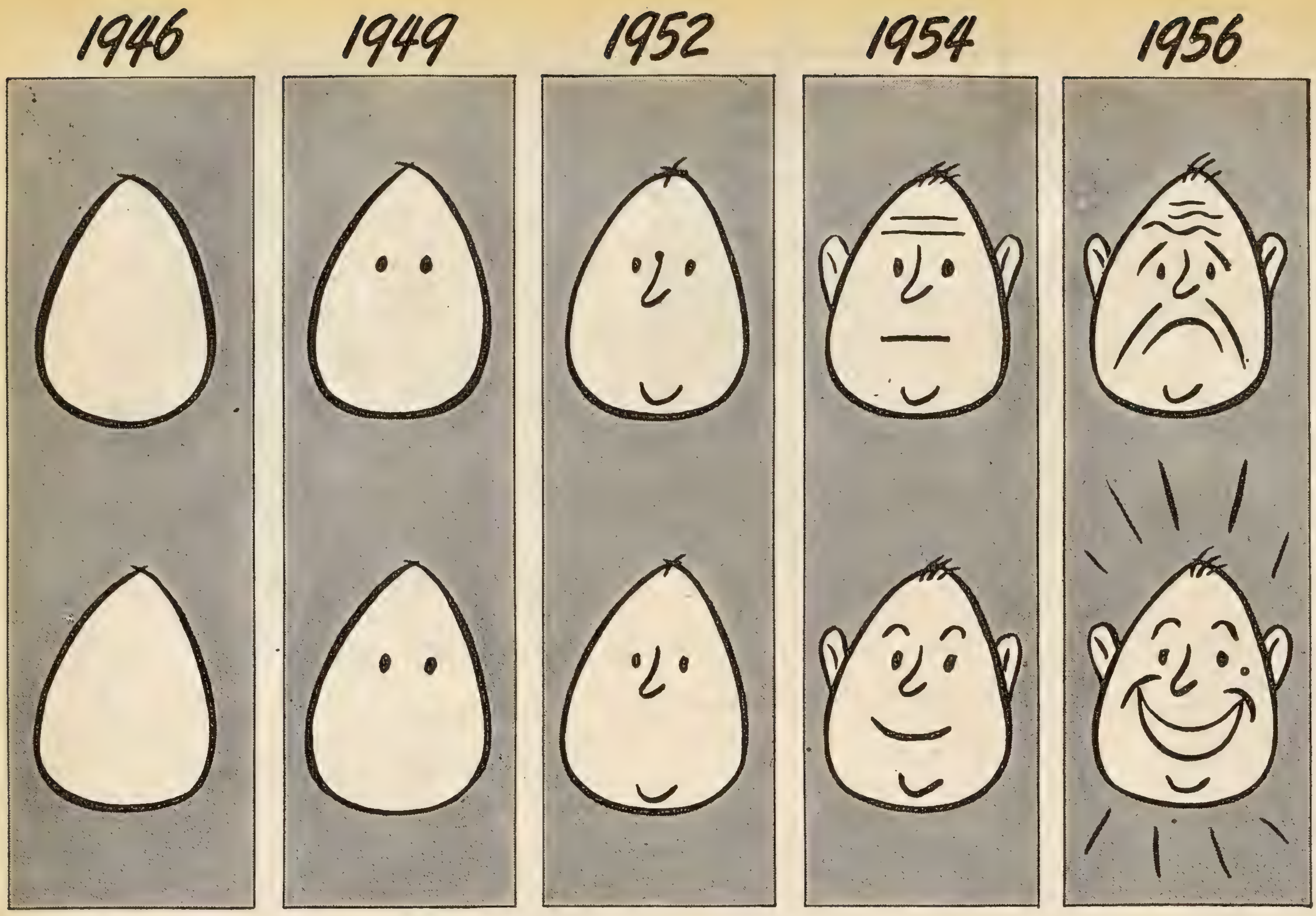

Two ways your face can grow in the next few years

Usually, our faces show what's happening to us. For instance, suppose financial matters are constantly on your mind.

Suppose you know that there's practically no cash reserve between you and trouble.

It would be surprising if your face didn't show it.

But suppose that, on the contrary, you've managed to get yourself on a pretty sound financial basis.

Suppose that you're putting aside part of everything you earn . . . that those dollars you save are busy earning *extra* dollars for you . . . that you have a nest egg and an emergency fund.

Naturally, your face will show *that*, too.

There's a simple and pretty accurate way to tell which way your face is going to go in the next few years:

If you are buying, regularly, and holding as many U. S. Savings Bonds as you can, you needn't worry.

Your face will be among the ones that wear a smile.

Buy all the Bonds you can... keep all the Bonds you buy

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

IT is not the vet's purpose to seek a handout, but it is his long-established right—in view of his extended absence from the workaday scene—to expect a helping hand in getting a job, setting up a business, buying a home, or solving other civilian problems. Battlefields and military regimentation have not sharpened his business acumen. He desperately needs wise counsel.

It is not that our fellow citizens lack the desire to help veterans. Quite the reverse: we suffer from an excess of good intentions. There are too many well-meaning people and organizations trying to help in an unco-ordinated fashion — sending vets from one office to another to fill out endless questionnaires and wait endless months for action.

We advise public-spirited organizations and people to throw away their volumes of pamphlets and forms and try to trim themselves down to their fighting weight—down to smooth, simple organizations capable of maneuvering fast to meet the changing problems of vets in a changing world.

Take Bridgeport, Connecticut, as a fine example. This city is a model service center. Here, veterans are given personal consideration through a *simple* procedure. Forms are dispensed with whenever possible. If they *must* be filled out, trained personnel do it for the vets. Applicants are sent directly to prospective employers and upon arrival discover all preliminary work has been done for them. As a result, the ex-serviceman's first meeting with a prospective employer is more of a friendly, get-acquainted call than a cross-examination ordeal.

Altoona, Pennsylvania, has also set up a center worthy of its veterans. Like Bridgeport, it is giving efficient, personalized service — and getting results.

The big cities can do as well! New York City's Veterans' Service Center is shaping up as a streamlined, workable model for the big towns. It not only gets advice from various industrial leaders, but in some instances money and liberal credit for qualified veterans making a fresh start in business.

Hats off to Bridgeport, Altoona, and New York. What is your town doing?

* * *

V. E. D., Altoona, Pa. One of the qualifications for receiving an unemployment allowance under the G.I. Bill of Rights is that you must be able to work and available for suitable work. But since your illness occurred after registration for employment, you may claim the readjustment allowance. Make application to your State Unemployment Compensation Agency.

* * *

B. J. G., Cranford, N. J. The complaint in your letter is a universal one among veterans who are in the market to buy real estate. The Veterans Administration must administer the law the way it's written, and under present conditions the phrase "reasonable normal value" is a tough hurdle to leap when it comes to property appraisal. There is every reason to believe that by the time you read this the wording will have been revised to read "reasonable value." You can see where the change will loosen one of the ties that bind.

Throw 'em away!

* * *

Charles Johns, Washington, D. C. You have your choice of joining the Navy for a minority cruise (from age 17 to 21st birthday) or signing up for a two-, three-, four-, or six-year enlistment.

VETERANS! The Bulletin Board is your department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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For really smoother shaving — use HOSPITAL Brand Blades!

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WHY WE BURNED THEM OUT

Continued from Page 15

Principal Industries of Japan, the number of people serving a given mother factory indirectly was more than half again as many as worked for it directly.

The small shop, therefore, was the tail that wagged the industrial dog. Seventy per cent of Japan's factories employed not more than fifty workers; half of them not more than five. In the United States (these are the figures of Noburo Noda, chief of the Statistics Department of Mitsubishi Heavy Industries, Ltd.), only 2 per cent of industrial workers are in shops with five employees or less.

The proprietors of the small shops stair-stepping down from the mother plant, divided and subdivided into a mounting number of ever smaller units, had little choice as to what they did. In peacetime they functioned under a system known as "commercial capitalism," by which they were backed by the big wholesalers for whom they produced, but who kept them in a state of perpetual hock by not paying them enough for their work.

The small fry were in much the same position with relation to their masters as the geisha who, pawned by her family, never is quite able to raise the price of release. The system fostered unscrupulous competitive methods, which in turn favored more of the squeeze from above which caused those methods in the first place.

As Japan's export industry slowed up and finally stopped, due to boycotts and trade barriers raised after she began the series of aggressive "incidents" which led to war, industry was converted from commercial capitalism to "manufacturing capitalism." The little fellows remained in hock as before, but under new masters. Now they produced for such industrial shoguns as Mitsubishi, Mitsui, Nakajima, the great Tokyo Shibaura Electric Company, and others charged with fashioning the tools by which Japan challenged the dominance of western civilization over the Orient.

The Tokyo Shibaura Electric Company at Kawasaki, just south of Tokyo, affords a good study of a typical industrial set-up in this scheme and explains why it was necessary to bomb the whole of those Japanese cities picked out as targets. The TSE is Japan's equivalent of our General Electric Company.

The TSE, supplying the Army, Navy, and Air Force with most of their communications and detection equipment, had 70,000 employees and comprised ninety plants directly its own, half in the Tokyo district, the rest flung out across middle and western Japan. These component plants were divided into three groups, according to size. There were seven with 2,000 to 10,000 workers, thirteen with 500 to 2,000 workers, and seventy with 150 to 500 workers.

Supporting these members of the mother-plant family were twenty co-operation plants, with 2,000 workers; and below these, 150 sub-co-operation plants employing 4,500 workers. How many homes finally tipped the ends of the tenuous arteries feeding TSE, Takayo Sato, a TSE official, did not know—"maybe a thousand."

The main plant area of this industrial octopus, one of the most vital to Japan's defense, died several weeks before it was hit. The head blow fell last April 15-16, but by then, due to the March 9 strike on Tokyo and those following soon after on Yokohama and adjacent areas where TSE's co-operation plants stood, it was a matter of clubbing the corpse.

A few buildings still remained as the end neared, and all but one of these were smashed last August 13, two days before His Imperial Majesty threw in the towel. Mr. Sato grinned ruefully about this as the siren that once heralded the B-29s blew the pause for lunch at the last building, now turning out Edison Mazda lamps for MacArthur.

If the B-29s hadn't come down low and laid saturating carpets of fire in the areas that nurtured her roots, TSE might still be producing for war. By the same token, so would Japan's other primary war factories which, not directly hit, died on the vine as this one did.

Evidence of the subsidiary shops that fed them is everywhere among the ruins. Across the street from where Tai Yano and Ichiro Sakurai were preparing to rebuild against the approaching winter, Shiro Ochiai, already set up along a canal, told how the people had lived in that section.

About 10 per cent of his neighbors had done war work in their homes, mostly for the Ishikawajima Shipbuilding Company in the harbor, about a mile away. Others made a gadget for military automobiles and trucks. One home had been distinguished for the large co-operation factory under its roof.

The fire had driven the people to the next block, where they were trapped against the wall of a new blaze. Most of them died, but Ochiai and his family had escaped with fifteen others in one of three shelters on the bank of the canal. The people in the other two shelters, closer to the fire, smothered to death.

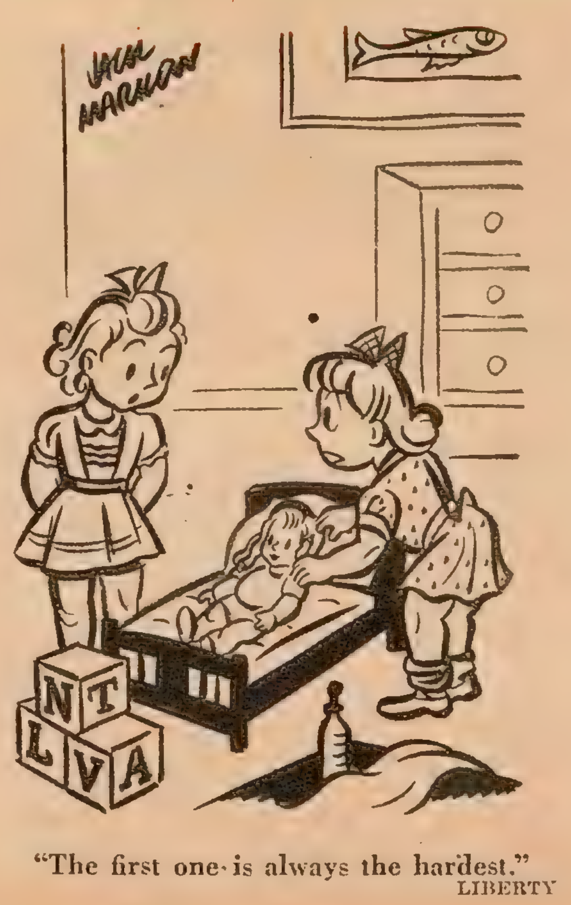
A half dozen blocks from Ochiai's place, two men were putting the roof on a new shanty. Near by, a woman and her daughter were digging sweet potatoes in a tiny garden enclosed by the foundations of what had once been their home. Around them stood the rusty remnants of machines. There had been many co-operation factories and home shops here. One man, an album maker in peacetime, had made small machine parts. Across the alley from him lay the tumbled remains of what had been the bigger co-operation factory that took his output.

Banzo Suguira, who had worked there, said the big place turned out air compressors and gas cylinders.

A few feet removed, Mrs. Kane Mizushima was bending over her minuscule garden amid the rubble. Her family, two boys, a girl, and husband, who ran a secondhand shop, was intact. Their house had been right up against the factory, and they had saved themselves by fleeing to a pond in a park; but most of the neighbors had been killed. The family next door had been wiped out.

On the opposite side of the factory, Yasutaro Murakami, woodworker, sat astride the raised end of a four-by-four, working with an adze. Near him, a wooden shaft, pointed at the top, stood up from a base of flanking boulders and cement stairsteps in front. There had been 116 members in Murakami's Neighborhood Association, and of these, seventy-six now lay under the wooden shaft. Murakami, who had made the marker, had seventeen relatives in this vicinity; thirteen were in the common grave. The machines of the late co-operation factory loomed mockingly in the background.

Yoshizo Akimoto was clearing a path to the front door of his shanty. He displayed a paper showing he belonged to the Laborers' Association and was an air-raid sufferer. Akimoto had worked at various war jobs in the factories of Shibaura, on Tokyo Bay. For a while he painted tanks. He believed he was the only survivor in his neighborhood. He and his wife and five children had sur-



"The first one is always the hardest."
LIBERTY

vived by immersing themselves in the canal for five hours and keeping a wet mattress over their heads.

Not far away was what remained of a machine shop. Before the fire from the B-29s laid it low, it had been a co-operation factory. The foreman, Eikichi Ozaki, emerged suspiciously from the wing that was now his home. He admitted they had made lamps and switches and things for military vehicles. The people who had occupied the ruined homes all around had sewn uniforms and parachutes, and worked in factories.

A couple of blocks beyond stood one of the places they had worked in — an ironworks, only partly knocked out. A white-collared character came out after lesser ones had been reluctant to tell what went on there. It was still vague, but one gathered that they had repaired bulldozers. On a large lot across the street stood the shell of a big brick building which had once been the home of a Mitsubishi.

Juzo Shimada, busy around his small hut, half a block from a factory that had made electric motors, contrasted the night of the fire with the earthquake of 1923. In that disaster it was possible to escape, but not in this one: the fire came too fast and in too many places. Four of his seven children had been evacuated. He was out of town on the night of the raid, but his wife and three remaining children were lost.

Shimada wondered why the shipyard of the Ishikawajima Company in the distance wasn't bombed. He suspected it was spared purposely. He didn't know that, though its form remained, it had been neutralized just as effectively by the fire that had fallen all around it as the Tokyo Shibaura Electric Company. The B-29s could have leveled it, but this would have meant going back to high explosives after they had changed to fire tactics, which produced the same end results.

IN the water-front area, Shigeo Kako, well dressed in suède shoes and brown tweed trousers of good quality, was running a co-operation factory typical of the kind found in connection with the home. It had not been hit. He sold tobacco at the front, lived upstairs, and had his shop on the ground floor rear.

Kako made airplane parts during the war for a co-operation factory in Kamata, near Tokyo, which in turn worked for the Nakajima Aircraft Company. There were shops similar to Kako's all over this neighborhood. Up the street was a welding shop. Kako had made farm implements before the war and now was making kitchen utensils. He importuned, "Please make Japan a peaceful nation!" The B-29s by night and P-51s by day—it was too much for a man.

Seisaku Susuki, a glassmaker, whose new hut was built of wood as precisely cut and joined as a snuffbox, insisted on being hospitable. He heaped two extra plates with sweet potatoes. He also served beer, brewed tea, and pressed a double handful of chestnuts on the company.

There had been many home industries hereabouts. The peacetime furniture makers made ammunition boxes for the Army. The tailors made officers' uniforms. One home shop turned out officers' swords. So it went, until the B-29s sailed in.

In a section of spotty ruins picked at random in a different section of the city, a few places had escaped damage. The first, on the banks of a canal, was occupied by a boxmaker. It was a two-story home, with the office in front, living quarters upstairs, and the shop in a building alongside. The owner, Inokichi Nishiguchi, told, a little apprehensively, how he made ammunition boxes, and especially boxes for smoke bombs, for the Chugai Armaments Company.

A DOZEN houses down, steel shavings cropping out under a wall betrayed the home workshop of Toshio Eguchi. Frightened at first, he maintained that the shade on a light over one of his benches was all he had made. He finally admitted his product had been airplane and gun parts.

At the end of the row squatted a cottage which was typical of all home workshops. Two doors at right angles to each other in the vestibule opened respectively to the living room and to a tiny shop about eight by twelve feet. There was a bench on either side, each with two small lathes set in an oil pan and driven by belt from a master shaft.

Here Taisuke Takahashi, employing four girls and working day and night, had made parts for precision instruments. He exhibited a trayful. Prominent among them were indicator needles for airplane instruments. His neighbor had made meter cases and switches.

As to whether the destruction of such places by fire contributed to the end of the war, the Japanese themselves are the best witnesses. They all admit they were whipped long before the atomic bomb, and that air power, through the destruction of production facilities, was the deciding factor.

Mitsubishi's Noburo Noda said the destruction of subcontractors, or co-operation shops, "affected our heavy industry very much." He estimated that overall production was reduced by 80 per cent. Others place it as high as 90 per cent.

Lieutenant General Noburo Tazoe, chief of staff of the Air General Army, said, "In March of this year [1945] it became apparent that Japan could not win the war when the B-29s wrought extensive damage, especially in the case of small factories scattered throughout the cities."

THE END

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SO YOU WANT TO RENT?

Continued from Page 11

rentals on a prewar date." The various freeze dates on which rents were based ranged from January 1, 1941, through 1944, with the bulk of them in 1942.

Landlords have been greatly put upon, in NAREB's opinion, by being forced to hold rent increases to 3.8 per cent while prices for food, clothing, furnishings, and farm products, and industrial wage rates have shot up and real estate expenses have increased. Many landlords, it adds, find it better to keep properties empty than to rent them at a loss.

The landlords' spokesmen felt that Bowles had been far too slow in dropping rent controls where they were no longer needed. They demanded that he abolish the six-month rule in evictions, exempt all new construction from rent control in order to stimulate building, exempt all "luxury housing" renting at $75 or more a month, and grant more discretion to area rent directors to make adjustments.

Bowles was called upon for an orderly surrender of his wartime powers. Alexander Sumner, chairman of a subcommittee on residential rent control, wrote him: "The property owners of the United States prefer to take their chances under a restoration of government by law rather than to continue to suffer the discrimination, inequities and injustices which they have borne for three years under the OPA."

But Bowles was not impressed. In reply to the pleas of poverty, he asserted that the landlords' "take-home pay" had been nice indeed with virtually 100-per-cent rentals and the fact that they had not had to furnish as many services or do as much redecorating as they had in normal times. He admitted that farm prices 1939-44 had risen 82.7 per cent, wages 56.5 per cent, and the cost of living 26.2 per cent, but denied that maintenance expense on rental housing had increased. He asserted that landlords' net operating income had mounted 42.4 per cent, and that the net income to the landlord himself (after interest and depreciation) had shown vastly greater gains.

WHILE the OPA and industry traded punches, other government branches were trying to turn government-owned war housing to account in the growing shortage. The Federal Public Housing Authority has about 650,000 homes (in single- and multiple-family buildings), half of them well enough built for permanent use and the other half temporary structures scheduled to be removed within two years after the end of the emergency.

Most of the war housing, permanent and temporary, is still occupied. Some war workers are employed on unfinished contracts, and others can't find anywhere else to live. As the houses are vacated some time in the future, however, the FPHA intends to dispose of them in consultation with community officials, giving preference in the sales to public agencies. Whatever is left of the permanent types will then go to their current occupants, next to prospective occupants, and last to investors. Whether taken over by public or private owners, much of this housing will be used for rental to low-income groups.

Some of the permanent buildings are largely prefabricated, and can be moved to other sites. The FPHA has been experimenting with temporary structures and has found that, sawed into panels and set up again, they make satisfactory tourist and vacation cabins and farm buildings. But they won't make permanent homes, and housing experts don't want them occupied for long as is, lest they become the slums of the future.

". . . let him speak now or forever hold his peace."

LIBERTY

We cannot in any case put much reliance on war housing because, including both public and private property, it represents only about 6 per cent of the nation's total rental housing.

Veterans' and servicemen's families unable to find other homes they can afford are eligible to live in federally owned housing, and may be allowed special low rents. Owners of privately financed war housing have also been asked to give the breaks to veterans' and servicemen's families. Local real-estate boards have set up committees which give preference to veterans on listed rentals.

Colleges, meanwhile, are spilling over with the heavy G.I. registration, and have had to lease trailers and temporary housing. In enforcing rent control, the OPA brought about rent rollbacks of some $16,000 a year in the vicinity of the University of Minnesota, where it found students paying high prices although services had been reduced.

A group of servicemen at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington recently organized sessions that lasted three days to debate the question, Will Veterans Return to Slums? Other G.I.s proposed to set up tents in New York's Central Park. Pleading ads signed by ex-servicemen appear in newspapers from Boston to San Diego. And in Chicago a soldier spread a newspaper on the sidewalk and lay down to sleep. Reports from around the country are that the war workers like the cities and plan to stay there.

The increasing pressure affects the hotels, and veterans and business men alike find it harder to reserve rooms than it was at the peak of war travel.

There is a vast migration and a vast turnover of housing, but it's like the game of musical chairs—never enough to hold everybody at once.

NO easy answer to this record housing shortage—far greater than that which followed World War I— presents itself. The housing industry thinks the best stimulus to building for rental would be to forget rent ceilings on new housing.

But Chester Bowles, afraid of inflation and gouging, has announced there will be ceilings, with enough margin to allow for higher building costs.

Meanwhile he urges everybody in rent-control areas to learn his rights. There is a top limit on the rent for a house, apartment, hotel room, boardinghouse room, parking space for a trailer, or bed in a dormitory. Your rent, says the OPA, should be no higher than the rate some previous tenant paid on the "maximum rent date" fixed by the OPA for your area, and services such as heat, water, and garbage collection should be no less than they were on that date.

If you rent a house, apartment, or room in a private home, your landlord is supposed to show you a copy of the official registration statement which he filed with the OPA, stating the maximum rent and listing the services to which you're entitled. In hotels, boarding or rooming houses, the rates are posted. The OPA rent office is the place to go if you think you're being overcharged, or if you receive a notice of eviction.

The old barn on Dad's place or the second floor of the boathouse at the lake may solve the problem for many a young couple. Regardless of Congressional appropriations, letters to the editor, and witch hunts to fix the blame, there certainly won't be enough houses to go around and a lot of Americans will have to get along with their in-laws for a year or two.

THE END

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY HELEN PARKER

Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron 3 in Manila Bay.

Navy gallantry has an Army nurse to dinner on Bataan.

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)
Robert Montgomery, John Wayne

CAPTAIN JOHN FORD, U.S.N.R., takes his leave of the Navy after directing this tribute to the PT boats and to their most famous commander, Lieutenant John Bulkeley—who becomes "Brickley" in the film and is represented by Robert Montgomery, that very fine actor who has an excellent war record of his own.

The history of Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron 3 is told graphically and with restraint, and the wise director lets the actions speak for themselves. The little "cakes of soap in a tub of water" had their glorious moments, and you'll be given ample demonstration of their brave deeds.

The meaning of "expendable" is illustrated when Brickley, his sidekick Rusty Ryan (John Wayne), and their men are ordered to take MacArthur and other key officers off Bataan to Mindanao. They are told that any straggler which runs into difficulty will get no help from the others. The General is delivered at the cost of two of their boats.

While on Bataan, Rusty goes, not at all peaceably, to sick bay with blood poisoning. In the hospital he understandably falls in love with a pretty and brave nurse, in which role Donna Reed is effectively sincere. Their romance has a tragic end since she is left on Bataan with all the other poor souls to a highly unknown fate, and Rusty leaves with his precious cargo for Mindanao.

Mindanao is the setting for Brickley's and Ryan's spectacular "run" on a big Jap cruiser. They sink her, but their boats are helplessly crippled. At this point, orders come for Brick and Ryan to fly to the States. They take a poignant departure from the rest of the guys, who march inland for guerrilla duty, with somebody's harmonica playing You're in the Army Now.

Never mind whether you've had enough of "war stuff"—that's irrelevant. This is a good film with a lot of important things to say. You can count on some superlative photography, some fine sentiment that doesn't get maudlin, acting that convinces; and you'll go home with a greater knowledge of and respect for what the PT guys gave in the Pacific war.

This was part of the price of sinking a Jap cruiser.

Brickley wishes his men Godspeed on their jungle duty.

PICTURES TO WATCH FOR

SPELLBOUND (Selznick). Hitchcock directs Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, and Michael Chekhov in a psycho-thriller.

WALK IN THE SUN (Lewis Milestone). A fine war film from Harry Brown's novel, with Richard Conte and Dana Andrews.

KITTY (Paramount). Lusty, gusty historical romance, verging on comedy, with Paulette Goddard and Ray Milland.

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NOW HE SLAYS 'EM—! WITH WISECRACKS

Continued from Page 18

young lieutenant at Godman Field, Kentucky, the champion gravely saluted his officer opponent and then belted him a beauty. "And," said Louis, recounting the story, "you should've heard the crowd laugh."

A little later that same day, he whammed his opponent with a left and the startled referee with a right. From then on he delightedly sparred with his opponent in front and the referee behind.

That kind of conduct was foreign to the Louis of former years who rose from the cotton fields of Alabama with little formal education and hammered his way to the championship with an eight-round knockout of James J. Braddock on June 22, 1937, in Chicago. It was conspicuously absent, too, as he amassed his forty-nine assorted knockouts, seven victories by decision, and suffered his single defeat by Max Schmeling, which he later reversed.

The champion's freedom from the constricting bonds of uncertainty outside the ring was something that developed gradually as he appreciated how much was expected of him. His performances before fight crowds had been one thing. His work for the Army was another, and its influence on Louis has been as potent as one of his own jolting counterpunches.

AS a morale builder and physical-conditioning expert, Army Public Relations estimated he traveled 50,000 miles during the war, including a six-month stay in the European-African theater; a 21,000-mile journey, with way stops, to Alaska and back; and other thousands of miles in this country, appearing before every type of audience.

His Legion of Merit citation estimated he had addressed and boxed before 2,000,000 soldiers and thereby had made "one of the greatest contributions to the reconditioning program for veterans overseas."

The effect of these travels was manifested in a number of ways.

First, whether he liked it or not, Louis had to make a stab at public speaking. A casual "Hello, fellas, glad to be here," wouldn't do. Soldiers and war workers who had come to hear and see Technical Sergeant Joe Louis, heavyweight champion of the world, couldn't be satisfied that easily.

So Joe mounted the speakers' platform and after nearly four years of it learned to express himself in simple, effective, colloquial English. His earnestness compensated for his oratorical faults.

Through him the Army sought to ram home important lessons to the soldier audiences. He had to speak to troops just before they shipped out overseas. He warned them against VD, urged them to take out more allotments for their families and to save their money. He always spoke extemporaneously.

When he went overseas himself, he did more of that. His largest audience comprised 60,000 American troops at Bari, Italy, and he once flew 2,100 miles, round trip, to talk to 150 soldiers at a weather station on the northern tip of Hudson Bay.

Once, before an audience of girls at Wilberforce University, in Ohio, he spoke on the value of education. This, from the man who rose from the Alabama cotton fields by the dint of his own strength and perseverance.

IT is during question periods that Louis demonstrates he can come up with a felicitous remark, such as his much quoted, "We can't lose 'cause we're on God's side."

At a lonely Alaskan outpost a soldier asked him whether he thought the world would be a better place to live in after the war. Louis replied, "Naturally, 'cause if every soldier made at least one new friend—and everybody must have made at least one—the world would have to be a better place for all of us."

On intolerance he once said, "I guess some folks just won't learn to be any better, no matter what happens." Appearing after Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt at a meeting of children, he touched on a favorite topic, the importance of improving racial relations, by advising: "Be friends as kids, and when you grow older you'll be good neighbors."

He also is conscious of his position as an outstanding member of his race and willingly answers calls for assistance in somewhat explosive situations.

Toward the end of his Army service, public attention in New York had been drawn to Negro soldiers at Fox Hills Cantonment on Staten Island because a few of their number had gotten into trouble with the police and the whole matter had been blown up into an exaggerated "issue" by well-meaning but frightened citizens. The soldiers, understandably, were resentful, but Louis settled it all with an effective heart-to-heart talk.

His most moving Army experience had nothing to do with the battle star he earned at the front in Italy. It occurred in an English hospital, where a young bombardier, his eyesight endangered by wounds, was told Louis was approaching his bed. Before the nurse could stop him, the soldier ripped off his bandages, and exclaimed:

"Nurse, I can see! I can see Joe Louis!"

Long afterward, when he learned the bombardier had recovered his eyesight, Louis said, "You don't know about courage till you see things like that. Those fellas, they got it."

Under the spur of such experiences, Louis and his Army associates

"Now remember, *I'll* do the talking."
LIBERTY

on tour realized that boxing and talking weren't quite enough. To amuse battle-weary veterans, the troupe injected some lightness into their routine.

That marked the unexpected debut of Louis the comedian.

It didn't require many appreciative laughs to sell the theater to the once-dour champion, and it is apparent that of all the new things he's doing he takes most pleasure in his stage appearances.

He says he intends to go on a coast-to-coast tour in an act with his close friend, Bill (Bojangles) Robinson, who already has taught him a few dance steps.

"I get a kick out of making a crowd laugh," says Louis, 1946 model. And he means it.

He also knows a bit more than just the rudiments. He prefers the third spot on a variety bill, because he doesn't want to follow any other comedy act, and he once demanded of a G.I. partner after a particularly successful performance. "Hey, when we're back in civilian life, do I get thirty-five per cent of the act?"

LOUIS' comedy runs to practical jokes and self-depreciation. If something occurs to him while he's on the stage, he'll ignore the script and take his reward in laughs. He sometimes rushes his delivery and is hard to understand, but he's working on that.

He likes to rib himself about his last fight with Conn, when he was outboxed for twelve rounds before putting his opponent down for the count in the thirteenth. He told one audience it was like baseball, Conn pitching and Louis catching. Asked why he didn't stop any of the punches, he remarked, "You didn't see any of 'em goin' by me, didja?"

He told how he'd run into Conn in London and, he added, he kept right on running. Observing that the once-willowy Conn weighed 190 at that meeting, Louis remarked, "Hope he weighs one ninety when I fight him again, 'cause he won't be able to move around so fast." The Conn gags and the champion's playfully expressed fears come under the heading of enlightened business procedure, which would be unremarkable if anyone save Joe Louis were telling them.

Now and then he'll heckle a comic, something the old Brown Bomber would never have done. For example, he was playing opposite Jules Munshin, a Broadway comedian, while both were in the Army. Munshin asked Louis what he did in the Army. Instead of following the script, Joe replied:

"Nuthin', but I know one guy who does less."

"Who?"

"You!"

Again, he was playing to a soldier audience as straight man, with Munshin tying on his boxing gloves. Suddenly the big Louis fist shot out in a fearful uppercut that barely missed the frightened Munshin's chin. Louis was so captivated by the audience's gleeful reaction that he kept the bit in the act, much to the comic's discomfiture, and thereafter referred to Munshin as "my straight man."

IF Louis has a somewhat changed personality, his appearance doesn't suggest it. From January 12, 1942, when he enlisted, until October 1, 1945, when he was honorably discharged, he acquired 74 points, fourteen unwanted pounds, and a wispy mustache.

He is still the same six feet one of raw bone and muscle and he wants to get back down to 205, his best fighting weight.

On the testimony of one of his Army associates, Ruby Goldstein, now a New York State boxing referee, Louis kept himself in good shape in the Army except for a tendency to load up on candy bars, ice cream, peanuts and popcorn. Otherwise he usually breakfasted on orange juice, laid off bread, potatoes, coffee, and second helpings, and continued his abstinence from tobacco and liquor.

In his hurry-up-and-wait periods, which were much the same as other soldiers' routines, Louis found new outlets for his energy, and the greatest was golf, in which he is more absorbed now than in baseball. Captain Louis J. Krem, his superior officer and a former Notre Dame athlete, credits him with a game in the 70s and says his best score was a 71. As a matter of record, Louis shot a 76 in a Chicago tournament recently.

He is so obsessed by the game that the sky's the limit when he buys a new club, as he did at Edmonton, Canada, while on the way to Alaska. The hotel room chandelier went that night as he practiced swings, and later, in a PBY winging for Alaska,

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“Well, there go our after-dinner cordials!”

LIBERTY

Captain Krem saw him crouched over his driver 5,000 feet above the nearest green.

On that trip Louis discovered detective stories. On long plane trips he'd read one and pass it to the captain, saying, “Cap'n, he got 'im.” The captain would read the same story sometimes, and about halfway through Louis would ask slyly, “Cap'n, whodunit?” The captain would take a guess, at which the champion would reply with a grin, “Cap'n, you're dead.”

Louis concedes his interest in detective stories. “I read every one of them Perry Mason stories,” he says happily. “Guess there ain't many I don't like.”

THE matter of Louis' love lyrics is even more of a facer for the boxing public, which regards him as one devoted to modified mayhem, rather than poetry, as the noblest of the arts.

It had been known that he liked music, particularly that made by the bands of Duke Ellington and Count Basie. And once he carried a Tommy Dorsey record, Cinderella, for 15,000 miles before it broke. He learned the drums in a strictly amateur way and he would have mastered the trumpet, too, if he'd been able to get a sound out of it.

As for love lyrics, Mercer Ellington, the Duke's son, quotes Louis as saying he began writing them on a transport coming home from Europe. Louis thought how wonderful peace would be and made up some rhymes, which he memorized and later recited in New York for young Ellington.

Ellington, a composer and arranger, admits he touched up the words, but the song, That Will Be the Day, was the champion's and it was set to music. It had both a comedy lyric and a love lyric.

In the comedy lyric Louis wrote:

When we don't have to ration
  And meatless is passé;
When oleo's old-fashioned,
  That will be the day.

Looking forward to the same day, Louis touched on love:

Our love will bloom again
  Like a new-born flower;
Clouds of joy are bound to rain
  Happiness every hour.”

However, peace came before the song could be submitted to a publisher. Louis, according to Ellington, also wrote lyrics for other tunes—Follow Me and Inside My Heart. Joe is bashful about his song-writing venture, but says he can produce copies of the songs for those who doubt his new-found talent. Ellington maintains Louis will write a ballad some day.

Louis has earned more than $2,000,000 in the ring, and the Conn fight may rival the record gate of $2,650,000 established by the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Chicago. Understandably, Louis is interested in promoting the gate and so he professes to take Conn with grim seriousness.

He says, “That Conn'll be tough all right.” But when someone said to him recently, “Joe, you're older and slower,” Louis came back with: “I can hit just as hard as ever and the others is older and slower too, so what you worryin' about?” He never kids himself.

Since much of his money is tied up in property, he still owes the federal government a lot of income tax, but money problems don't worry him. He is a director in the Superior Society Insurance Company of Michigan, second-largest Negro insurance firm in the state, and owner of a large Michigan ranch where he raises prize-winning horses. His property in Chicago includes several apartments and, by rumor only, a night club.

He lives on a generous scale. He rarely has less than $200 in his pocket and he rewards caddies with a five-dollar tip. He had 200 suits before he went in the Army, but gave away all but six. He bets moderately—about fifty dollars on a golf match, and $100 and up on baseball. He did all right, he says, on the World Series, since his favorite Detroit Tigers won. He plays at cards, principally hearts and gin rummy, but he loses more often than he wins. He is often generous to casual acquaintances, buying gifts for them or talking to them by long-distance telephone. Once he waited two days in Fairbanks, Alaska, to call a New York friend on an unimportant matter. So there is little wonder that his personal telephone bills run to several hundred dollars a month.

IN New York, he lives in a modest four-room-and-kitchen apartment in the Washington Heights section overlooking Harlem. He maintains a home for his mother, Mrs. Lillian Brooks, in Detroit. His sister, Vunyes, nicknamed Penny, also lives there, and he's proud she's a college graduate. He is still friendly with his ex-wife, Marva, who lives with their two-and-one-half-year-old daughter, Jacqueline, in Chicago. There is also a half brother, Pat Brooks, of Chicago. When relatives come to New York, Joe usually lets them have his apartment.

While his acquaintances are many, his circle of intimates is quite small, and few have his entire confidence. Freddy Wilson, an ex-light heavyweight who has been with him for nine years, runs his New York establishment, and Freddy Guinyard, a childhood playmate, looks after his Midwest interests.

Louis also is devoted to Bill Robinson, Duke and Mercer Ellington, Canada Lee, the actor; Count Basie and Ray (Sugar) Robinson.

With his broadened horizon, Louis can think of many things he would like to do after he hangs up his gloves. He is serious about going on the stage. He also wants to own and fly a plane, and he says he'd like to be a boxing promoter some day.

Other than that, he hopes to settle down in Detroit, play golf, raise horses, and take a responsible job with his insurance company.

Louis himself concedes he's changed in the past four years, and looks back on his last fight on March 27, 1942, when he put Abe Simon on the canvas, as ancient history. It is, too, for no heavyweight champion ever has laid off so long and made a comeback. He credits the Army for much that has happened to him since then, but dismisses discussion of what he is and what he has been. He just grins and says:

“I guess I ain't shy any longer, and I'm mighty glad of that.”

THE END

LIKE WITH DOLLS

Continued from Page 27

"Very," said Randy. He adjusted his tie.

Riverton was an ancient town, full of iron lace and balconies and split by a slow-motion river you could throw a stone across and have it bounce back during low water. The hotel had a lobby with brass spittoons and an expanse of flyblown front window. Here, in worn warm chairs, sat a squad of slightly soiled and opinionated old men, who watched the girls parade along River Street and settled all wars and political issues back to '65.

Randy turned to survey the lobby. He said low to Tash:

"I can't believe it. It's a set."

"I know. It's horrible, but it's kind of nice, too—reassuring to know that there are real places like this. You had a set like this in your play, The Buggy-Whip Salesman. Remember?"

Randy shuddered and chuckled. "Um. That was the first one to be banned in Boston."

WHEN Randy's bags were deposited in a room with a sway-backed brass-posted bed and a window opened to admit a gust of hot fishy air from across the river, Tash began to leap around the room like a small boisterous child.

"What's the hilarity about?"

"I'm just so happy, dad."

"I'm glad you are." But he was obscurely annoyed. "Now listen. Sit down and compose yourself. I want to hear all about this business." He realized, too late, that he had allowed the paternal note to obtrude.

She grew solemn, cocking her head to one side and giving him a reflective look.

"Hell, I want to help you, kid. I want to put my vast talent at your disposal. Come on, let's write that third act together—any way you say." That was better.

"It's already written."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean—oh, dad, you *have* helped me."

"I don't see how."

"Oh—in a million ways. The background you've given me. Your plays—being brilliant the way you are, and mother so sweet and you two so happy."

Randy reached for a cigarette, watching his hand. It was comparatively stable. He thought of the years when Tash was a baby, when she was growing up: nights on boats and in hotels when she was kept up all hours; the progressive schools; the dubious characters picked up and rushed because they were "amusing"; the fight with the conductor, himself drunk at ten o'clock in the morning, on the boat train for Cherbourg—all the things a young, fabulously successful playwright must do to build his legend.

Randy made a short, inexplicit noise. He asked:

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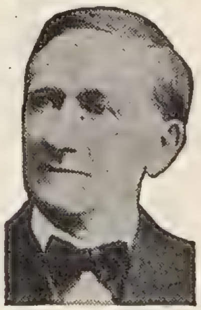

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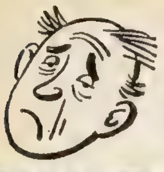

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"About this business with the professor. Does his wife know about you?"

She exploded into laughter—a quick torrent of it. "No, darling. Doddsy hasn't found that—feasible yet. But we really have no right to discuss his business behind his back. And let's not talk about it any more, shall we? Just before you go, I have a confession to make. I'll be back in an hour to pick you up for lunch."

She was gone before he could decide on a suitable reply to that. He undressed and showered in a kind of tumult. She had a confession to make! The poor kid. Well, it was his fault, after all—and Mary-Anne's too; they had never given her a break. Only the soiled, gay, undisciplined years. Instead of standards, they had given her cleverness; instead of a code, they had given her the wisecracks of the bartender in Harry's New York Bar.

In the fawn-gray slacks and bright yellow sports shirt he had bought the week before in Hollywood, he sat on the bed, trembling. Over him crept a fierce longing for the harsh certainties of his Presbyterian childhood—the childhood out of which he had escaped with so much gaiety and disdain. Well, he must handle this thing. He would go to the president of this jerkwater college and demand to know whether it was a regular thing for their senescent jack-leg professors to corrupt the morals of nineteen-year-old kids entrusted to the college's care. He'd break up the clever little operations of this Doddsy, this broken-down old rake.

Tash came in, bright as morning.

"Darling! Such duds!"

She stood off, appraising.

He slipped into his deep blue alpaca coat, adjusted the flaring collar of his shirt outside.

"Do I look all right?"

"Solid. You look all set to make an item for Winchell."

He felt his blood rise. He had worried a bit the past weeks about the gossip columns—getting himself linked with Sadi. And having Mary-Anne see it. He had avoided that sort of thing pretty well.

"Where do we eat?"

"Right here in Ptomaine Tavern. Let's go."

THE big dining room was not crowded. They found a corner table, and after a ZaSu Pitts type had brought formidable servings of fried chicken he braced himself for a heart-to-heart talk.

"Well, kid, what's the score?"

She grinned. "When you know, you'll be disappointed in me." She sobered and gave him a long look. "You and mother have been terribly happy, haven't you?"

"Why—why, yes, of course."

She sighed. "I know. I've done a lot of thinking about you two lately—what a swell life you've had. How she just understands every single thing about you. But, then, you and mother are different. She's *good*—not possessive at all. I'm possessive."

"I don't see—"

"I mean about the way you work. Going off for months every year and she just waits in that cottage in Florida. I know—you can't stand any domesticity around you when you're working. Don't think I don't understand. You're a trail-blazer, knocking down old outworn traditions. A couple of weeks ago I read your play over, Gutter Bright."

He flinched visibly. "Oh, that—that was just a hack job."

"Oh, no. I think it was wonderful. About the two sisters, one of them so moral and ordinary, the other doing anything she wanted, and how she was really the finer of the two, after all. Your third-act curtain was a knockout. When the moral sister said to the other one, 'If you only knew it, you're in the gutter.' And the reply to that: 'When you're lying in the gutter you can see the stars.' "

RANDY BLAKE writhed. Of course he had written a lot of slick flapdoodle, and to dredge it up now out of context—why, it was grossly unfair.

"You shouldn't take the things I write in plays as the things I believe. You're absolutely wrong and, furthermore, it's dangerous. I'm distressed about you, Tash."

She bubbled laughter.

"You can't fool me, mister. You're modest, but you're one of the most brilliant men of your generation. I'm terribly proud. And you're truly talented, you can flout all the old conventions and make your life a kind of poem. Your life with mother is just a poem, that's all—and I don't care if I'm being icky about it."

"But I don't flout any conventions," he said desperately.

"Yes, but it's just because you're in love with mother. In your philosophy it would be all right. You'd get away with it. I know that if you'd been married when you first met mother, you'd have just made her run off with you and never given it a second thought. Like the two people in Trivial Chains."

Randy wondered whether his face was as scarlet as it felt. "Tash, that's all nonsense. Now, tell me all about—about what's troubling you."

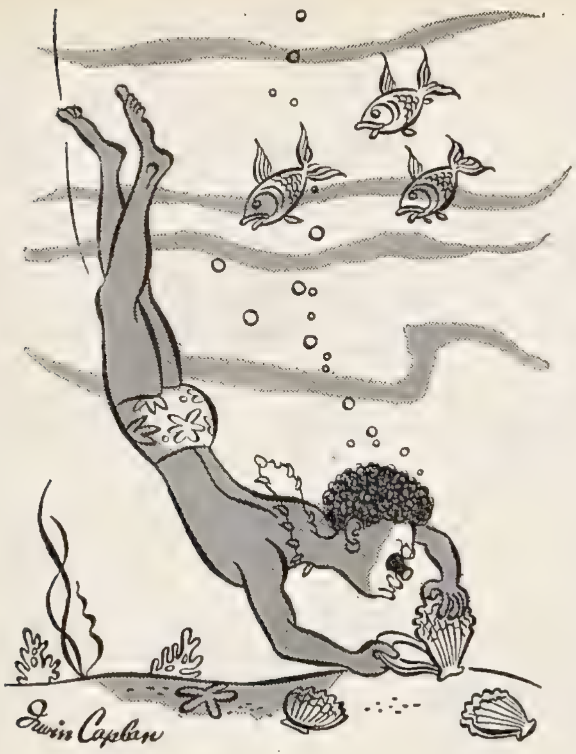
"I want you to know. I do." She put down her fork and pushed back her chair, holding his eyes gravely. "But I don't want you to feel too disgraced by me. So can't I do it my way? Can't we just not talk about it for now?"

He fought down a wave of violent anger and said what he knew must be said: "All right. Do it your way. This chemistry thing. Are you really going to make a career of it?"

"Yes, dad, if I can. I'm Doddsy's assistant, you know—sort of secretary and general factotum. He's not brilliant, but he's very thorough."

"Good heavens! Don't blow yourselves up."

She gave him the giggle with real



LIBERTY

laughter in it. “He has a little concrete house in a cow pasture behind the campus, where he did some very secret work for the government during the war. Now he's doing all sorts of exciting things that will make our peacetime world better—plastics you can mold like putty and that cut steel like shears, for example.”

She broke off, embarrassed by her own effusiveness. “I sound like a Fourth of July recitation, don't I? But it *is* fun.”

Randy said, “This little house in the cow pasture. You and Professor Dodd work there together?”

“Oh, yes,” she said firmly. “Sometimes on Sundays we've stayed in there eleven hours at a stretch without even eating.”

“Um,” said Randy.

After large cups of corrosive coffee, she said she wanted him to see where she lived and meet her landlady. They walked along a sleepy street paved in red brick. The house had a long upstairs gallery and an air of hot dejection.

“Mrs. Mauser, this is my dad.”

IT was cool and dark in the living room. Sophie Mauser was plump, steel-spectacled, and gray. She had obviously been waiting for them. She wore a lacy old-fashioned party dress and smelled of talcum powder.

“Oh, Mr. Blake! You look just like I thought you would. I'm so *thrilled* to have you visit us. I saw The Cut-Glass Heart in New York four years ago.” She tittered. “It didn't shock me a bit, because I used to write some myself. My sister says I'm just an old Bohemian at heart.”

Randy smiled and murmured something vague.

“Your little girl is such a dear.” Mrs. Mauser cleared her throat. “So sophisticated too.” Randy had the odd impression that glances were being exchanged past him. “I think Tash's love affair with Professor Dodd is the most romantic thing. Of course, he has to be careful—he couldn't afford talk. So I do everything I can to help them. I tell her he can slip in and they can have the parlor to themselves any evening.” She tittered. “It's wonderful the way you—the way you understand and actually *help* her in this.”

A knot of indignation formed in Randy's throat. He quelled the violent rejoinder he wanted with all his heart to make.

“Come on, dad, I want you to see my room.”

Mounting the stair, Randy said to himself behind clenched teeth: “There's nothing I can do.”

It was a bright small room, with a single bed and a scarred table under a green-shaded light. On the table were thick books on chemistry, several jars containing poisonous-looking fluids, and open, face down, Learn to Love. A Play by Randolph Blake. The volume struck Randy as absurd against this monastic room with its air of study.

“Have many dances at the college?” Randy asked by way of small talk.

“I don't make them. Haven't had time. But I'm going to catch up on dances and gaiety some of these days. I promise you I am.”

Randy frowned, puzzled by the way she said this. It didn't make sense.

“And now,” Tash cried happily, “if the old man can stand the pace, I'd like to show him the campus.”

RANDY BLAKE lay on his sway-backed hotel bed for an hour before dinnertime—and his first encounter with Professor Wilkes Dodd—distressed by an emotion close to stage fright. All afternoon, with Tash, he had chattered while he dreamed up and rejected scheme after scheme for dealing with the monstrous situation. The business of going to the president of the university carried an implication of betrayal. And the assorted other notions fell apart in succession.

A knock came at the door, and Randy rushed to the mirror and combed his hair again.

“Come in.”

And there they were. Behind Tash stood what must be Professor Dodd—a gangling young man with fiery red hair, large eyes curiously abstracted and innocent, an expanse of football shoulders.

Randy shook hands, his jaw dropping. The words fell out.

“Why, I thought you were much older!”

“He's twenty-eight,” Tash said. “I wrote, you remember, there was an age difference between us.”

And then she ran and hugged Randy. “Oh, darling, I'm so distressed I could die! Professor Dodd won't be able to have dinner with us after all. He's leaving tomorrow noon for a lecture date in St. Louis. They've wired for him.”

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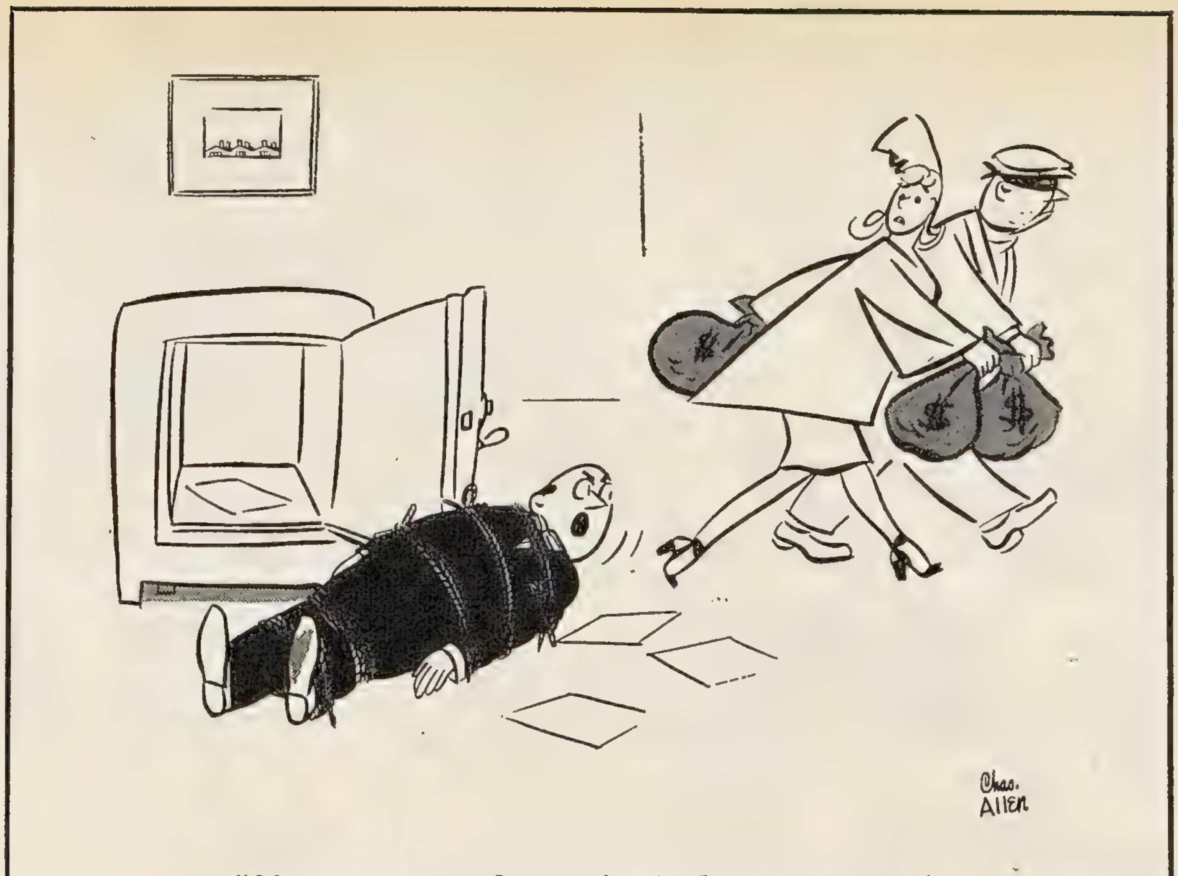

"Of course, you realize you're fired, Miss Bannings!"

LIBERTY

Professor Dodd grinned. "Not very hospitable, Mr. Blake. I'd hoped for a full evening and maybe I could make you like me, even though I am a pretty conservative fellow. But I've got to keep this date—it may mean a lot to my future."

Randy couldn't resist one crack: "I suppose Mrs. Dodd will miss you."

The professor's eyebrows lifted. "Mrs.— Oh, didn't Tash tell you? That's why, this time, it's got to be right. I haven't seen my wife in three years," he said sadly, "She—she ran off with another man. But I've located her and am getting the divorce." He dropped his eyes. "She said I was a stick-in-the-mud. Tash was afraid you might think the same thing if you knew about our being—well, sort of old-fashioned about things. About our not seeing each other for a year, until after the divorce. We decided that, as soon as we knew we were in love."

Randy had a quick, slightly hysterical desire to laugh. "Won't you sit down?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I've got to run. Barely time to finish before I leave."

There was a flurry of rather self-conscious good-bys and Randy found himself alone with his daughter. He sank to the bed.

"Tash!" he cried. "If you aren't—well, I don't know what!"

"I know," she said, on the verge of tears. "I know you think I'm a stuffy little prig. All right. Know it *all.* I've never even kissed him!"

"Come here, kid."

He took both her hands.

"I think you're great," he said. "And I like—Doddsy. I like the way you've worked things out, too."

"Oh, do you, dad? I'm so glad. You know, there are people who are brilliant and who just scintillate and shine and tell the world where to get off—like you. But then there are people like me and Doddsy. We're just kind of plodders, dad. We like to be that way."

She paused, took a breath, went to her knees, and put her head in his lap. "You know something, dad?"

"What?"

"A long time ago, when I was eight, you said something I'll always remember. We were in Paris, and one night I asked you whether boys and girls had to get married before they stayed together all night long. And you said they did. And I said that was funny. My two dolls, Louise and Johnny, stayed together all night long and didn't have to bother. And you said they were dolls and there were special laws for dolls. 'And anyway,' you said, 'dolls deserve special privileges. Look at them. Either hollow or stuffed with sawdust, not like us.' That's rottenly sentimental—I mean, to remember, isn't it?"

"No," he said.

At the station he wouldn't let her wait with him for the train. After he had kissed her good-by, he wandered restlessly into the pay station and called Mary-Anne in Florida.

It was amazing how good it made him feel to hear her voice, full of love, rolling to him along the wires.

"Look. I've changed my plans. Can I write my new play in the cottage there?"

"Of course you can. I'll clear out, if you want, dearest."

"I don't. I want you there."

"Do you?"

"Uh-huh, I do. I saw Tash today. She's all right."

"I knew if you stopped by you'd straighten her out."

"But I didn't. She's fine, she's going to be all right, she's going to be happy—but this day of mine did absolutely no good at all."

THE END

BERMUDA IS READY AGAIN

Continued from Page 13

coral road is more frequently heard than the hoot of auto horn—but the carriages are wearing out. Only 500 horses remain of the prewar population of 1,200, and motors move freight, road materials, and even carry workmen to and from the bases Uncle Sam's Army and Navy have at the ends of the islands.

Bermuda raises no horses, nor any feed—and it is natural that the census would be less after six years of being cut off with no new stock to swell the horse population. But Mars struck a worse blow than Time. At one period of the battle of the Atlantic, Bermuda was shut off from the world except for air transport. Supply ships were delayed; one was sunk by submarine. No horse food arrived for eight weeks. Owners used the last of their oats, gave the horses carrots, even breakfast foods, but there was not enough to go around. Many horses were mercifully shot.

THE cars now operating are in use on a temporary basis. They're trying to figure out ways to get slow-moving motors and small-sized bodies to suit the twisting highways. The government refuses to redesign the country to suit Detroit, but it's not easy to find horses, carriages aren't made any more, and until a builder of pint-sized cars gets going, the present normal ones are certainly necessary—although the argument rages long and hot in the Legislative Assembly and on every street corner.

They've been arguing about motors for thirty years in Bermuda. In 1909 a doctor's mare ran away and gas buggies were outlawed. Public officials, air lines, and foreign governments have cars now. It seems pretty hard to find a substitute.

Of course there have never been a lot of carriages on the islands—there were fewer than 600 in 1939. But they've been well publicized, and no single factor has aroused greater excitement among Bermuda fans than the threat of the passing of the horse.

You're almost certain to find a tourist in the swanky Twenty-One bar in Hamilton loudly begging all and sundry not to ruin "my Bermuda." Old-timers take it seriously—more than two thousand of them have written the Trade Development Board to register their protests against the motorcar invasion. Meanwhile lawmakers argue, as they've done for all the years. The debate continues. Some form of motor use seems unavoidable.

Only a few of the largest hotels are open again—but just as fast as linens, furniture, and equipment can be replaced, hotels and guesthouses are reopening. Last September, 500 visitors could be accommodated. Today, capacity is 1,000. It will be double that by fall, and proprietors say they'll be back at the 4,000 prewar peak by the summer of 1947 if the demand keeps up.

'Mudians look askance on the Americans disporting themselves in the sea in January, but the shores are warmed by the sun and there's actually no time the year round when visitors can't use bathing suits. There's no charge for bathing, also no bath-houses, but nearly everywhere caves in the coral rocks serve as dressing rooms, as protected as one could ask.

DEEP-SEA and near-shore fishing boats carry groups, and ones for private charter are easily found. A "must" for many second-trippers is Devil's Hole, where huge landlocked fish live. They'll jump at the bait on your hookless line and swim away and pull in a great fashion. The big-mouthed dwellers in the deep pool seem to know it's a game and come to beg for food the minute visitors are near.

For long-shot camera experts there are a number of deserted hulks of wooden ships in the water near the shore at ancient St. George, half a day's carriage trip from Hamilton. Brought in by the iceberg patrol that clears the seas of floating derelicts, they've never been claimed and some are a century old.

The islands are singularly free of annoying insect life. There seems to be little beyond the giant cockroaches that are reputed to thrive on rayon hose and scanties. Experts from New Jersey seem to have the mosquito situation fairly well under control. The only postwar animal-life increase is in the number of the tree frogs. They're everywhere. The frogs were imported. You hear them all through the night. Their chirp is not unpleasant, although it takes imagination to say they're "like the jingle of sleigh bells," as local boasters insist.

All in all, it's a pleasant place—although strictly for the solvent customers and not the impecunious beachcomber. And now that war has ended, Bermuda, which played a vital role in it, is once more open for business as the island show place of the Western World.

THE END

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JAN. 12, 1946

PAUL HUNTER
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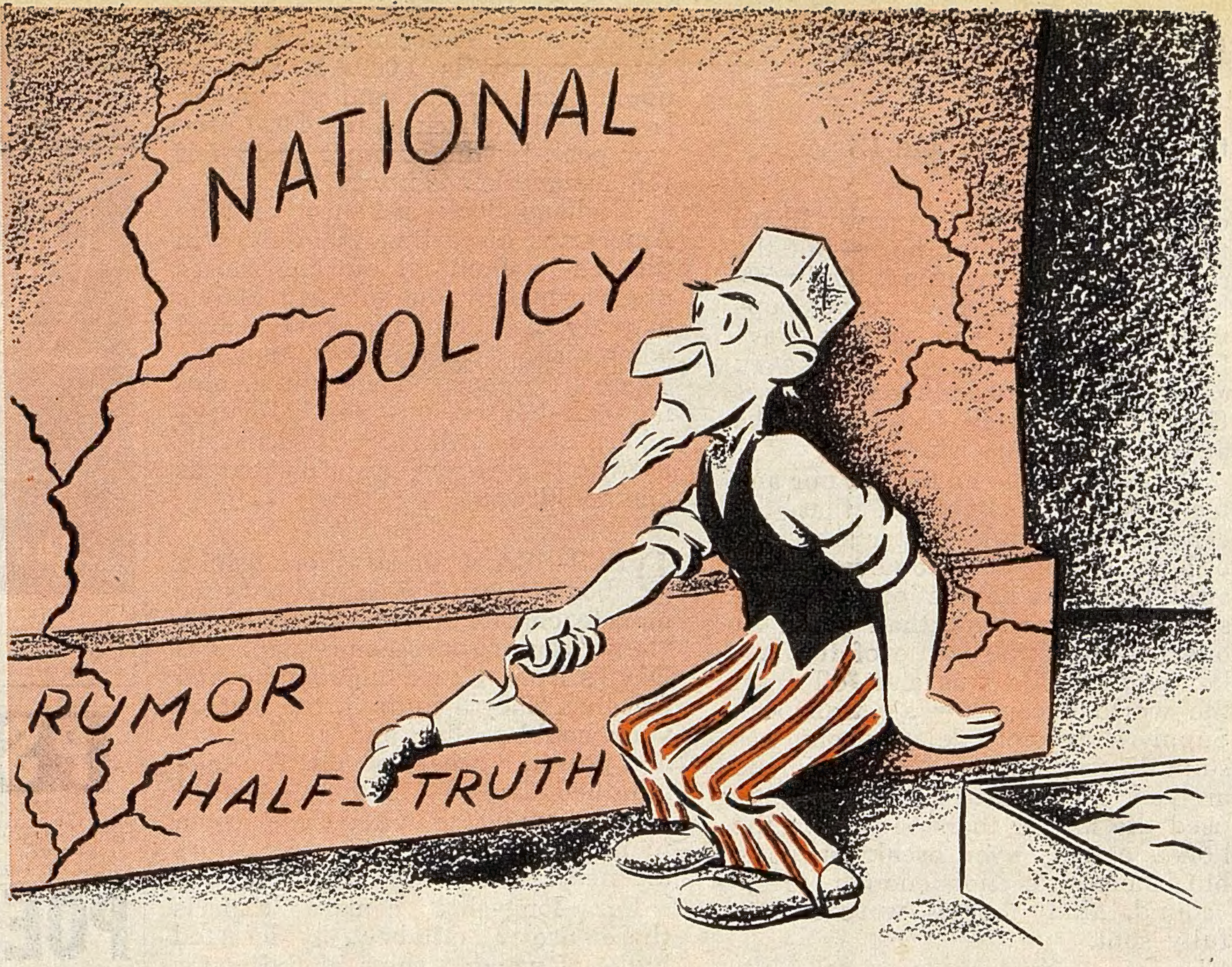


WE'VE GOT TO GET THE FACTS

THE President's request for legislative authority to appoint fact-finding committees to dredge up the truth in labor disputes is a sensible approach to these problems. It is an approach which we hope will be adopted on a more comprehensive scale in dealing with our more far-reaching problems, foreign and domestic.

Actually, our national policies in any field are foredoomed to frustration and failure unless based upon a precise knowledge of the facts in the situations which confront us. Furthermore, to realize to the full the possibilities of democratic government, we must be willing to take such action as the facts demand.

Nevertheless, we do not have at present an agency whose job it is to discover facts for the guidance of the President and Congress. For this purpose we need a group of men whose reports will be accepted without question by everyone. Though plenty of outfits in and out of government are supposed to deal in facts, none we can think of enjoys the necessary degree of believability on the part of all segments of the population.

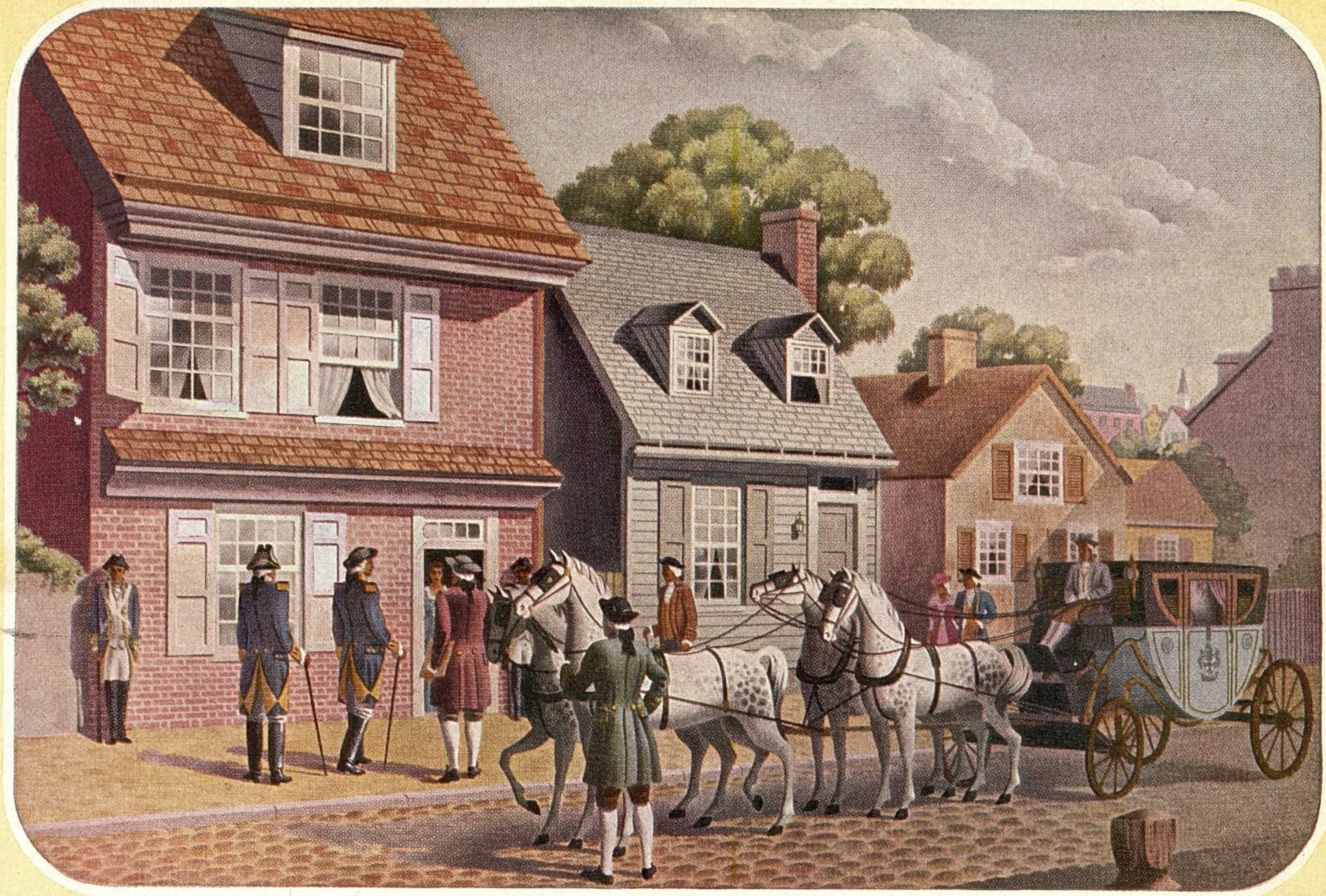
Gathering together such a group of men is admittedly a large order. However, we have one source ready at hand to which we can turn. The Supreme Court of the United States is composed of men universally respected. Their decisions are accepted by everyone without question. We could amend the present Supreme Court retirement act to make retirement from the bench mandatory instead of discretionary at the age of seventy or sixty-five. Retired justices would graduate automatically to a national fact-finding committee which would be empowered by Congress and given the facilities to seek out the ultimate truth in all situations which require national decisions.

After fifteen or twenty years on the Supreme Court bench, a man can be presumed to be clear of pressure and influences of every kind. The apex of his career would have been reached. He would have no further ambitions beyond disinterested service to his country for such additional time as he chose to remain active. Three or four such men should always be available to constitute our national fact-finding body. Their reports, of course, would be unanimous. If they could not make them so, obviously they would not have arrived at the ultimate facts of any given situation. Anyone wishing to gainsay a report of the national fact-finding body would have the necessity of disproving the facts, an obvious impossibility. The findings of this group would be the last word and save us lots of futile argument. Intelligent national policies springing from such a base would be sure of success.

Supreme Court justices, of course, could not be retired involuntarily unless a Constitutional amendment to that effect were adopted. However, our need of facts is so great, and it is so important that democracy proceed on the basis of fact, that we must seriously consider a proposal of this or of a similar nature.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL



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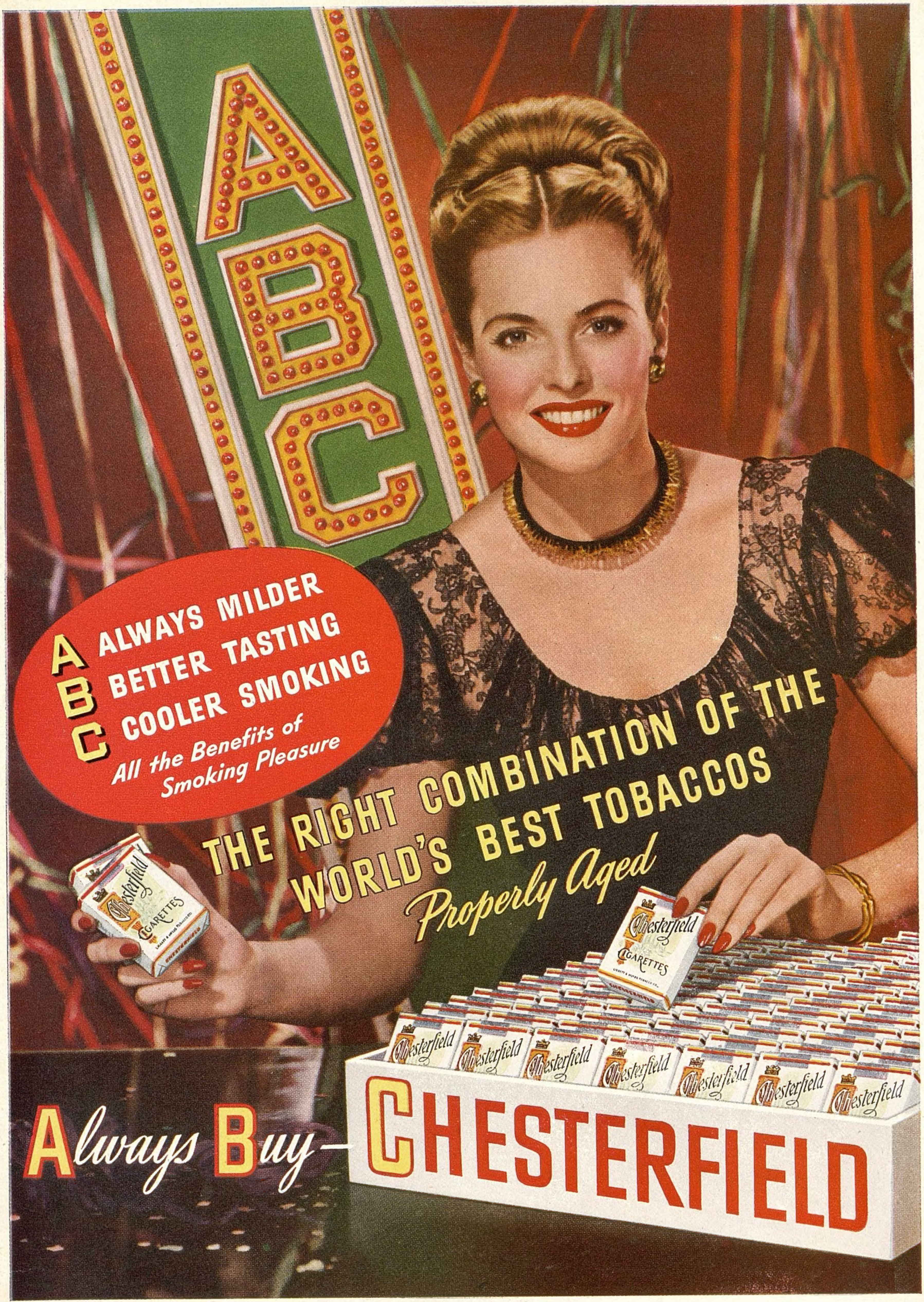
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